



Assignment to Berlin

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ASSIGNMENT TO BERLIN

HARRY W. FLANNERY

1942

ALFRED A. KNOPF

NEW YORK



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Press.*

*Published June 29, 1942
First and Second Printings before Publication
Third Printing, July 1942
Fourth Printing, August 1942
Fifth Printing, October 1942*

TO
Ruth & Little Pat,
WHO HELPED MAKE
THE ASSIGNMENT POSSIBLE

Register
Walter
2-2-44
49482

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Assignment to Berlin

Chapter I

FIRST DAYS

MY ASSIGNMENT to Berlin came in October 1940. On October 24, a Clipper carried me from New York to replace William L. Shirer as a representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the Nazi capital.

The Clipper took me to Lisbon. Lisbon, as I saw it, was an international whirlpool into which were swept from every direction, people of all nationalities, races, colours and tongues, none wishing to stay, but all forced to remain long days, weeks, and sometimes months awaiting transportation. Lisbon, with its colourful stucco houses shining from the hill-sides through nests of palms and funny bushy-topped trees, and with lush growths of flowers and ferns, was a beautiful spot. Its narrow winding streets, along which passed barefooted women jauntily carrying baskets on their heads, aged wrinkled men on pack-saddled donkeys, boys in two-wheeled carts driving loads of grain behind tiny mules, and tiny continually honking automobiles were interesting. But all this was lost on people in a nervous haste to leave.

It was a week before I was able to quit Lisbon, the first quiet period since Paul White had cabled me in St. Louis to go to Berlin. During those last days in the United States, I had rushed preparing to leave and had had no time to consider all that the assignment meant. In Lisbon the dragging hours

brought sober realization of the fact that I had actually left my home and family for the first time. I had gone from a bungalow down a tree-shaded street in suburban St. Louis, gone from Ruth and Pat, my wife and year-and-a-half-old daughter, who just a few days previously had waved a bewildered good-bye at the airport in St. Louis. In Lisbon, as I looked on scenes I should have liked to share with them, they had suddenly become far away. I was on my way to help cover a war.

Ala Littoria, the Italian airline, took me from Lisbon to Madrid. I took off from a field that I was to find typical of Europe, a grass-covered expanse on which the only concrete runways were short strips near the airport station. The plane itself was in no way like those in the United States. There were no freshly clean white linen towels for head rests on the back of the seats, no hostesses bringing chewing gum to help you adjust inner and outer air pressure in ascending and descending, no admonitions to fasten your safety belt when you went up or came down—mine was worn and useless anyway—and the crew did not bother to close the door to the cabin, where I watched the radio operator occasionally don his ear phones and listen for messages. We were over the clouds most of the way, only now and then getting glimpses of the waste brown terrain, more rolling than most of that in the United States and less dark, with green relieving the sun-baked expanses only as crowns upon the higher hills.

At Madrid the Spanish authorities argued about my leaving the plane, since I had only a transit visa, but I finally convinced them that I could not go on from there out of the country since I did not have the visa for my destination; I had been instructed by the German Embassy in New York to pick up my German visa in Madrid. The rush of my departure had made that necessary.

I expected to be in Madrid only long enough to call at the German Consulate and obtain my entrance visa to the Reich. I therefore asked the central police of the Spanish capital to

extend my Spanish visa for forty-eight hours, presumably sufficient. But I had not yet realized that life in Europe, especially in the southern countries, moves more leisurely than in the United States. The German Consul taught me my first lesson. Although I saw a copy of my record, my name, address, age, passport number, and other details about me on his desk, he insisted that he had no instructions to grant me a German visa.

"We must go through the usual routine," he said.

"But you should have the visa ready for me here," I said. "Your Consul in New York told me that all I'd have to do was to come here and get the visa."

The bland German said that was impossible.

"It is never done that way," he said. "You must fill out a form and make application in the usual way. You will then get your visa in a month, if everything is all right."

I told the clerk I would pay for a wire to Berlin and that I must have immediate action, since my Spanish visa was good for only one more day.

"I can send the wire," he said, "but even then it will take at least fifteen days. I doubt whether you can get it that soon. It's never done."

The clerk rose and shook hands.

"I hope you can get an extension on your Spanish visa," he said.

I walked out fumingly angry. I thought then I was meeting with the Spanish spirit of *mañana* as it affected even the Germans who lived in a country like Spain. I did not know then that instead I was having my first experience of the methodical plodding of so-called German efficiency, a system that will not permit disturbance of routine, that cannot conceive of exceptions to revered procedure, that is founded on German discipline, and that, as the people blindly follow the rules set up for them, cannot conceive of any deviation from the normal.

Later in Germany, where they have stories to fit every situation and sometimes make fun of themselves, I heard a story

about a wounded soldier who went to a hospital for treatment.

"The efficiency there was marvellous," he was reported to have said. "I went into the front door. On my left was a corridor for officers and on my right one for privates. I went to the right. There I found arrows pointed to one side for those badly wounded and to the other for those who had less serious injuries. I followed those for serious wounds. A few steps farther on, there were turns to the right and left again. One was for those who had been injured by shot and the other for those who had suffered knife or bayonet wounds. This division went on as I walked for three hours. Finally I came to the door which fitted my case exactly. I walked through it and came out on the street."

"But did you get your wound treated?" asked a friend.

"No," said the soldier, "but the efficiency was wonderful. It was a German model."

After talking with the German Consul, I tried to get my Spanish visa extended, but was refused. It was only through the assistance of Crain, counsellor for the United States Embassy, that I was able to obtain permission to remain in Madrid for seven days. I hoped that would be enough.

Meanwhile I tried to telephone Shirer in Berlin. The call was in constantly for days; no one explained why it did not go through. After I cabled Paul White, telling him of my difficulties, he suggested that I go to the German Embassy. I had done that, but I tried again. They declared, as before, that they could handle only diplomatic passports. I returned so often, however, that the Ambassador's secretary finally came out to talk with me. She promised action.

About the same time, in the United States, Ruth began to worry. She had not received any of my letters, because of censor delay, and had had only occasional calls since my arrival in Lisbon. Then came a telegram from New York asking for the date of my birth. She thought the worst had happened. But it was only one of the steps in the efforts to obtain my visa.

The days went by. There were frequent holidays, since Spain is always commemorating some anniversary, and no work could be done on those days. Even on the rest there were few hours for action. No one ever came to his office before ten in the morning, and each afternoon, between two and four, everyone barred his entrance for the luncheon hour. In the few hours in which business could be transacted, I wasted time because I had to walk almost everywhere, since the taxicabs stood idle on the streets except for the few days immediately after the gasoline rations were allotted. I learned that when I was able to find a taxi, it was advisable to hire it for all day. When I got one, I seemed always to be travelling farther than necessary. Once I asked to go to the Avenue Lopez de Hoyas and arrived instead at the Calle de Lopez Ruare. Another time I asked to be taken to a telephone and was driven across town to the telephone company building.

I could not blame the driver, however. My inadequate Spanish was probably the reason. At any rate, there were two occasions when, told that I should drink bottled water only, I asked for that and obtained citrate of magnesia instead. I drank half the bottle the first time, merely supposing it had an unusual taste, before I read the label.

If I did not take a taxi, I used other means of conveyance when possible. Sometimes, when they were not too crowded, I took a street car. Usually, when I boarded one, I found the conductor could not push his way through the throngs to collect the fare. I took a hansom cab but once, since I found I could walk to my destination faster.

Madrid was a city where the streets in the main business district, running in all directions from the Plaza del Sol, were thronged day and night with people walking leisurely and apparently going nowhere. I found it was a city where drivers generally obeyed the signs warning against *señales acústicas*, horn-blowing, and other loud noises, and where the pedestrians almost always waited for the traffic lights to change and seldom

crossed except at intersections. Whenever anyone did start across the street in the middle of the block, the traffic policeman invariably blew his whistle and then left his post to chase the violator in pursuit of the two-peseta fine while he permitted the other traffic to flow in raucous confusion.

I was one of the violators the first few days. Like an American I crossed the streets at the most convenient angles and thereupon would hear the police whistle. I had had so much difficulty obtaining permission to remain in the city that I merely thought the officials were peculiarly gifted in sighting foreigners. When the policeman approached, I therefore merely smiled and pulled out my passport to show him that my visa was in order. He would look, I would say: "*Adiós*," and walk on.

Madrid was a city of small automobiles and countless one-wheeled pushcarts, a city where you were proffered lottery tickets by a dozen men and women in every block, and where dark, ill-dressed women with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms asked for pennies every few steps. It was a city where the wealthy feasted on the best foods, steaks, salads, and wines, in the leading restaurants and hotels, while the poor starved. It was a city where beating drums were continually heralding the approach of the Franco guards, a stern, trim body of men who swung their arms stiffly from the shoulder with each step; where one was always seeing members of the proud civil guards, special hereditary police, in their varnished hats and flowing capes; where a hiss or the cry of "*Oiga*" summoned a waiter, and where a whistle was the sign of disapproval. I learned about the whistle at a bullfight, where the Spanish reacted with as much enthusiasm as an American bleacher section at a baseball game. According to the poster, the bullfight I attended, like so much else in Spain, was under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin.

Spain was a country where the handles were in the centre of the doors, where the tiny elevators, holding only three persons,

took passengers up and never down, to save the cost of installing automatic push buttons on each floor. It was a country where the second floor was usually five flights up, after *bajo*, *entresuelo*, *principal*, and *primero*, because, someone said, the Spanish did not like to think they lived on high floors. It was a country where none of the residents had keys to his building, and, coming home late at night, one would clap one's hands and call "*Salerno*" for the watchman. The watchman had that name, I learned, from the fact that in other days, while making his rounds, he had usually begun his "All's well" with "*Salerno*," which means: "The weather is fine." Spain was the first country in which I found women attendants in the men's wash-rooms. It was a place where pork was not considered meat on meatless days, and where the countless artificial blondes never seemed to bother about the fact that their hair was black at the roots.

Among the people I met in Madrid were Roscoe Snipes, affable little manager of the United Press office, whose name was invariably pronounced by the Spanish as Snee-pays; McGroarty, UP man who had been in Amsterdam during the German invasion there and had landed in Madrid on his way to Egypt. He had first planned to go to Africa by way of Italy, but Italy's entrance into the war prevented that. He had sent his clothes ahead and so had none with him in Madrid except those on his back. When I left Madrid, McGroarty was hoping to go to Egypt on a British steamer which would take him all the way round the Cape instead of through the Mediterranean. Red-headed Helen Hiatt of the National Broadcasting Company, who was living with a Spanish family to improve her knowledge of the language, introduced me to a number of members of the British Embassy staff. Tess Shirer, Bill's wife, was in Madrid, with their little girl, while I was there. I had a pleasant dinner with Tess, a lovely blonde Viennese, but I did not see her daughter, who was asleep. She had caught a cold in a hectic trip across the Continent as they hurried home be-

fore the lapping flames of war. The little girl was but a few months older than my Pat.

Because of her daughter's illness, Tess could not go to a dinner given by United States Ambassador Weddell, attended by Bucknell from the Embassy staff in Madrid, Vincent from Geneva, and their wives. We discussed the coming election in the United States, conditions in Spain, and President Roosevelt. Weddell, a baldening, grey-haired, bespectacled patrician, told of the death of Gus Gennerich, Roosevelt aide, in South America.

"I met the President in the elevator of the hotel," the Ambassador said. "He was much affected by the loss of a man he had admired and liked. I noted, as we talked, that the President was wearing a blue serge suit although he would soon have to don other clothes for a luncheon, a diplomatic luncheon, immediately afterwards. I wondered about the President wearing the blue serge, since dressing was not an easy task for him. Mr. Roosevelt sensed my thoughts, I suppose, since he then explained:

" 'Gus liked this suit best; he would have liked me to wear it.' "

Vincent was being transferred from Geneva to Shanghai. Mrs. Vincent mentioned that she was going ahead to the United States with their two children and would have to remain there, separated from her husband. Their case seemed like Ruth's and mine.

"We have always tried to advance in the service," said Mrs. Vincent. "Now my husband has earned a new and better post, but I can't be with him. It seems that ambition exacts its price."

Like me, Mrs. Vincent was wondering whether it was all worth while. Mrs. Weddell, attractive grey dowager, interjected a kindly comment.

"You shouldn't look at it that way," she said. "Why not think of it instead as an opportunity to be of more service?"

On November 5, my sixth day in Madrid, I was able to move on toward Berlin. I had finally been able to talk with Bill on the phone, the German Embassy assured me all was in order, the German Consulate put the necessary stamp in my passport, and it was arranged for the German airline, the Lufthansa, to take me directly to Berlin instead of via Ala Littoria through Rome. The German plane, a Junker four-motor, large and clean, seated thirty-two persons.

That night I was in Barcelona, after which I was to go on to Marseille, to Lyon for refuelling, and thence to Stuttgart, the first stop in Germany, for the customs. My room at the Ritz in Barcelona was pretentiously large, a bedroom that was almost a small ballroom, with a fireplace, twin beds, and two clothes-closets, enough furniture to entertain a dozen guests, and a bathroom, almost as large as the bedroom, with a spacious sunken Roman bath. Alarmed, I asked its price of the hotel manager, but was assured it cost no more than a smaller room, forty pesetas, or a little more than three dollars. I ordered tea complete, as it is called, and for the last time in months enjoyed ham and eggs, toast, fruit, and real tea. Again, as required, I reported to the police.

After dinner, to pass the time, I wandered through Barcelona, and found it more metropolitan and less unusual than Madrid—to American eyes—in its main stores and principal streets. From a main parkway I strolled up several side streets and found the most wide-open districts imaginable, with importuning women every few feet. The streets were narrow, dark, and dirty, and were made even more revoltingly forbidding by the signs on all sides, lighted advertisements hanging over entrances and in windows, soliciting visits to clinics and treatments for venereal diseases. It was a scene to make one shudder.

That same day the people of the United States were going to the polls to elect a President. I went to the United States Consulate to see whether any of the staff living in the city had

radios to which I might listen for the returns. No one was there when I called, but two clerks. They told me all the officials lived fifty miles outside Barcelona. I then went to the radio station, but was told it was forbidden to listen to foreign broadcasts. The manager was obliging, however, and arranged for one of the newspapers to call me and report the returns as fast as they came in. The first call came at one o'clock in the morning, arousing me from sleep. I was told that Roosevelt was leading in New York State. After that the phone seemed to be ringing continuously. Half asleep and with my Spanish poor at best, I understood little; I merely murmured: "*Muchas gracias*," and dozed off again.

At five thirty the next morning I arose to board the plane for Berlin.

Stuttgart was the first German city I saw, but from the airport only. I had my first sight there of German camouflage. All the buildings on the field were either covered with paintings of green trees over black walls or with matting. In some cases there was matting also on the roofs. Planes on the field were hidden under trees or covered with foliage.

The customs inspection was surprising, since the officials merely poked here and there in my bags. My first reaction was one of agreeable appreciation after the long hours required in Bermuda, where the British went over every item and even required that I empty my pockets. The inspection was less rigid than in Portugal and Spain. I thought at the moment that the Nazis might not be so bad as they had been represented.

That was the way the Nazis wanted us to feel. It was specially planned to affect an incoming correspondent, who might, in his reports, influence many people. If he was properly treated, he would be an important instrument of Nazi propaganda, especially if he was not aware of the purpose. The Nazis could well afford to make the customs inspection easy for me. After all, I had already undergone three other customs inspections. And even before I left the United States the Nazis knew all

about me. They had made a complete investigation before they granted me an entrance visa and undoubtedly delayed its grant until I arrived in Madrid so that they might have time to learn whether it was advisable to admit me. Since I had seen my record on the desk of the consular officer in Madrid on the first day I arrived there, the grant was obviously purposely postponed until my record had been approved. Doubtless the Nazis had found me the type of correspondent they wanted. I was one of those people who were known as "open-minded," who did not believe that Nazi Germany was necessarily a threat to the United States, who believed it was at least possible that we might do business with Hitler. Now that I look back, I suppose I might even have been considered an isolationist, though at the time I did not believe the term fitted. Furthermore, I was going to be within the Reich for some time, where I would be under constant surveillance.

Bill Shirer met me at the downtown office of Lufthansa in Berlin. The night was wet and dark and all the more a black void since I was experiencing my first blackout. I hesitatingly shuffled my feet along the unfamiliar ways, expecting to stumble or fall at any moment. Bill, on the other hand, strode ahead with confidence, led the way to the car, an old Ford, helped me put my bags in the back, and drove to the Adlon Hotel.

At the hotel, instead of registering, I was asked to fill out a police-report form. It included my name, address, place and date of birth, nationality, marital status, the number of my children, their names, the birthplace and nationality of my mother and father.

"That's just preliminary," Bill remarked, laughing. "We'll have to go over to the police station tomorrow and make out an application for your remaining here. That will be good, however, for only fourteen days. You will have to go back before that time is up and fill out another form to remain longer."

The clerk told me there was no mail, but there was a cable

from Ruth. It was greatly appreciated, for I felt worlds away from her and little Pat. I was anxious to send a cable to her telling of my arrival. I mentioned it to Bill.

"I suppose I can give the cable to the porter," I said.

"No," Bill told me. "It's not that simple in Nazi Germany. You have to get permission to send cables; you have to go over to the Propaganda Ministry and ask them to make application at the post office for you. But before you do that, I have to write a letter identifying you, and it must be officially stamped at the Prop Ministry. You'll have to have papers to get into the conferences, the radio station, and so on. We'll get those tomorrow. But now, as to your cable to Ruth, I'll send one for you in my name, and one to Paul, too. First, we'll go up to your room."

The room, large, with a single bed, a divan, several chairs, a desk, two large clothes-closets, a bath in which there was a tub big enough for a swim, and two wide windows opening on small balconies, was on the third floor.

"Right outside the window," said Bill, "is the Munitions Building; you can't see it now because of the blackout. And to your left is the back of Dr. Goebbels's garden. They've been digging out there the last several days, probably building air-raid shelters. You can see it in the daytime tomorrow."

Bill explained that the room had been occupied by Joe Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor*, then in Paris.

"When he comes back, I'll probably be gone," he said, "and then you can move over to my room. I arranged to have this one held for you. That also means that we can see that it's held for Joe."

At nine o'clock Bill and I left for the radio station.

"This is the bombing season," he said, "and it's best to start early at this time of year so we won't be caught. Usually I get a call if there's a fore alarm—a warning that the planes are coming—but that sometimes doesn't give you enough time and if you're on the way when the alarm sounds, some of the offi-

cious wardens are likely to try to stop you and make you go into a shelter."

We went out the East-West Axis to Adolf Hitler Platz, five miles from the Adlon. As we neared the Platz, Bill pointed to the left-hand side of the street.

"That's the *Kurzwellsender*, the short-wave station of the *Rundfunk*, the radio station," he said. "It has the number 77 on the door. It's at Kaiserdamm *siebenundsiebzig*. You'll want to remember that."

Bill swung the car to a position on the brick island in the centre of the wide highway. We went into the *Kurzwellsender*, apparently a transformed old brick residence about four storeys high, the only structure in the block on that side of the street. We swung open a door with black paper over its glass front, went through a second vestibule door, traversed a short hallway, mounted several marble steps, and were confronted with a steel-helmeted Storm Trooper. Bill paid no attention to him.

"Over here to the left," he said.

We stopped before a man seated at a desk, who put a pad of green slips in front of me. They included blanks in which to fill in name, address, the name of the person who directed you to the station, the name of the person you wanted to see, the signature of that man's secretary, the hour of arrival and departure.

"A lot more to fill out," I remarked.

"Don't bother with all of it," Bill suggested. "Just put your name down and here, in the place for the name of the person you want to see, Dr. Diettrich. That's enough. This man here at the desk will put in the time and one of Diettrich's girls will sign it before you leave. Later you can have one of the girls in Diettrich's office give you a regular pass like mine so you won't have to fill these out any more. Bring a photo for it here one of these days. And always be sure to have it with you when you go

down to broadcast. One fellow who worked with me at the station forgot his one night, when he was in a hurry, and was shot at."

We showed our passes to the Storm Trooper, clambered up the stairs, followed what seemed like a maze of hallways, and went into a small room which Bill said was our office. It was a small plain room, with an old desk, two chairs, and a typewriter. We left our overcoats in the room and went down the hall.

As we approached a doorway at the end, Bill stopped.

"This is Diettrich's office," he said. "He's likable, but cunning. You'll have to be on your guard with him. His girls are in the outer office. They are very nice girls, speak and write several languages, including English, and will be able to help you at times. You can make them a little present of tea or something now and then."

We entered. On the door was the name: Harald Diettrich. One of the girls took us in to see him. He was tall, thin, with wavy black hair combed pompadour, heavy black eyebrows over large piercing eyes, big ears, and a protruding lower lip. His face was creased with a huge smile as he shook hands.

"This is a pleasure," he said. "We have been looking for you for a long time, Flannery."

Diettrich spoke English with a slight accent. He rubbed the palms of his long hands together and continued to smile broadly. There was a Machiavellian appearance about him. He looked keen, alert.

We chatted awhile and then returned to the office. Bill read the evening papers and the radio reports. I tried to concentrate on a German history. An hour before broadcast time Bill took his script back to Diettrich's office.

"It goes back there to the censors," he said, "and the last page must be in their hands at least a half-hour before broadcast time. I usually try to get the first page to them an hour before. That gives me enough time to argue about it, if necessary."

We went to the censors together. Three men were there seated about a table. One was in a naval uniform. His head was almost completely bald, his features were large, his smile slight. He spoke English with difficulty, constantly relapsing into German.

"This," said Bill, "is Captain Kunsti, the chief High Command censor. He used to be head of the Austrian radio."

Kunsti bowed, shook hands, and said he was glad to see me. "*Es freut mich*," he said in German.

Next to Kunsti was an elderly man, of professorial type, slight of build, greying, whose handshake was soft. He was Julius Krauss, who had been in the banking business in the United States and who had a divorced wife in Texas. Krauss thought he was an authority on the United States. He and Dr. Lessing, who had been a professor at the University of Illinois, had been appointed censors by the Propaganda Ministry to prevent our use of American idiom and slang "to hoodwink the Germans as we tried to slip things by them and thus get over the inside dope." Most Germans knew English English; these men were familiar with American English. Some of the censors for the Foreign Office were added for the same reason, including George von Lilyenfeldt, a handsome, blond young man who had taught skiing in the United States and had worked on a film for the Grantland Rice series, and Werner Plack, a heavy-set, flashily dressed, black-haired playboy who had once appeared in German films and had gone to Hollywood to act there, but had sold German wines instead. Plack later was with the German Consulate in San Francisco, under smart Fritz Wiedemann, and left the United States after a brawl in a Hollywood night club. Another of the High Command censors was a pleasant little German officer who had property in the United States, and a tall, prissy officer named Obermeyer, who excited my immediate antagonism. These were the regular censors. Other men served on occasion.

The three men on duty that first night went over Bill's copy.

I sat by as they argued about words and sentences and then, a few minutes before he was due on the air, we went through the hallways again, down the stairs, through a doorway, and into the night. We then made our way along a winding path, using our flashlights to avoid a tree and find a stairway. We passed by sheds, were confronted with an armed sentry, submitted our passes, and went into a long one-storey structure. Bill cautioned me again always to have my pass with me.

"If you don't have it, the sentry won't let you pass, and when time is short, you may miss a broadcast."

In time to come, I did occasionally forget my pass, but never failed to get by. Usually I rushed past, shouted a greeting, and was gone before the sentry had time to challenge me. On several occasions, when I had left my pass in another coat, I showed another pass with my picture on it, and in the haste found that it appeared satisfactory.

Bill and I went through a short hall, saw a control-room on one side, and then went down a corridor lined with studios only large enough for two chairs and a table on which the microphone was placed. Bill was to speak from one of these. The whole building was a flimsy frame structure. The studios were built of a processed insulating board. A bomb would wreck the whole structure easily. Bill carried two copies of his approved script with him, one to be held, as he talked, by a monitor whose duty was to see that he did not deviate from it.

The monitor that night and most of the time was an Italian, Celli, who had lived fifteen years in the United States and was constantly expressing regret that he had not obtained naturalization papers, and who had been in the employ of the German short-wave station since his export business in Paris had been ruined by the war. Celli, tall, slender, and likable, later was continually asking me to arrange a job for him with Columbia. He wanted to talk on the air, but did not realize that his accent was pronounced, and disregarded my pointing out to him that only citizens of the United States were employed by Columbia

since the war began. "But, Flannery," he would insist, "I lived in the United States fifteen years."

Celli was the most capable monitor. He knew more English than his fellows and was not mystified when some engineer in the United States used slang. I recall one such night when Celli was not on duty.

"How yah gettin' it?" the engineer asked. "How's it comin' in? You're poundin' in here swell."

The monitor who had been following the routine of giving the German call letters and wave length and announcing the name of the speaker for CBS sat back staring in bewilderment. I came to his rescue, but was later reprimanded for saying something that was not in my script. The Germans took the stand that I might be giving the United States secret information.

There was no incident during the broadcast that first night, but when Bill had finished, the long weird wail of the air-raid siren pierced the air. It was three o'clock in the morning before we heard the all-clear and were able to go back to the hotel.

I was exhausted when I came in. Interruptions of my sleep in Barcelona the night before, the long plane ride, and the lengthy hours of my first night in Berlin put me to sleep almost as soon as I lay down. The roller shutters on my windows were down, the heavy curtains were drawn, and I left them that way. I did not know whether it was permitted to open a window during a blackout in Nazi Germany.

Hours later I awakened with a start. Low rumblings came to my ears. They sounded like bombing. The roar and crash continued. I wondered what one should do in an air-raid. For some minutes I lay still, then, summoning my courage, jumped from bed. I might as well see the spectacle. I pulled the curtain cord, yanked on the one that controlled the shutters. To my surprise, it was broad daylight. I looked at my watch. It said ten o'clock. Outside was the explanation of the noise. Carpenters were busy there, on the Munitions Building, erecting the scaffolding for an addition.

I dressed, rang for the waiter, and prepared to order breakfast. I told him of my experience.

"But there was an air raid, a bad one," he said. "I had only an hour's sleep last night. And here in the hotel you should have heard not only the alarm but also the gong they ring. A boy goes up and down the halls banging on it. And the telephone operator rings every room telling the guests to go to the shelter. After that the other people in the hotel must have heard the boom of the bombs and the crack of the anti-aircraft guns. There's one right across the street from the hotel."

During the day Bill and I began our rounds of the police, the press conferences, and some of the United States news agencies. Most of the buildings were hazy to me that first day. I remember mostly that all were near the Adlon, within easy walking distance. At the Foreign Office conference I was introduced to Dr. Salat, who had spent many years in the United States, in business and with the German Embassy. He could speak English as well as Bill and I, but he launched into German immediately after the introduction, ignoring me as he criticized Bill because the British Broadcasting Company had quoted part of one of his broadcasts. Bill was furious. At the Propaganda Ministry we met Dr. Boehmer, young bald-headed press-relations man for the Propaganda Ministry. He was a sarcastic, self-assured individual.

"He doesn't like radio," Bill said. "He gives all the breaks to the newspapers and the agencies. He's never forgotten the time when radio scooped them all on the peace treaty with the French at Compiègne. Diettrich arranged that."

We had to wait in an outer office to see Dr. Hans Froelich, who had charge of the United States press relations for the Propaganda Ministry. We spent nervous minutes fingering German picture weeklies until Paula La Clair bounded out. She was a tall dark woman with dark circles under her eyes, and always dressed in black, who rambled on effusively whenever she met you. She was reported to have access to important

people all over the Continent. Bill was not sure what paper she represented, but believed she lectured to women's clubs.

Froelich, over six feet tall, with glasses, heavy black hair, a dark moustache, an amused smile, and comfortable poise, was affable. He had been a professor in one of the Eastern universities in the United States, and studied there for the law.

Later in the day we encountered Fred Oechsner, head of the United Press in Berlin, a capable young man, getting bald, who was highly respected by the other correspondents for his integrity. Demaree Bess, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, dropped into Bill's room after dinner. Bess, fat and fifty, chuckled as he talked. His hair was thinning; he wore glasses. I learned later that Bess and Wally Deuel, of the *Chicago Daily News*, a scholarly young man who wore black-rimmed glasses, were considered by the Germans to be among the most able United States correspondents. They changed that opinion later. Lilyenfeldt, of the German Foreign Office, dropped in for a cocktail.

"He's the one who got you your visa," Bill said.

My first letter from the United States arrived on my second day in Berlin. It was from Emil Harms, distributor for my former radio sponsor in St. Louis, Marvels Cigarettes. It was dated October 14, which meant I was likely to get no mail from Ruth for another week at least.

Again I spent a day with Bill getting the information necessary for me to handle the Berlin assignment when he left. We sat in his room and talked over the procedure for obtaining special broadcasts from Sweden, Switzerland, Hungary, and the Vatican radio station. Bill gave me a list of the persons at the United States Embassy, beginning with the chargé d'affaires, Morris. We ran over to see Morris at the Embassy, the second building west on the Linden from the hotel. Morris disconnected his telephone at the wall plug as we began to talk.

"I hear they have microphones in these phones," he explained to me, "and you can't be too careful "

Later, in his room, as Bill began his preliminary packing, he pulled out pictures of his little girl. I remarked that the photographs were excellent.

"They were taken by Tess," Bill said. "She's a splendid photographer."

The pictures reminded me of Pat.

A few nights later Lilyenfeldt invited us to my first cocktail party in Berlin. I learned that his family had been living in one of the Baltic States and had been obliged to surrender their property there to the Soviet. Among those who arrived during the evening was Sigrid Schultz, of the *Chicago Tribune*, a most likable sturdy blonde woman who I came to believe was one of the most capable newspaperwomen I had ever met. A slender, greying, spectacled man with a tolerant smile was introduced to me as Delaney. We talked affably at first. I was glad to meet a man who seemed to be an American, a business executive, I presumed. Delaney chatted on. Finally, proud of his ability to talk dialect, he told a story that compared the Irish to monkeys. I laughed politely, but wondered about this man with the Irish name.

"Oh, he's Edward Leopold Delaney, who goes on the air for the Germans as E. D. Ward," I was told.

Delaney formerly had been a lecturer and newspaperman in the United States and considered himself a world traveller and, I gathered from talking with him, a world authority. He was a man without principles, an opportunist, typical of the so-called British and Americans who spoke for the German radio.

Some time during my first days in Berlin I stopped in front of the cigar store next to the Adlon and studied the display in the window. None of the brands of cigars was familiar to me, but the window was as attractive, for its kind, as any to be seen anywhere. I told the clerk I would take a half dozen of one brand. He stared at me for a moment.

"We're sold out. Didn't you see the sign: '*Cigarren ausverkauft*'?" he said.

"Sold out? Why, you have some in the window."

"Those are not for sale."

That was my first lesson in Berlin window displays, as enticing as they could be, but merely planned, by some queer quirk of reasoning, as a means of maintaining morale. I found that cigars, when I could get them at that shop or a similar one, were not selected by the customer. You took your place in line, and when you reached the counter you took what was given you, usually two or three small inferior cigars, and had to be satisfied.

At the same time there were ways for those with money to get what they wanted. For instance, the cigarette girl at the Adlon, if given generous tips, would decide she might let you have as many as five good cigars at one time. They were not Havanas, but they were all right, costing sometimes eighty pfennigs each, or about thirty-two cents. Later I found a way to get boxes of cigars from a source that probably should not be disclosed, since the young man involved is still in Germany. It was amusing to offer a Nazi a cigar from a box, since he was not able to buy them that way.

Pipe tobacco, like a poor grade of mattress filling, was unsmokable, although some of the resigned old Germans puffed on it and did not seem to mind. Dunhill, which, if you read the small print, you would find was made in Germany, was tolerable. Fortunately I was able to obtain a supply of United States tobacco every now and then. A humidor of Edgeworth was obtained from one of the girls at the Embassy for a pair of silk stockings bought in Paris. Bill left a can of Tuxedo behind when he left. I was able to get a few cans of Raleigh in Switzerland.

Cigarettes sold at anywhere from forty pfennigs to one mark sixty, or as much as sixty cents, a package, with no more than five cigarettes finally allowed to a customer and, outside of Berlin, none to women. The best were North State, declared on the package to be a product of Philip Morris. These were

available in three grades, distinguished by the colour of the package, yellow, green, and blue. Most of the tobacco was Turkish and Bulgarian.

Cigarettes with Virginia tobacco were only a memory, although there were numerous manufacturers who masqueraded their products as American, with packages that looked like Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, Camel, and Old Gold, sometimes with similar names, such as Kemal and Lord Chesterfield. The German people were not deceived by these frauds, but many thought they were buying tobacco products from the United States under other disguises.

I saw cigarettes in Greece that were offered as American products, but which were obvious counterfeits to anyone familiar with the market in the United States. Two German soldiers who frequented an Italian restaurant, the Roma, on Kalckreuthstrasse in Berlin, proudly displayed what they thought were American cigarettes, obtained from comrades in the Netherlands.

One brand was called "Cocktail American Bridge Club," said to have been made by the "United Cigarette Factories, Inc., Empire State Building, New York, U.S.A." The wrapper said they were "blended of the finest Turkish tobaccos and the choicest of American tobaccos." There is not, so far as I know, any United Cigarette Factories, and the Empire State Building was obviously given as the address merely to add credence.

Another brand, North Cliff, was said to have been made by the "United States Cigarette Co., Inc., New York, U.S.A.," also non-existent. The manufacturers of these cigarettes were more honest, but they assumed their purchasers would not read all the small print on the package, and that most of the Germans who bought them would have only a smattering of English. This was the statement made on the back of the package:

"North Cliff Cigarettes are made from a choice of finer tobaccos neatly blended by a clever process, that preserves the

full flavor of the costlier tobaccos. North Cliff Cigarettes keep right on tasting as good because of their flavored tobaccos. They are made by Dutch manufacturers and give you a special taste, better than any other brand."

The two German soldiers who triumphantly offered me some of these supposed American cigarettes are probably still smoking them and smiling with deep satisfaction with each inhalation. I did not disillusion them.

Chapter II

BROADCASTING FROM BERLIN

MY FIRST radio broadcast from Berlin was made on Friday afternoon, November 8. Bill Shirer arranged that I should broadcast the afternoon programs and he the night ones until he left—except for two days a week, on one of which he would take both and on the other I would take both, so that each of us would have a full day off every week.

The afternoon broadcasts, made shortly after three o'clock Berlin summer time on week-days, were heard in New York at eight in the morning, and the night programs, broadcast just before two o'clock in the early morning, were aired on the other side of the Atlantic at just before six in the evening. The Sunday programs, heard in the United States at nine in the morning and four in the afternoon, were sent out on the German short wave at four p. m. and just after midnight, respectively, German summer time.

When I arrived in Berlin, all our broadcasts were being made on time cues only. That meant that Paul White, of CBS in New York, sent us our schedule for the forthcoming week each Friday and that we went on the air according to these designated times. The time for my first broadcast, for instance, expressed in German summer time, was from one minute and forty seconds after fifteen o'clock, or three p. m., until five minutes and thirty seconds past the hour. Thus,

when the clock said 15:01:40 I began to speak, saying :“This is Berlin,” and continued until 15:05:30, when I said: “We now return you to the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York.”

The time in New York was checked with that in Berlin beforehand, as the German monitor went on the air five minutes before broadcast time giving the call letters and wave length of the station, the name of the speaker and the broadcasting company with which he was affiliated, the time of broadcast and the time as the monitor was talking. Thus on my first day the monitor, whom I found calling me “Slannery,” because of a mis-spelling on his order sheet, said something like this:

“This is DJL in Berlin calling CBS in New York. DJL calling the Columbia Broadcasting System, calling America. The speaker today for CBS will be Mr. Slannery. He will begin broadcasting at one minute and forty seconds after three o'clock, Berlin summer time, and continue until five minutes and thirty seconds after three o'clock, Berlin summer time. I will now give you a time check. With the sound of the gong it will be exactly four minutes of three, Berlin summer time.”

The Berlin clocks usually checked with those in the United States, with the variance seldom more than ten seconds, but even that could be taken into account by our system. For example, if Berlin was ten seconds slow, New York would give the cue ten seconds later. Thus he would be able to say, at the right time: “We now take you to the capital of the German nation for the report of Harry W. Flannery. Go ahead, Berlin,” after which it was assumed that I would begin talking.

We hoped we caught the cues properly. We never knew for certain unless there was a serious difficulty or error. We sat down before the microphone and spoke blindly. If the reception was poor and we were cut off, we never knew—at the time. We still babbled away in Berlin. When I did learn that our connections had failed, I sought the cause, and took especial care to send a cable to Ruth. Otherwise she might

think a bomb had cut me off. Once, after an unusually heated argument over my script, my broadcast was cut suddenly in the middle. I knew that because we were using ear phones on that occasion and could hear the "feed-back" from the United States. I could even hear New York apologizing for the sudden interruption and calling me. I answered again and again, but without result. Finally CBS went on to the next foreign pick-up, while I sat back and feared the worst. It looked as if the Nazis had cut me off. It was two days before I learned that someone had merely pulled a switch by mistake and disconnected me, while leaving the plug in from New York.

When we had the "feed-back"—as we began to do for all night programs shortly after Bill left—we could hear New York or the foreign broadcast point before and after the Berlin program. On such occasions we heard the New York cue directly and did not have to depend on time alone. I was glad when Columbia began the "feed-back" system for through it I was usually able to hear the report from London and sometimes that from Russia and other points, and I was especially interested in the report from Washington. It was one means by which we in Berlin were able to get the latest news. When Plack was the Foreign Office censor, he invariably came down to the studio to listen to the reports from the other countries.

One night, when we were operating on time cue alone and I did not "get out," I learned the fact from a cable from Bob Wood, Columbia's chief editor. I could not understand the cable at first. It read:

LOHENGRIN SWELL BUT WHERE WERE YOU
WHITE

I checked with Diettrich and found that the Germans had sent me out on the wrong wave length and fed a musical program to the United States. I do not know to whom I spoke

that day, whether they were Spanish in South America, Italians, or Chinese.

The National Broadcasting System representative went on the air about the same time as we did in the afternoon, but later at night. We alternated taking the first several minutes in the afternoon, with thirty seconds usually allowed for one of us to leave the studio and the other to move in. Often, however, there were but ten seconds for the switch, probably because New York was not acquainted with the physical difficulties involved in Berlin. The studio was small and it was not easy for one person to leave his chair and allow someone else to move into it in ten seconds.

So far as I know, the afternoon alternating system between CBS and NBC worked all right with one exception. That happened in one of the first broadcasts made by Charles Barbe, who later was my assistant. Barbe was not familiar with the rigidity of the scheme, and so, when he went down to the studio to broadcast first, according to our schedule, and found that the monitor's sheet said NBC was first, he stepped aside for the speaker from the competing chain. The NBC man thus went on CBS that day, so far as I know, and Barbe may have gone on NBC. For all their vaunted efficiency, the Germans were frequently making clerical errors of that kind, and one had to check such details carefully. The monitor would always refuse to act contrary to his revered orders despite all argument. It was always necessary on such occasions to appeal to the main office to get action.

When I arrived in Berlin, the NBC men were Bill Kerker and Ted Knauth. Kerker was a tall, handsome, perfectly dressed, dark-haired young man, with an unusually good voice, who had been a student in Germany for many years and who spoke perfect German. Knauth had been the representative in Germany for a banking house in the United States run by one of his brothers, and when the war broke out and his com-

pany ceased business, he began translating German books into English, some of which were accorded most complimentary reviews in the United States. Later he began to broadcast for NBC. Knauth, an elderly man with grey hair and a calm, kindly nature, had a family in Germany. His son was Percy Knauth of the *New York Times*, a slender, spectacled, studious-looking young man, who later aided me. Neither Ted Knauth nor Kerker had had newspaper experience, but both knew German life.

Bill Shirer suggested that the best policy with NBC was to work independently but to co-operate generally. Thus we read the same German papers though we made independent translations and selections of pertinent items and comments, had equal access to the German radio copy and press conferences, but did not share special sources. It was a friendly kind of competition, but I found, after I had been awhile in Germany, that it was still possible to obtain exclusive stories.

All sources for our copy had to be German. The censors required that for almost every statement we made we show authority in the German press, radio, or one of the press conferences or from a recognized spokesman. Sometimes even these sources were not accepted if the censors felt we would be broadcasting information that did not present the German scene as they wanted it presented, or that might be considered as giving information to the enemy.

My first broadcast was made without serious censorship difficulties because it happened that the Germans had just claimed an attack on British shipping off the coast of Newfoundland, the closest so far to American shores, and the Foreign Office spokesman in the Wilhelmstrasse had said that the Nazi government had refused to guarantee safe conduct for a United States vessel going to Ireland to carry United States citizens from the British Isles back to the United States. Both these items admitted of straight reporting, the former including details of the Nazi claims, and the latter including all the

pertinent remarks of the spokesman on the American request for safe conduct for the ship. There was nothing in either of these stories, as long as I made correct translations and presented the facts as straight news, to which the censors could object.

The situation when I made my broadcast the following day was somewhat different. I found, for one thing, that the Nazis would not permit the use of the word "Nazi." They contended it had an uncomplimentary connotation in the United States and that the correct term, anyway, was "National Socialist." Peculiarly, the censors eliminated the word in one instance, but missed it in another part of the same sentence. The sentence as broadcast was: "The speech of Der Führer is naturally the big news in all Germany today, especially since the address was made on the eve of the greatest National Socialist holiday, the anniversary of the Nazi beer-hall putsch in 1923." That happened principally because much of the time was spent in arguing over the use of the word "putsch," also considered as contentious.

In reporting the speech, I mentioned that Hitler had challenged England "and the democracies." That was evident to anyone who heard or read the speech. It was in this address that the German Chancellor made an ironical reference to United States production, which he called "astronomical." He also threatened that "Germany with her ally [then only Italy] is strong enough to oppose any combination in the world. There is no coalition of powers which could cope with us," he said. Although Hitler did not mention the United States by name in the same passage, he made it plain that he meant this country when he declared "the time will come" when the United States would have "to withstand our weapons." Despite these sentences, which I pointed out to the censors, I was not permitted to say that Hitler challenged either the United States or the democracies. It thus appeared that these statements were principally planned to make the German

people feel that their brave Hitler dared to roar at the world, while we in Germany were not permitted to call attention to the threat in the United States. I was obtaining my first lesson in German plans for world domination from the Nazis themselves.

The speech, by the way, was delivered one year after the famous bombing of the Bürgerbräukeller in Munich, when a number of lesser Nazi officials were killed, but Hitler and all the more important leaders escaped. It will be recalled that they had left the hall just ten minutes before the bomb exploded. (So far as we in Germany could learn, no one was ever punished for the incident.) This time the address was made in a different hall at a different hour, possibly to thwart another attempt on the life of Der Führer and also to escape the danger of a British bombing of all the leaders while gathered in one hall.

The 1940 talk was made in the Löwenbräukeller at six o'clock, instead of in mid-evening as always before, and thus before nightfall and the usual time for the arrival of the RAF. It was not even then broadcast "live," because that would have tipped off the British, but by transcription only, at half past six the next day. The Germans made every effort to mislead Britain, by announcing on the Nazi senders all day during November 8 that Hitler would talk at eight twenty that night, or about the usual time. It was not until eight ten, when the British planes would already have been on their way, that the change in broadcast time was announced.

That night in Berlin we heard that the British had sent their bombers over Munich, pounding it heavily during the expected time of Hitler's speech. Thus the missiles of death fell on the poor people of the city but not on Herr Hitler, the cause of it all. He had made his talk and left more than two hours earlier. The High Command communiqué of the next day admitted the attack on Munich. I was able to include all these details in my broadcast, without, however, the inter-

pretative points I have included here.

Later I learned that it was the Nazi system to be lenient with a new man. That was good psychology. It was the spider, in polite, pleasant tones, inviting the fly into his parlour, hoping this demeanour would be disarming and that, in some cases, it might lead the fly to believe the long-legged creature not so bad after all. If the Nazis were able to make you like them at first, you were less likely to be critical, less alert in seeking out ugly truths and less anxious to report them.

Thus, when I first came to Berlin I was invited to visit a concentration camp. In extending that invitation, crafty Dietrich was taking advantage of the fact that the people of the United States were more interested in Nazi concentration camps than in any other subject in modern Germany. He expected me to accept the opportunity without hesitation, but I thought it over instead. I reasoned that I would be able to see a concentration camp only with a Nazi escort and only after the camp officials had been warned to put everything in order before my arrival. The camp would thus not be representative of actual conditions at all. It would be a prison, of course, but, comparatively speaking, an ideal one. I could not honestly broadcast such a story. Under the circumstances, I thanked Dietrich for the invitation but refused it. I told him why. He was the kind of man to whom you could speak plainly. He protested that I was wrong, but laughed.

The Nazis also made it a point to entertain new correspondents. Men in the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office were designated for that purpose, men who would invite you to cocktail parties, dinners, and night clubs, who seldom mentioned politics, whose assignment it was to help make you like the country, its people, and possibly even its system of government. In any case it was hoped that you would feel less critical. Generally this system did not work. Most of the American correspondents maintained their integrity, but the Nazis were not discouraged. They made enough converts to

make the effort worth while. I was not entertained in this fashion until after Bill Shirer had left, with the exception of one cocktail party at the Lilyenfeldt apartment. I suppose the Nazis feared Bill would warn me of their methods.

The Nazis had another means of trying to win friends and influence correspondents: escorted trips, sometimes together with other correspondents and sometimes alone. One of these was proposed a few days after I arrived in the German capital. Diettrich invited me into his office.

"How would you like to go to Paris?" he asked.

I made a non-committal answer—it would be a pleasant trip, but it depended on certain factors.

"After all," I said, "my job is to broadcast from Berlin, to relieve Bill Shirer."

"Well," he said, "Bill has gone on such trips. I am planning to take you through the Netherlands and Belgium to Paris, and maybe to the Channel coast. Perhaps we can arrange for you to fly in a bomber over the Channel—if you wish, of course."

"Sounds interesting."

"What's more, Flannery, I am inviting just two Americans, you and the Mutual representative, not NBC. We are angry with NBC because their man Warren Irvin is now in London broadcasting for the British Broadcasting Company. We don't like that and I am therefore not inviting them. You must not say a word to them about this until we are ready to go. It would be just you and Dixon, and maybe a few other people—none of them, however, American newspaper or radio people. How about it?"

Diettrich sat back with his eyes wide, a smile playing over his pleased face. He looked like a magician who had just completed a successful trick. You even imagined at times like these that Diettrich had two thin mustachios, the kind stage Frenchmen are represented as twirling.

Bill and I talked over the invitation and decided it would

be an opportunity for me to see more of Europe, if nothing else. We would be able to leave two assistants in Berlin to carry on the broadcasts after Bill left and while I was gone. One would be young Knauth of the *New York Times*, who had previously been on the air under the name of John Anderson, since the *Times* and the other newspapers and agencies, except the *Christian Science Monitor*, would not permit their reporters to go on the air. The other would be young Stephen Laird of *Time*, who had just come into town with his wife, Lael. They were an interesting and charming young couple who worked together most efficiently. With Knauth and Steve available, the Berlin broadcasts could continue despite my absence.

Bill took the occasion to talk about the Columbia policy on these escorted trips. That policy was that CBS never accepted any more favours than necessary and that, whenever any of us made a trip, we must pay all our own expenses, thus avoiding any obligations to the Nazis. This was one of the wisest stands that could be taken, helping us more than almost anything else in an assignment that was difficult at best.

The trip was scheduled to begin toward the end of the month.

In gathering our routine news, we read dozens of German newspapers every day. The most important were those from Berlin: Hitler's own paper, the official party organ, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, which was an attractively printed paper with well-arranged make-up, the best maps, clear pictures, and unblustering red headlines; the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*, a business man's paper; the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the most intelligent paper in Berlin, but with such lengthy involved German sentences that it sometimes almost defied translation; the *Berliner Morgenpost*; a few tabloids, such as the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, the *Zwölf Uhr Blatt*, *Der Angriff*, and the *Nachtausgabe*. Of the others within the Reich, the most important were the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, still the best

paper in Germany despite the Nazi handicaps; Hermann Göring's *Essener National Zeitung*, mostly because it was his paper; and the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, which occasionally became picturesquely vociferous in its comments.

None of the newspapers printed news, as we know it. The fundamental stories were the same in all of them—the DNB reports, printed word for word, and sometimes even with the same headline. These were usually the communiqués and the official version of foreign affairs. The stories written at the front by the Propaganda Company reporters had to go through the censors. The editors themselves had to be present each day in a meeting at the Propaganda Ministry in the Wilhelmstrasse, where they were instructed on the stories they might use, what portions might be printed, and what angle should be taken in comment.

Thus the speeches made by President Roosevelt might not even be mentioned in the German press until days after they had been made. The Nazis had to have time to decide what they would think about them and what the German people might safely be told. When the report was made on a Roosevelt speech there were never any direct quotations. Each story was actually an editorial, with comments on some chosen points in the address. As a consequence, the German people were always reading the Nazi answer to a Roosevelt speech without having heard what the President had actually said.

All international stories were handled in the same fashion. The German papers also were forbidden to report on internal affairs, unless they had been specifically instructed. They could print court reports on sentences for violating blackout violations, listening to foreign broadcasts, and other "crimes," the official notices of executions, with the bare reason for the punishment, and some innocuous little odds and ends.

One had to read through plenty before finding anything at all worth quoting, but you were able to note trends and come across an occasional good story. The *V.B.*, since it was Hitler's

paper, sometimes had an exclusive first announcement. The tabloids furnished interesting small items such as the fact that a forty-five-year-old gardener ran into a fence during a blackout, fractured his skull, and died. There were few advertisements, especially the page after page of department-store ads customary in the United States. Most of the display advertisements were goodwill displays for cigarettes and some of the stores and industries. The theatres carried the only real advertisements, except for the classified sections, where on week-ends there were occasional whole sections seeking stenographers, clerks, and other employees.

The newspapers were sometimes used to make statements the Reich did not want to make officially, but which it was felt would aid in diplomatic and political offensives. Thus they attacked Turkey, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal. Thus they made threats to the United States. Sometimes the German newspapers misrepresented United States opinion by quoting such publications as the *New York Enquirer*, known to few people in New York and even less in the rest of the country. Some such papers were completely unknown to the mass of people in the United States, but the German people did not know that.

The papers also naturally showed what efforts were being made to influence the German populace. They were the main instrument for informing the people about the war as it progressed, with the radio giving almost the same stories and arguments word for word.

One other publication also should be mentioned, *Das Reich*. It was a weekly, subsidized by the Propaganda Ministry and almost always including a leading article by Goebbels, sometimes quotable. Goebbels permitted himself more freedom of expression than the editors and thus revealed facts about morale, listening to foreign radios, and other aspects of German life that could not be determined by reading the other papers. Usually, however, his article was pompous blustering of the

kind that appealed to the German temperament, but which was pure "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In addition to the newspapers in the Reich, we also had to peruse numerous publications from the occupied countries for the story of the situation there so far as it could be learned. All of the papers in these countries, after the occupation, were Nazi-controlled, with one paper in each capital city almost always established by the Nazis themselves. There were, for instance, the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* (the *German Paper in the Netherlands*), the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen* (the *German Paper in Norway*), the *Brüsseler Zeitung*, the *Pariser Zeitung*, the *Krakauer Zeitung*, and so on. We found it best to buy these German papers for the occupied countries since they published all the official announcements, such as the new anti-religious laws in the Netherlands, warnings against further attacks on the German occupation troops, and the court records of sentences for listening to foreign radio programs, for sheltering downed British aviators, and for food profiteering and hoarding. These papers had to be scanned carefully because some of the most revealing items were often given obscure space. The Germans permitted us to use some of these stories, but made their use more and more difficult. Shortly after my arrival, they decided to ban them altogether. I appealed to Diettrich.

"But," I said, "these stories have all been published in your own papers. If German papers can publish them, why can't I?"

Diettrich mused a moment.

"These papers," he declared, "are not within our control in the same way as those from cities within the Reich itself."

"But the editors are still responsible to the Propaganda Ministry, as you know," I continued. "Their editors may not be able to attend the daily meetings in Berlin, but they are, nevertheless, official German papers."

"No, there's a difference," Diettrich insisted. Then he added suddenly: "All right, you can quote them, but you must bring

in the quoted papers each day so we can check the translations. I'll instruct the censors accordingly."

After that I carried so many newspapers with me to the station each day that I looked like a newsboy. Later, when Dietrich was no longer in Berlin and weaker men replaced him, the papers were again occasionally banned as news sources.

There were three press conferences each day, two conducted by the Propaganda Ministry and one by the Foreign Office, all in buildings in the Wilhelmstrasse. All the questions, answers, and statements were in German. Josef Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, appeared for these meetings only on such special occasions as the beginning of a new campaign. Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hermann Göring, and Hitler himself also appeared only when the occasion was unusual. Otherwise men who were skilled in stating the official position or were able to avoid a direct answer were in charge.

The first conference of the day was a select one, to which but a few newsmen were admitted and to which I was able to obtain Columbia representation only after taking the demand to one official after another. This conference took place about noon each day and furnished us with late announcements. It was most valuable during the summer months when the United States was on daylight-saving time and when the High Command communiqué for the day was usually too late for use in the afternoon broadcast. The main claims in the communiqué were usually available earlier on account of this conference.

The next conference, conducted by the Foreign Office, was at one o'clock in the afternoon. It was the most important of the day, principally because the spokesman was more able. He was usually Paul Schmidt, a stout, round-faced, red-cheeked German in his early thirties. Schmidt's thinning dark hair was brushed straight back; he was always well dressed. Generally he was calm and good-humoured, able to turn questions with a quip. On such days he seated himself leisurely, folded his hands before him, and twiddled his thumbs as he answered

the correspondents. There were other times, however, when Schmidt rushed into the conference, was impatient at every query, and might even rise again and rush out before we were able to collect our wits. That happened several times after the Russian campaign began to miss fire.

When Schmidt did not appear, the Nazi spokesman was usually Braun von Stumm, an older man with black horn-rimmed glasses, a small black moustache, dark parted hair, a small chin, and a vacant staring look. We were always disappointed when von Stumm walked in, because he often made no statements at all, merely replying: "We have no information on that," or "I have nothing to say." He just sat there, pursing his lips and looking into space. He was like Schmidt only in the fact that he always folded his hands before him.

The Foreign Office conference was held in the same room as that in which Bismarck and other famous statesmen of other days had once held forth. It was a long hall in the centre of which was a green-topped table large enough for more than thirty correspondents and almost as many Nazi officials to seat themselves. The ceilings were high, with two large cut-glass chandeliers suspended from their carved beams. Under the main beams were carved lion's heads and in between, up and down the long expanse, were coloured shields.

Schmidt or von Stumm took a seat on the long side of the table nearest the inner wall. Lesser officials, relied upon for information on special subjects, and men and girls who took everything down in shorthand, were ranged on each side. Other persons from the staff of the Foreign Office and some from the Propaganda Ministry stood to the rear, most of them with their hands behind their backs. Some of the correspondents took positions along each end of the table and the side nearest the window. The same people usually occupied the same seats, with Louis Lochner of the Associated Press and Pete Huss of International News Service always directly across from Schmidt. Lochner was an elderly man whose head was

completely bald except for a few wisps of grey hair. He wore rimmed spectacles in front of large piercing eyes and had a prominent lower lip. Huss was younger, a well-dressed, smooth, assured blond with a small nose and a developing paunch. He usually stood before you with both hands in his pockets and chuckled as he talked. Some of the correspondents accused Lochner and Huss of being pro-Nazi because they gained more privileges in trips and tips than some of the other men, but I had no reason to feel that this was true. The United Press man, generally Fred Oechsner or Joe Grigg, a dark, handsome young man with an English accent, stood behind Lochner and Huss. The rest of the Americans were here and there, generally standing.

Because of the time of this conference the Columbia man making the afternoon broadcast could not attend it. Sometimes the man not handling the program covered the meeting and then phoned the information to his associate, but generally we relied upon a man who did the same kind of work for various others—Lescrinier, a German of Alsatian descent, whom we called Fatty. Fatty had thinning, greying hair, a short nose, and generally small features despite his huge build. He was an unusual individual, well acquainted with almost every important personage in Germany and, we all felt certain, working for the Nazis as well as for some of us. We therefore had to watch him, as he sometimes planted stories on us. One of his jobs for the Nazis was to ask questions so that the spokesman would be able to make a planned statement. He also asked questions for us, since we found he was usually able to get more information. Schmidt often replied gruffly and sharply when we asked a question. He was more polite to Fatty. Because of his informational background and acquaintances, Fatty was often helpful. At the same time, I found it advisable to check many of his leads. He was a likeable person who ate and drank too much and as a result had constant trouble with his heart. He knew almost no English, but de-

lighted in airing the few words he did know: "Ladies and gentlemen. Hello. *Up.*"

The third conference, at half past five in the evening, was again conducted by the Propaganda Ministry. It was held in what was really a theatre, with a stage at one end of a long, high room. The room was attractively bright, with walls of ivory trimmed with gold and decorated with royal red drape curtains over the windows. The large entrance door was set with mirrors. Stage drops were huge maps, showing the position of the German troops in the current campaigns. Red arrows pointed to the thrusts. In front of the stage, to one side, was a large chart in shades of blue, in the background of which was a picture of a burning steamer. A red ribbon moved across the face over horizontal and vertical lines to indicate the latest figures on the Nazi claims of enemy shipping sunk. The Propaganda Ministry spokesmen and other officials ranged themselves behind a long table in front of the stage facing us, sitting in the theatre chairs. Generally we obtained little satisfaction from queries at this conference, since the spokesman usually avoided a statement. Then, too, we were not so regular in attendance at this meeting because we were almost certain to hear a lengthy, wordy report in which there was seldom a sentence worth quoting. It was important, however, for military reports during a campaign, since the military spokesmen appeared at this conference. It was also the means of our seeing the German news weekly each Wednesday or Thursday before it was released to the theatres on Saturday. The news weekly, with pictures taken by the German Propaganda Company reporters at the front lines, travelling in bombers, in tanks, with the infantry, the submarines and raiders, was interesting and informative—again, during a campaign. It must be acknowledged that the Germans obtained remarkable war pictures as a result of their system of sending these PK men into the midst of the action, with many of them losing their lives.

The best attendance at the Propaganda Ministry meeting came every two weeks, when extra ration cards were given to foreign correspondents, as another means of making them feel more contented and less likely to be critical. Correspondents received the rations allotted to those who did hard labour: twice as much bread, meat, and butter as the ordinary rations. We lined up to obtain the food stamps, the form in which the rations were issued to those who did not remain in the same city all the time. These were called *Reisemarken*, or travel rations.

Whenever we credited a statement to "an official spokesman," "the Wilhelmstrasse," "an authorized source," or a "responsible source," we were quoting the men who conducted the press conferences. Unless Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Göring, or Hitler spoke, we never mentioned the spokesman by name. Sometimes we asked questions to which we did not expect answers merely to get them in the record, thus being able to indicate at least a news development. We thus sometimes arranged "a German source."

Special tours and authorized spokesmen, other than those at the conferences, were other means of stories. The first came only occasionally and a talk with one of the latter—Agriculture Minister Darré, Labour Minister Ley, Finance Minister Funk, and the like—was generally obtained only after weeks of effort in getting into contact with officials. I had tipsters, too. They were invaluable, but must obviously be protected by anonymity.

After these first steps in the business of covering Nazi Germany came the censors, of whom Krause was the most difficult. He would argue for an hour over the use of a word, suggesting another of his own that never could be used because it would invariably distort the facts, and would sometimes even be propagandistic. I would have to reply with a counter-suggestion of my own. It sometimes happened that I was thus able to strengthen the sentence, but usually we had to compromise.

Krause had the habit of causing me trouble with the other censors. He knew American English better than some of them and was also better able to understand my reasoning in presenting certain details. As a consequence, every now and then he would say something like:

"I am not the High Command censor, but if I were, I would not pass that part about the German losses in Greece."

Or:

"I have nothing to do with foreign affairs, but if I did, I wouldn't permit that comment on relations between Germany and Russia."

I tried to influence Krause in many ways; sometimes I quoted his articles in the *Berliner Börsenzeitung*, of which he was inordinately proud, and listened to his long discourses about his life in the United States, but that had no effect on his habits as a censor. At the same time, though he was not so keen a censor as Lessing, he was preferable to an old man who became one of the Propaganda Ministry censors and a young fellow who worked for the Foreign Office. They would mull over words until I almost missed broadcasts, were never able to put their objections clearly into words, and thus made it harder for me to argue with them. Krause at least had the virtue of being able to make his objections plain and he could think quickly. One High Command censor, a prissy fellow who had seen service in the last war, sat back and looked at the copy, smacking his lips and saying the German equivalent of "My, my dear!" He knew little English and sometimes, as a result, did not understand his instructions properly. For instance, when the order came through for me to cease using the word "claimed," since it was felt I was making it a keyword to signal that the statement was not true, he extended the instruction to include all words that might designate the source of a statement.

"No," he said, "you can't say 'admitted,' 'said,' 'declared,' 'according to,' or anything like that."

‘But,’ I argued, ‘I have to use some word to indicate the authority for my statements.’

‘But your men in England make straight statements. They don’t say the Ministry of Information announces that twelve German planes were shot down last night. They say twelve were shot down.’

‘I doubt that,’ I continued. ‘Anyway, I can’t say simply that twelve planes were shot down unless I saw them go down. No good reporter can do that. He always names his source. He can make direct statements only about what he knows personally.’

‘I’m sorry, but these are the orders,’ he said, with his arms akimbo.

Krause had been sitting back silently during this exchange, and it must be said for him that at this point in the discussion he intervened for me. I lost the right to use the word ‘claimed’ in that battle, but all the rest were still available, and even ‘claimed’ was able to creep in now and then.

Bill Shirer had made use of inflections to cast doubt on what he said. I must have overdone that when I first arrived, for he cautioned me to be more careful or the Nazis would discover that, too. Later I learned they had done so. They made recordings of all we said so that our own voices could be used to convict us, if necessary.

Under the circumstances, we did our job the best we could and that was all. We had no desire to be dead heroes.

Chapter III

RANDOM FINDINGS

VIACHESLAV MOLOTOFF, Premier and Foreign Commissar of Soviet Russia, arrived at the Anhalter Bahnhof in Berlin at eleven five on the morning of November 12, 1940. I did not see him arrive because I had to leave for the radio station to broadcast at about the same time. All I did see were the countless Russian plainclothesmen stationed before every other doorway along the route over which the Soviet number-two man would soon pass. Somehow plain-clothes men from any country when they are busy trying to look nonchalant, like ordinary citizens who just happen to be in some particular spot, are always recognizable. They try to blend into the background, but merely succeed in standing out from it. I had no more than stepped from the door of the Adlon Hotel that morning when I saw two of the Soviet guards in civilian dress. Down at the corner were three others. They were all the more conspicuous since few people were on the streets because of a cold drizzle.

The circumstances of Molotoff's visit were an interesting commentary on several facts. The railroad station was decorated with flowers, evergreens, and Soviet and Nazi flags. The German Foreign Minister, stern, handsome Ribbentrop was there, along with the Nazi Minister of Labour, Dr. Robert Ley (I liked to use his name in a broadcast because it is pronounced "lie"); Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel; the Reich press chief,

Dr. Otto Diettrich; Heinrich Himmler; and Franz von Papen, the Nazi Minister to Turkey, who was on hand naturally because the Russian situation was so important to his own mission. Molotoff, short, stocky, bespectacled, and moustached, dressed in a grey lounge suit and a dark grey overcoat, looked like a bookkeeper as he reviewed the guard of honour for him at the station. From there he set out toward the Wilhelmstrasse, along the Axis and into the Tiergarten to the Bellevue Palace, in a procession of sixty automobiles. There was almost no one, however, except the Russian police along the streets. There were no decorations, flags, or demonstrations along the route and no bands played.

The Germans said there were no decorations nor demonstrations because of the weather, but they could not have known the weather in advance, and when they do arrange such affairs they begin their preparations days beforehand. The fact was there was no fanfare because the Nazis did not want to accord too much honour to Molotoff since the Russians, ever since their famous pact had been signed, had done nothing for the Nazis, and had been wary of economic and military obligations. The Nazis, on the other hand, did not like nor trust the Russians. Some of the highest Nazi officials admitted that to me. They were frankly disappointed in the results of the Russo-German pact. It had done little more than make it possible for the Nazis to begin their war on England and France. Even then the Germans were worried. Russia had not been sitting back quietly like a good ally. The Russian bear had moved out of its den first shortly after the Nazis began their war, as they seized a slice of Poland. After that, while the Nazis were busy elsewhere, the Russians moved again, taking the Baltic States into their sphere. That also was not on the schedule and was particularly disliked by the Germans since numerous German families lived there, many with large estates that were seized by the Soviets. Fräulein von Meindorf, one of Diettrich's office staff, an unusually tall, dark, most attractive girl, who had

lived in one of the Baltic States, was only one of the Germans who were bitter against the Soviets. The Russo-German pact had been a marriage of convenience in which there had been no "obey" clause for the Soviets.

The absence of people on the streets to greet Molotoff indicated the general public attitude toward Russia and also demonstrated that the Nazis were able to assemble large welcoming crowds only when the populace was ordered to positions along the designated route. If the Germans had been enthusiastic about their ally, they would have assembled no matter what the weather. They had sufficient notice. The papers had been talking about the arrival of Molotoff for days. The *Völkischer Beobachter* had devoted almost the whole of its front page on November 11 to the story, with a four-column headline underlined in red, a biography of Molotoff with a picture in the first column, an editorial on Russo-German relations in the sixth column, and a summary of comments from the press of Europe under a two-column headline. The papers said the visit was concrete evidence of the friendly relationship between the Nazis and the Soviets. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* spoke of a Eurasian bloc composed of the Nazis, Italy, Russia, and Japan. Some of the stories were accompanied with warnings to states that had been hesitant about goose-stepping into the totalitarian line-up. The *Essener National Zeitung*, Göring's paper, said that other countries, especially Turkey, should be "cognizant of the facts."

After it was all over, the official announcement made it clear that nothing had been settled except in general terms. "The exchange of thoughts went on in mutual trust," it said, "and led to agreement on all important questions concerning Germany and Russia." The correspondents, cynical about diplomatic statements made by the Nazis, tried to elicit specific information.

"Can any concrete results be expected?" asked one at a Foreign Office press conference.

Schmidt added nothing as he blandly declared: "Concrete developments can always be expected as a result of German conferences. This is in contrast to British illusions."

The papers continued to speak bravely. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* declared that "German-Russian relations are based on recognition of the fact that both countries benefit from co-operation, and each fares badly when they oppose each other."

The Nazis tried to keep up appearances as they sent the head of their economic delegation back to Moscow with Molotoff. The Germans needed Russian supplies. They were not getting them by the same brow-beating means they had succeeded with in other countries of Europe. They were finding the Soviets too smart for them.

Molotoff even refused to be disturbed during a bombing raid. The British came over on the night that he was holding a reception for the Nazis in the Russian Embassy on the Unter den Linden. I heard that when the alarm sounded and the thunder of the raid began, the Nazis tried to make him go to the air-raid shelter with them, but Molotoff chose instead to stand at a darkened window and watch the spectacle.

That raid was the third I experienced in Berlin, counting the one through which I had slept on my first night. The second came on the night of November 10. I had gone to the radio station early and had just begun to eat dinner in the Rundercke, a restaurant across the street from the station, when the alarm sounded. It was a startling, annoying, frightening sound, like the long-drawn-out wail of a giant cat, rising and then falling, up and down, up and down, until it finally faded with a groan. Bill and I were having dinner together and a plate of liver and onions had just been set before me. It was my first in Berlin and it looked good. The food at the Rundercke was not fancy, but it was hearty. Even the boiled potatoes on the plate looked appetizing. I listened to the first notes of the alarm and then resumed eating. I was planning to finish the meal, but Bill, as

a veteran, cautioned me to act.

"Better forget your dinner tonight," he said.

"But we have only to go across the street," I remonstrated.

"Yes, but it's wiser to be where we should be. We might get caught here."

As we went into the street the anti-aircraft guns were already cracking.

"Keep alongside the buildings," Bill cautioned, "and then, when we get to the best point, we'll run as fast as possible across the street. The shrapnel is more to be feared than bombs."

A few nights later, on November 14, the night of the Molotoff party, the RAF came over again, and my dinner was once more interrupted. I had notice of the fore alarm that night and had just given the waiter my order when I had to leave.

"Sorry," he said, "but we wouldn't be able to serve after the alarm sounds anyway. It's forbidden. Too bad your order tonight is not yet ready. Better take some *Vorspeisen*."

He scooped some hors-d'œuvres from the tray and I took them with me.

The night was cloudless, so that when the British planes came over, one after another was caught in the spotlights. When two trap a ship it is practically a goner since the anti-aircraft men then have one side of a triangle and the angles of the other two sides. It is then a mere matter of mathematics, instantly computed mechanically. The Nazis claimed they shot down twelve planes in the raid that night on Berlin, six as they approached the city, three on the outskirts, and three more over the city. Two of those shot down over Berlin were reported to have caused bad fires, but the Nazis claimed they were extinguished quickly. I was not able to check. Our military men at the United States Embassy said that since there were no clouds the British should have flown higher, out of range of the anti-aircraft, or shot down to the house-tops, where, too, they could avoid that deadly fire. It was thought that the pilots on this occasion were young and inexperienced.

Bill and a number of other Americans watched the show from my room at the Adlon. The room was better located for such occasions than that of any other of my countrymen. It had large windows opening on small balconies and faced the west. The door to the room was kept open so that it could be available for raids and also for use of the radio, an old Philco that Joe Harsch had left there. I left it open since I felt the Americans could be trusted and if any of the Gestapo wanted to enter no lock would stop them. Incidentally, American correspondents were permitted to listen to foreign broadcasts provided they obtained permission and did not allow any Germans to listen. As may be imagined, those Germans I knew personally as anti-Nazis did listen, principally to the BBC. We were all faithful listeners to the BBC in Berlin; it was our main means of checking the stories we were told in the Nazi capital.

There were two raids that night, the 14th. The first was over fortunately, just after my broadcast so that I had time to get back to the hotel. The second came after I had gone to bed. I stayed there since I had handled two broadcasts that day and by three o'clock in the morning was too tired to stir. Although the Germans went to the shelters, like most of the Americans I stayed in bed when possible. We figured the Adlon was well built, an old solid structure, and since I was on the third storey, with two floors over me, I felt I was fairly safe. If we were not too tired, we usually watched the raids awhile. On this night the noise was so disturbing that I did not rest well. The anti-aircraft gun across the street from the hotel seemed unusually busy.

It should be remarked that during these first days in Berlin I found almost no evidence of bomb damage. It is true that I made few detours at that time from a path along the East-West Axis and around the corner to the Wilhelmstrasse, but as the days went by and I wandered through the city to become better acquainted with it, I continued to be surprised that I ran across almost no places that looked as if they had suffered from the

aim of raiding planes. That was hard to believe after all the stories I had read in the papers and heard over the air about the attacks on Berlin.

In time I learned why we tended to exaggerate the effects of bombing raids. For one thing, we who had not been subjected to bombings and who looked at pictures of damage in the newsreels and newspapers naturally presumed that we would see such sights on all sides. But Berlin is a city of wide areas. It has about the same population as Chicago, approximately four millions, but it is spread over a greater area. Chicago covers 200 square miles, Berlin 341. The damage resulting from the fall of a dozen bombs in such an area would not, as a matter of fact, be easy to find, since a bomb damages a few blocks at most.

When a bomb does hit, I learned, it may penetrate only a few storeys of structures built as solidly as those in Berlin. One almost never saw a frame building in Germany, except a more or less temporary structure such as, of all things, the short-wave station from which we broadcast. Since the British, as they rained bombs all around it, must have known its location, I could not understand why the Germans did not move to a new location for the short-wave programs. Diettrich explained that.

"The British haven't hit it so far," he said, "and until they do, there's no reason to move. When they do, it will be time enough then to go to other quarters."

"But what of those in the building at the time?" I asked.

Diettrich smiled.

"It will be too bad for them," he said, "but this is war. It is better to stay where we are now than to move until we have to. If we move before that time we inform some people"—looking at me meaningly—"of the location of one of the other stations."

"That sounds as if you have at least two other places to which you can move," I remarked.

"Yes, two," Diettrich said. "That's enough. If we have to move twice, we can, within that time, repair the first place."

It also happens that a bomb landing in Berlin has but one chance in five of hitting any building. That is because four fifths of the city consists of streets and squares, public parks, forest, farmland, waterways, building sites, and other areas upon which there are no buildings. I mention this factor since night bombing is not accurate at best. Even in the daytime there are the contributing difficulties of height, the forward propulsion of the bomb because of the speed of the plane, the effect of wind on it, and the effect on the accuracy of the bomber by the fire of anti-aircraft. At night, when a city is blacked out and nothing much is visible below but such shining landmarks as lakes and rivers, the bomber can do no better than estimate his objective. Under usual circumstances he rarely hits it. That accounts for the damage done so often to churches, schools, hospitals, and homes, at which, I am certain, the British never aimed.

"They must have magnets in them," Froelich commented one night.

Naturally the damage inflicted on such structures was exaggerated by the fact that they were the only buildings that the Nazis ever admitted were hit. They did not mention the times when bombs hit transportation or industrial objectives, and care was taken, when possible, that we did not see such damage.

Another reason why I saw little bomb damage was that the Nazis repaired it as quickly as possible or, if it was irreparable, they boarded the scene from view. I remember one occasion when the RAF, just before Christmas in 1940, dropped their missiles on the Tauentzienstrasse, one of the main shopping streets in the fashionable west end of Berlin. Early the next day a monster crew was on the job, working in an amazing fashion. There were men down in the stricken subway between the important stations of Wittenbergplatz and the Zoo, others busy fixing water mains, gas lines, and other public utilities in the street, and crews of men up and down the street restoring store fronts and installing new show-window glass. In a few

days no one could tell that any bombs had fallen on the Tauentzienstrasse.

On another occasion compression bombs fell a block from the radio station just off the Axis. Three houses that had stood on the spot were completely gone in an instant and an anvil in one of the basements was thrown through the wall of a building across the street. Compression bombs take tiles off houses and break windows for blocks around. This damage was repaired in short order by the enforced labour of prisoners, and the block in which the houses had been and where there were now only foundations was boarded from sight.

During those early days in Berlin I thought it likely that other parts of Germany might have been more severely damaged. Most of the more important objectives, such as the harbour regions along the Atlantic and Baltic coasts and even the industrial Ruhr were within easier access of English airports. The flights were shorter and the planes could carry heavier loads as a consequence; and since they did not have to travel far under the cover of darkness before reaching their objectives, they were able to bomb for longer periods. Nevertheless, more destructive though these bombings probably were, even these were doubtless exaggerated. That seemed logical to one on the spot.

The same was probably true in England. While the RAF was trying to blast the Reich, the Nazis were dropping their explosives and incendiaries on the British Isles. The raids were already under way when I arrived, and they grew in intensity. On November 9, according to the Nazi reports, aircraft swooped low over London and were night and day over London, Birmingham, and Liverpool. On the following day the attacks during daylight and dark were declared continued over London, Birmingham, Liverpool and other cities. There were claims on the 12th that large fires had been started in the suburbs of London, in Birmingham and parts of the south Midlands. On the 15th the United Press was quoted in Germany

to the effect that there had been no pause all night long in one of the raids. The next day all German morning papers headlined the attack on Coventry, in which it was claimed that the entire airplane industry there had been destroyed. International News Service was quoted in the German papers as saying that whole streets had been wrecked in Coventry, that craters were visible everywhere, and that the population were wandering distraught and anguished among the ruins of their homes. The papers said, peculiarly, that the attack was in reprisal for the bombing of Munich, where it had been claimed there had been no damage. The German papers continued to feature the Coventry raid on the 17th, saying that five hundred planes had been used in the attack, that more than eighty giant and hundreds of light bombs were dropped. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said the United States should not be impressed.

Raids on Birmingham and another unnamed town in the British Midlands were compared to the attacks on Coventry. It was said this time that the raids were in retaliation for the RAF bombing of Kiel, Bremen, and Hamburg. On November 25 the High Command claimed that fires in Southampton could be seen by returning aviators as far as the coast of France. All Berlin papers the next day carried the headline: "Heavy Attack on Bristol." A sub-head in the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* said: "Bombardment Six Hours Long." The *Berliner Morgenpost* declared: "Harbour and Industries Attacked." "After Coventry, Birmingham, and Southampton," said the *Völkischer Beobachter*, "Mass Air Force Attack on Bristol." The German radio said that when the planes arrived for the raid on Bristol on this night the city was still enveloped in clouds of smoke from fires set in a previous raid. Plymouth was the next object of concentrated force as the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger* said: "The war of the German air force on the vital centres of the British Isles is proceeding with increasing momentum. After Coventry, Birmingham, Southampton, and

Bristol, evidently ruined by the force of the German attacks, a city in the southwest was attacked today."

As the Nazis also gave astronomical figures for British shipping losses, the *Völkischer Beobachter* on November 30 said in a leading article that the end was near for England. An editorial in the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* said that even unrestricted aid from the United States could not change the situation, that American aid was like a drop in the bucket.

The Nazis were giving the British Isles all they had. The press was not limited in its sensational treatment of the attacks. The Nazis were trying to soften England, but they had another objective, too; they were trying to tell the United States that the British cause was hopeless, that we were wasting aid on a country that was doomed.

Just how much damage was done in England at that time I did not know, of course, but the Nazi propagandists were painting a convincing picture of tragedy, especially since they bolstered their own claims with almost daily quotations from American news agencies and newspapers. Those of us in Berlin were divided in our opinions.

Meanwhile the Nazis continued to insist on small damage in the raids made by the RAF within the Reich. I could not forbear quoting one of the High Command communiqués word for word during this period since it was typically ridiculous. In a raid on Hamburg, said the High Command, the British "dropped bombs on a church, two hospitals, six schools, and a number of dwelling houses. The damage was small." DNB added that the British were deliberately attacking such objectives. My report was intended to be sarcastic, since it was given after one setting forth Nazi claims of the attacks made on Coventry. I should have liked to include one of the German stories that was told after a devastating raid on Cologne, but knew that I would have no chance of its passing the censors.

According to this tale, which originated in Cologne after a raid there had razed blocks to the ground, there was one wall

standing amid the ruins. A cage was still attached to the wall and in the cage was a parrot. It looked over the widespread, smoking damage and repeated the words of the High Command. "Small damage, small damage," it said.

The Germans told another story that indicated what they thought of the claims of small German losses in air raids. They said that four German aviators came before St. Peter and asked to be admitted through the pearly gates.

"And who are you?" asked Peter.

"We are four German aviators who were shot down over the Channel today."

"Four?" Peter looked at his list. "Sorry," he said, "three of you will have to go below. The communiqué says that only one was shot down today."

On the 15th most of the American colony were invited to a cocktail party on the Budapesterstrasse, in a handsome, large, well-furnished residence that had been the French Academy, but which at the time was occupied principally by military and naval attachés from the United States Embassy. One other young man lived there at the time: Preston Grover, of the AP dark-haired, always smiling, and seemingly always about ready to chuckle.

The Budapesterstrasse house was entered from a driveway on the side. The number of guests was indicated as soon as you stepped into the entrance hall since a maid was there to take your coat and hat and give you a check for them. Off to the right of the entrance hall was a spacious music-room, where many persons stood chatting with cocktails in their hands. Straight ahead was a library lined to the ceiling on all sides with French books. The cocktails were being served in a long dining-room to the left, which you might enter from either the music-room or the library. The dining-room opened on a court and a garden that even included the stage for an open-air theatre.

Upstairs, off a large central hall, were a library for the enter

tainment of small groups, an office, and the rooms in which the men lived. The Budapesterstrasse house was a magnificent place in which to live. It was also well located. You could walk in the Tiergarten within two blocks one way; the well-known Kurfürstendamm with its theatres, restaurants, and shops was two blocks the other way, past the Eden Hotel, the Zoo and the Memorial Church, the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche.

As time went on I came to know many of the men in the Budapesterstrasse very well. I was invited to live there, but decided against it since my hours of work were different from those of men who spent regular hours every day in an office. Many prominent persons were invited to the affairs there. There were interesting people for dinner almost every night. It would have been pleasant and interesting to meet them, but chatting before and after dinner each night was practically impossible for anyone who would soon have to broadcast almost every night. I was tempted to join the Budapesterstrasse group also because of the food there, an important item in wartime Berlin. Through the Embassy, those who lived in the house were able to maintain a table almost as good as in the United States. On the night of the cocktail party we had cocktails of a variety and quality that most of us had not enjoyed since we left America and among the sandwiches one even found boiled ham, never available in wartime Germany.

Furthermore the men in the Budapesterstrasse were among the most likable I had ever met. There was Major Harvey Smith, who was in charge, a stout, pleasing, amiable host. Captain Jack Lovell, younger, darker and with an even rounder face, usually had a Phillies cigar between his wide smiling lips. Captain W. R. Wolfenbarger, who was called "Curly" because he did not have a single hair on his bald pate, was the man I came to know best. On this first evening, as we wandered away from the party, he showed me pictures of his lovely wife and child. He was most proud of them. We talked for a while about our families. I mentioned that I had not yet

heard from Ruth, that it was hard to write letters when none came in reply.

"But they'll come through all right in time," he said. "Mail usually comes within a month, but it sometimes takes two and three months. Just keep on writing and waiting. We're back in the days of the pony express and the clipper ships."

Also at the Budapesterstrasse house was Ernie Lattu, a young, blond member of the naval staff who was studying German at the Berlitz School when I first met him. Lieutenant Commander Arthur Graubart and others joined the group later.

The cocktail party was naturally a means of meeting other people. I especially recall Stewart Herman, a tall young man who was wearing a full black beard at the time. Stewart was pastor of the American Church and later also joined the Embassy staff. I did not become well acquainted with him at first; it was the beard, I suppose. Later, as I saw more of Stewart and had dinner with him in his quarters over the American Church, I found him one of the most interesting persons you could meet. He had interesting ideas and had had many adventures; he had been arrested once for failing to give the Nazi salute, and had been shipwrecked on a small island off Norway. Also there was Wendell Willkie's sister, a tall, blonde girl who was as active as her brother and seemed to be everywhere at one time.

One other discovery of those first days—on my first Sunday in Berlin, in fact—was that church services continued in Nazi Germany, except, of course, for the Jews. The ministers and priests were carefully watched. The education of the youth, so important to Catholics and Lutherans, who include most of the Germans, had been taken from them. Later I learned there were other ways in which the Nazis warred on religion, but in my first days I learned little more than that one could still go to church.

I went to Mass at St. Hedwig's, which was a brisk ten-minute walk from the hotel east on the Axis. You turned left when you

reached Hermann Göring's State Opera House and found the church in the next block. (The street behind the church interestingly is called Hinter der Kirche—"behind the church.") St. Hedwig's was a round building with a large dome surmounting the whole structure. The most notable object in the church was a gigantic Lamb of God from which halos extended. It was over the altar and shone in the glare of a spotlight. A priest heard my confession in English. He was not familiar with the parting blessing in the strange language, and when I told him what was customarily said, he repeated it over and over, with pleased satisfaction:

"Bless you, my child, and go in peace."

The next Sunday, when I came into the church, a sign hung on the door of that confessional:

"English spoken here; *on parle Français.*"

In the afternoon of November 13 I had my first glimpse of a Nazi religious ceremony. Dr. Raskin, who was intendant for the Nazi radio, had died and I was invited to the funeral. It was held in the main auditorium of the radio station, a tastefully decorated theatre seating more than a thousand persons. The radio symphony orchestra of 150 pieces was on the stage, with evergreens and ferns on both sides and to the rear. Dr. Raskin's casket was centred in front of the stage, with banks of flowers, topped with red roses, on each side. Two of Hitler's tall, blond élite troopers stood at attention on each side of the casket, with numerous wreaths from Hitler and other Nazi leaders beyond them along the full front of the stage. The colours in the flowers were made even more striking since the walls and floors were covered with funereal black. At the rear of the hall a black-robed choir sang special Nazi numbers arranged so that they sounded like Gregorian chants. Little Dr. Goebbels delivered a eulogy, taking his position in front of the family of the dead man, to the right. Nazi military men and officials of the party, in full uniform, constituted most of those in attendance, with Bill and me, in a front seat at the left, feeling un-

comfortable. At the same time we realized that we were having the opportunity to witness a funeral in the fashion that the Nazis wanted to establish as part of their religion, in opposition to the churches which could not accept the cruel Nazi dictum that no individual is important except as he serves the State, and that no one, even God, is superior to Der Führer.

In those first few days in Berlin I also learned that there was more outspoken criticism of the Nazi government than I had thought possible in the land of the Gestapo. Those who had telephones which connected with wall plugs might disconnect them and other people might carefully put their telephones on the floor beyond a desk when the conversation tended to become disparaging to the Nazis, but those with whom I sat at tables in the Adlon, in restaurants and beer parlours, and with whom I walked along the streets, seemed, at first, amazingly outspoken. They would talk of other matters when the waiter hovered near by or when someone at the next table stopped his own conversation to listen, but otherwise they showed no hesitation in talking about the government and its leaders. I was surprised to find so many Germans who were not Nazis, or who, perhaps to lead me on, acted as if they were not.

One of the German stories suggested that the Gestapo was a super-power feared even by the Nazi leaders. One day as I was working in my room, a German acquaintance came in and asked if I had heard about Hitler's parrot.

"This was an unusual parrot," he said. "One day, as the Führer was sitting in the chancellery, the parrot suddenly awoke from a doze and cried:

" 'Hermann Göring, Chancellor of the Reich!'

"Göring then strode in.

"A few minutes later the parrot made another announcement:

" 'Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda!'

"Dr. Goebbels then appeared. All three of them talked about the parrot.

“ ‘You may think I’m signalling the parrot what to say,’ said Hitler. ‘I’ll prove to you that I don’t help the parrot in any way. We’ll all get behind the curtain, where the bird can’t even see me, and wait until the next person comes in.’ ”

“Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels hid. A moment later the parrot began to flap its wings, ruffled its feathers, and cowered to one side of its perch. In a low frightened tone it merely squawked.

“Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, came in, looked around, saw no one, and left.

“As he went out, the parrot stood on its perch again and cried:

“ ‘You can come out now, men; the secret police have gone.’ ”

On one occasion I had dinner in a Chinese restaurant on the Meinekestrasse, off the Kurfürstendamm, with the Lairds. A young German soldier was with us. He was loud in his comments on the Nazis and in describing Berlin anti-aircraft defences, so loud that he alarmed us and we were afraid, for his own good, that he would be overheard. We ourselves had to caution him.

As time went on, I met a number of anti-Nazis who even told me about coming Nazi plans for military and political action. They were valuable informants who were actually endangering themselves by talking freely. Some of them had been in concentration camps and knew the consequences of their revelations. Usually, however, we talked in the privacy of my room. They knew the Gestapo could not be everywhere. They were heroic patriots in the full sense of the phrase, unable within the shadow of a merciless government armed with machine guns, Stukas, and tanks to do much more than hope.

Chapter IV

THE BALKAN LINE-UP, SOME GERMANS, AND FOOD

DURING the late months of 1940 the Nazis began to draw the Balkan States further within their fold. Hungary, Rumania, and Slovakia, in turn, formally were inducted into the "new order"; the net was spread for Bulgaria and Yugoslavia; hopeful glances were cast in the directions of Turkey, Spain, Eire, and even Greece; and Sweden and Switzerland heard menacing growls.

Those of us in Berlin at the time looked upon the scene principally as an empty show through which the Nazis, in a period when their armies were not marching, were flexing their muscles before their own people and the world—a show that was not very impressive, however, since the display had its effect on the most helpless states only, states that were already doing the goose-step anyway, and who thus did no more than formally put their names on the dotted line. We did see it, however, as preparing the stage for the blow against Greece, to aid the badly battered junior partner of the Axis, Italy. Nazi Germany, as usual, was moving deliberately, seeking to make certain that all the Balkans were in their corner as seconds before the next bout began. Some of the Balkan States, such as Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, however, were refusing to become immediately frightened by the Nazi show, and Turkey, as we

know, never did get into line before the fight finally had to go on.

All the moves followed a succession of conferences with the Italians. The first such gathering was held at Innsbruck on November 16, with Field Marshal Keitel and General Jodel significantly among those present. Since the Nazis were not ready to act, this was followed by official statements on the Wilhelmstrasse that Germany's relations with Greece remained unchanged, that no Germans had been evacuated from Greece (they remained as fifth columnists), and that the Greek Ambassador remained in Berlin.

Hungary was first to set the example for the other states. Next door to powerful Germany, and not anxious to lose her identity entirely as Czechoslovakia and Poland had done, she had no choice. This was so obvious even to the men on the Wilhelmstrasse that they did not try to present this scene with much fanfare.

After Hungary had suffered branding with the swastika, Rumania came on the scene to the blare of trumpets. I took advantage of the opportunity to look in on this spectacle. It came on the morning of November 23 in the west room of the Chancellery, at the corner of the Wilhelmstrasse and Voss-Strasse, the first street to the south of the Linden. A banquet for the visiting officials was given in the Adlon the night before with such a strong guard on the door of the hotel that even Bill Shirer had a difficult time getting in that evening. It was rumoured that Hitler would attend the banquet, but he did not appear then nor for the ceremony the next morning.

The west room of the Chancellery is palatial, with two huge glittering cut-glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, large low windows hung with red drapes, marble trimming, and a thick carpet and furnishings in shades of brown and rose. A splendid corridor five hundred feet long trimmed with marble leads to the west room. Lackeys in black with gold-braided uniforms, white stockings, and black pumps lined the hall and

opened the doors for the dignitaries, who looked self-conscious as they made the long tramp down the whole length of the corridor. There was a tiresome formality in the way each group of officials came down the long hall, as the Nazis sought to impress with all possible pompousness. The lesser officials came first and ranged themselves along the north wall behind a long table; then the chief dignitaries finally arrived to take their seats at the table.

Ribbentrop sat in the middle. To his right was General Ion Antonescu, small, greying, and solemn, a man who appeared to be carrying out a hated task and who, from his demeanour, made you feel somewhat sorry for him. Next was Prince Sturdza, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, tall and long-faced, with heavy black eyebrows and a lick of black hair across his baldening head. He was the kind of proud, stern-faced man whose expression gives no evidence of his emotions. Antonescu and Sturdza were in uniform.

Japanese Foreign Minister Kurusu, in tails, sat at Ribbentrop's immediate left, impassive like most of his countrymen. Heavy-set, short Italian Minister Bottai and the Hungarian Ambassador were next. Bottai was the only one who smiled during the proceedings. There were four copies of the pact, each in a formal red-leather-covered book. Four representatives of the Nazi Foreign Office placed them before each of the signatories in turn, with the four standing at attention first in the rear and then advancing in step to the table, simultaneously placing the books before the men, handing each a pen, and like a well-trained chorus picking the books up again, stepping back, and repeating the procedure. Bottai looked on the scene with obvious amusement; he grinned each time he signed.

The correspondents stood on the other side of the room. Motion-picture men, on platforms above us, ground out their films during the tableau. Cameramen's flashlights flared. Finally Ribbentrop arose to make the speech welcoming Rumania within the Nazi fold, and Antonescu made the expected

answer. In the same slow fashion the party began to file out. The time for my broadcast was nearing and I started to leave, too, but was stopped at the door. I argued, but to no avail. No newsman could leave until all the dignitaries, important and unimportant, had left. I made several more attempts to leave, but without success; the fact that I had a broadcast to make was of no importance in the face of a Nazi rule.

Bill Kerker of NBC and Ted Knauth of NBC also were there. Fortunately Ted offered to drive us to the radio station in his car, of a foreign make so tiny one had to fold oneself up to get inside. It had a motorcycle motor. On the way Ted had a puncture, but we were then but two long blocks from the station, so Kerker and I ran the rest of the way, obliged to leave Ted with his troubles.

The Slovakian signature was next, arranged without much ado. I was surprised that the Nazi censors permitted me to say: "The small nations of Europe are still marching in, putting their names on the Tri-Power Pact, and marching out again. Today's instalment of the serial story has a new slant, however. The tempo of the procession has been stepped up, at least for the time being, as the latest signatory to the pact wasted no time. Dr. Tuka, who is Premier and Foreign Minister of Slovakia, arrived at the Anhalter Bahnhof at ten forty, and a little less than an hour later he was writing his name on the protocol that stated his country's adherence to the three-cornered Axis." I thought they might consider that too flippant, but no one—not even the Nazis—paid much attention to Slovakia.

Bulgaria was proving more difficult. King Boris saw Hitler at Berchtesgaden, but failed to wilt before the arguments of Der Führer. After remarking on this meeting I hinted in the only way possible under the strict Nazi censorship that the plans of the Nazis in these negotiations were directed against Greece. The censors would not permit any such statement directly. Accordingly, after talking about the meeting of Hitler with Boris, I said:

"Bulgaria, by the way, is located north of Greece, at a point where the latter country is most narrow. The port of Salonika is directly north of the Bulgarian border line."

My next sentence was censored:

"It happens, too, that German troops have been reported training in Rumania, north of Bulgaria, and that I noted trucks carrying small tanks, bridge equipment, and other matériel east on the East-West Axis the other day."

That indicates the peculiar way in which radio reporters had to operate under the Nazi censorship. The censors gradually grew more strict.

As Bulgaria wavered, Turkey took measures to protect herself against invasion, and the Nazis said in the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen*, in such a way that the article could be disavowed if necessary, that von Papen had returned to Ankara with proposals to clarify relations between the Nazis and Turkey. The article said threateningly that there were persistent rumours of changes in the Turkish government.

Conferences with Spain's Foreign Minister, Serrano Suñer, were frequent, but although Suñer was friendly, Caudillo Francisco Franco continued firm. Yugoslavia also demurred. The *Völkischer Beobachter* took occasion to say that seventy-two per cent of the Swiss people were of German descent. They did not mention that despite the fact that many of the Swiss spoke German, none was favourable to the Nazis. The *Beobachter* demonstrated the astonishing manner in which the Nazis argued as they declared, of all things, that: "the nationalist movement in Switzerland is fifth columnist." According to Nazi logic anyone who does not want to belong to the Reich is a traitor to his own country. The reasoning must have been that of Hitler himself—one of his bright thoughts—since attention was called to the article at the Foreign Office conference the next day.

Meanwhile Russia showed that she was aware of the Nazi plans. She appointed a new Ambassador to the Reich: Vladimir

Dekanosov, an expert on Balkan affairs.

On November 16 Hitler took advantage of the 2,600th anniversary of the Japanese Imperial house to send a message to the Emperor Hirohito, in which he told that member of the Axis that "Japan is now the leading power in the Far East and can claim, together with other leading nations of other hemispheres, that she has aided in establishing the new order," and reminded her, as a spur to action, that: "No enemy has been able to conquer Japan during all the centuries."

So that the United States might remain lulled in complacency, the former Japanese Ambassador to Berlin, Oshima, then published an article in the *Warschauer Zeitung* in which he said that the United States was mistaken in thinking that Japan planned to attack her. "For three years," he wrote, "we have been busy with the new order in China. How could anyone imagine that we would wish a war with the United States? I wish to state that Japan wants peaceful political and economic relations with that country." As Oshima expected, the statement was cabled to the United States.

In the midst of all the talk, Eire was mentioned frequently in the press and the conferences. The *Berliner Morgenpost* insisted that Churchill was plotting against Eire, and the practically unknown *New York Enquirer* was quoted as saying that Britain had 100,000 men massed in Ulster ready to march on Eire. The Nazis were omitting almost no one from their plots.

Meanwhile, as I met Germans, it was interesting to find them all asking the same questions: "What does the United States think about the war? Will the United States enter actively? When?" The Nazis were expecting United States entry even then.

On November 17, after the British claimed to have damaged some of the railroad stations in Berlin, the Nazis took advantage of the opportunity to escort a number of the correspondents by bus to some of the stations. Berlin has ten railroad stations, and no union station—ordinarily a disadvantage, but

quite otherwise when bombers come. The stations are scattered in all parts of the city, so that we were content to visit those that had been mentioned by the British. We went down the right-of-way in some of them, into the towers at others, but in the limited time allowed could see little. We saw most evidence of bomb hits at the Lehrter Bahnhof, which is near the central part of the city. A house near the tracks there had been gutted. There were pits in the steel sides of a bridge over the tracks behind the station, boards on about ten sections of the shed over the tracks where bombs had broken the glass, and even marks of shrapnel in the station tower two hundred yards away. Strangely, I could see no evidence of damaged track. We were told that the right-of-way had been hit only near the Schlesi-scher Bahnhof, and that this had been repaired within an hour and a half.

During a bombing on the night of November 26 I was caught, for the first time, in a public air-raid shelter. I was wandering along the busy Friedrichstrasse when the alarm sounded. As the siren wailed, the strolling crowds suddenly hastened their steps, the low conversations quickened, and there were shouts here and there in the darkness. I stopped, whirled about, and joined those rushing toward Unter den Linden. Some swept on. A policeman stopped me.

"Get in a shelter," he said.

"But my hotel is only two blocks away, the Adlon."

"Doesn't make any difference. Get into a shelter."

I turned around and walked slowly in the other direction. A young man in one of the many Nazi uniforms came by; he wore that of some kind of air-raid official. I asked him about the nearest shelter. We walked together. He recognized my accent and fumbling manner of speaking German, told me he had studied English eight years before in school, and suggested we talk English. He spoke it as badly as I did German, but it was interesting as we mixed the languages. One of the yellow signs with the word "*Luftschutzraum*" upon it, was around the

corner. We walked toward it and stood in the doorway of the shelter talking. The raid had begun. We watched the long ribbons of searchlights climb the skies, the sparkle of the anti-aircraft, and the glare of the flares, listened to the low rumbles in the distance and the pandemonium that came when the action neared. As we stood there, the air-raid warden came up.

"You'll have to go below," he said. "I'm responsible for this place and no one can stand outside. Someone might see you and report me."

We hesitated a moment, then fumbled through a long dark hallway and down a stairway lighted with blue globes into a basement room. It was fitted with unpainted tables and benches, much like those used for picnics in parks. A few poorly dressed men and women were at the table just before us, some talking, others resting their heads on their arms on the table. Young Storm Troopers and their girls were at the other tables, laughing and talking. A few sat on the table-tops, one girl to my right swinging her legs as she talked. Others were on the benches with their arms around one another. It was evident that some of the soldiers had been drinking.

The young air-raid official and I stood by a pillar talking. One of the young soldiers staggered up.

"I heard you talking English," he said. "I want to apologize first for some of us having been drinking. We had a hard day and we had some wine and beer. That's all right, isn't it?"

I had no objections.

"I used to be in England," the soldier continued. "I was there for a year—played a piano in an orchestra. I liked it, liked the people, had a grand time."

Then he stiffened, leaned toward me, shook his finger in my face.

"But now," he cried, "it's war, and I hate the English. I don't want anything to do with them, except kill them."

The conditions, in an air-raid shelter surrounded by drunken Storm Troopers, were not the best in which to defend

the English. I merely answered that I could understand his feelings, and tried to determine toward which wall to move. Then, to my relief, the all-clear sounded, a single long piercing note. Everyone jumped from his seat, yelled with joy, and began hastening toward the stairway. The Storm Trooper forgot me.

The air-raid official, in the meantime, had become solicitous. He insisted on walking back to the hotel with me.

He was one kind of German. I met another kind on a bus as I came back from the radio station one night. The fare was twenty-five pfennigs. I had no change, and gave the conductor a five-mark note. He gave me change for a mark. At that moment we came to a stop. He ran to the door. I presumed he would return later with the rest of the change, waited a reasonable time, and then called him.

"I gave you a five-mark note," I said, after carefully wording my German sentence in my mind.

The conductor was loud in his reply.

"*Eine Mark, eine,*" he cried, as he shook a finger in my face. All the other passengers looked our way.

There was no use arguing. I was learning about German character in Berlin. I resorted to an American expression of disgust.

"Nuts," I said.

An hour of one of my free days was spent in wandering through the Tiergarten, a huge park, two and a quarter miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, in which there are widespreading trees and winding paths past streams and lakes. I stopped to watch a nurse and a child hold their hands filled with bread crumbs outstretched to the birds which came down and fearlessly perched there to eat. I saw an old lady by the side of a stream throwing food to the wild ducks and enjoyed the sight of graceful white swans on a lake. One stepped from thoughts of war into complete peace in the Tiergarten, and saw the Germans in another aspect. Then, as I strolled on, I

looked at the signs upon the benches and read that Jews were forbidden to sit on any of them. I wandered down the Sieges-Allée, or Victory Avenue, lined by statues of the Hohenzollerns and leading to the Siegessäule, Column of Victory, with the huge gilt figure of a buxom Victory on the top, but become a worry to the Nazis since it helped guide the RAF in their raids on Berlin.

Thanksgiving Day came on November 21, with Bill and me invited to eat dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Patterson. He was one of the first secretaries of the Embassy, a tall, thin, grey-haired, soft-spoken man. She was Mary Marvin Breckenridge, who had represented Columbia in the Netherlands, also tall, but dark, an attractive, gracious woman. The dinner that night was especially marvellous since it was served in wartime Berlin, but the Pattersons knew where to get food and also were in a position to get it, from all over the Continent. We had turkey, with roast chestnuts and cranberries, sweet potatoes, lobster à la Newburg, ice cream, mince and pumpkin pie. There were cocktails before dinner, a different wine or champagne for each course, and real coffee afterwards. The guests, varied in kind and interests, were stimulating. It was an evening to remember.

That dinner was of a kind to make you dissatisfied with what you ate on other days. The next night, hearing that the best restaurants in the city were in the neighbourhood of the Kurfürstendamm, I took the subway there. I came out into almost complete blackness and wandered for a block aimlessly. People brushed past me. There were occasional glints of light from doorways as they opened, but I had no sense of direction and had neglected to determine beforehand on a restaurant and learn its location. After a few stumbling minutes I returned to the subway and the hotel once more, to dine dully.

The Adlon was the leading hotel in Berlin, but it no longer had the best food. On the menu each night were at most two or three choices for the entree, and there was little variety in

them; moreover the food was unappetizingly prepared. Eating at the Adlon became tiresome in a few weeks, even though prices were so high that a dinner, at the official rate of exchange, cost upwards of four dollars. The Bristol, in the next block down the Linden, was somewhat lower in prices and the food tasted better, but it usually had so many guests that one inevitably had to wait for a place. The Esplanade and Kaiserhof, headquarters for party officials, were good; the Eden was best, with chefs notable for originality, considering that they were handicapped by lack of fats and spices, and since so much German cooking is tasteless at best. Correspondents could also eat at the Propaganda Ministry Club on Leipzigerstrasse and the Foreign Office Club off the Kurfürstendamm, where the food was good; but those places also became tiresome. One could eat well at the hotels, but only the wealthy could afford them. A dinner, with wine, cost almost as much as the average man made in a week. Even we correspondents who had extra food rations found it necessary to watch some items carefully. We took advantage of almost every opportunity to order fowl, since that required no meat cards. The amount of butter we ate at each meal we estimated with a nice exactitude. We were careful not to order too often meats that required much fat. We seldom had fried potatoes because they required the surrender of fat cards. We had a surplus only of bread cards.

But we ate well compared with the ordinary German. When I first came to Berlin, some of us were even obtaining extra food from Denmark—bacon, eggs, cheese, honey, and butter. These were obtained through the deposit of dollars in the United States to the credit of a Danish house. I received Joe Harsch's shipments while he was in Paris, and when Bill Shirer left I accepted his. Strange notations in my notebook recall these. There was one:

"Harsch's eggs—7 scrambled, 36 O.K."

That meant that seven were broken and had to be scrambled. The rest were all right for boiling or poaching. I had a difficult

time getting some poached, since I could find no German word that described that process, but I finally made my wants clear. We ate this kind of food for breakfast, with coffee or tea if we had any. I had brought some powdered coffee with me and used it until the supply was gone. I also had a bottle of saccharine tablets that I used to supplement the sugar the waiter brought, while I saved every possible cube. The bacon was lean, almost like ham. The cheese was good, and there was always more cheese and butter than I needed, so I gave the surplus to the girls in Diettrich's office and to some of the German families I knew. Breakfast was most enjoyable during the few months we received food from Denmark, but that came to an end. I still had a balance to my credit with the Danish firm when the Nazis signed one of their trade treaties with Denmark and cut off the shipments to Americans.

The Germans were used to rationing and had lived on restricted quantities of foods for years. Many of them told me they were hungry all the time, but all looked healthy, and the children were surprisingly robust. The Germans did not have large quantities of food, nor variety, but their fare was adequate. At the same time, they wasted nothing. When anything was left after a meal in a restaurant, they wrapped it up and took it home. When a young man invited a girl to dinner, he would pay for her meal in marks, but she was expected to supply her own food cards. People invited to dine at German homes always turned over marks for the food they had eaten. They had to; the rations were figured too closely for munificence.

Each German family obtained seven food cards from the ration office in his neighbourhood, his *Kartenstelle*. Each card was of a different colour. There were blue cards for meat, yellow for fat and cheese, white for sugar and marmalade, green for eggs, orange for bread, pink for flour, rice, cream of wheat, oatmeal, tea and coffee substitutes, and purple for candy, nuts and fruits. There were cards for almost everything except vege-

tables, and at times even these, such as tomatoes, were available only in rationed quantities. There were other ration cards for soap and clothing, and if you were permitted an automobile, for gasoline.

With so many food cards the German woman had to plan carefully, budgeting not only her money but her supplies. Most of the cards included a place for the name and address of the holder and consisted of small rectangular or square sections to be cut off on making purchases. The meat card, for instance, when I came to Berlin, was good for 500 grams of meat and was divided into 50-gram rectangles. Thus, if you ordered 100 grams of meat, two rectangles were cut off, either at a store or in a restaurant. All waiters carried scissors. Five hundred grams, the weekly allotment for each person, is about a pound, including bone and fat, which is usually from twenty to thirty per cent of the cut. Because of this loss in cut meats, Germans bought sausage frequently. The sausage was of good quality in the stores as well as in the restaurants, although there were periods in some German cities when only one kind could be had. I found that the case once in Leipzig. Generally there were a dozen varieties available in the better stores. Pork chops were the most plentiful of cut meats. Steaks were almost impossible to find.

With each German able to obtain only about a pound of meat a week, there was wide use of substitutes. Potatoes were the basic food and were not rationed until the fall of 1941, when a long period of cold wet days damaged the crop. At that time the ration was fairly liberal: a pound a week per person. Before they were rationed, potatoes were served with every meal in the restaurants, always boiled. The Germans did not fry potatoes because of a lack of fat, but they did not bake them either. Fish, one of the substitutes, could be obtained only about twice a month, and most German families were able to get fowl only about five times a year.

Fish and fowl were not included on ration cards. They could

be obtained through the merchant with which a family registered whenever the family's turn came. Each time the shopkeeper obtained a quantity of fish or fowl he posted a notice saying something like this:

"Fish available now to those with the registered numbers B43-291 to B43-495."

Whenever that happened, you took whatever kind of fish you could get. The restaurants usually had fish on the two meatless days a week, Tuesday and Friday, but it was generally, even in the Adlon, tasteless to me, although Germans I have eaten with declared it satisfactory. Lobster was always obtainable in the leading hotels and restaurants, but usually cost at least five marks, or two dollars at the official rate of exchange. Fowl could be found only at long intervals, and was usually not on the menu. If the waiter knew you, he would tell you when some was available.

The number of eggs to be had varied anywhere from none a week, most of the time, to four. The papers would carry an announcement signed by the mayor whenever a new supply arrived, but that did not mean you would be certain to get your one or two eggs, because it was generally true that the store at which you were registered either had not received its supply, despite the announcement, or had disposed of them all. The egg card was issued for a six-month period and was sometimes good for longer. I found that out once when, after an announcement that two eggs were available, I presented my new card, only to learn that the old, outdated one that I had thrown away had to be used.

A quarter pound of butter could be obtained by each person each week; about 25 additional grams, or one twentieth of a pound, of margarine, usually used for fat; 50 grams, or one tenth of a pound, of fat conserve for cooking; and about two ounces of cheese, equivalent to one portion of Camembert.

Bread was plentiful, with about four pounds a week allowed. Some of the "chits" were used for cakes and pastry, which was

generally inedible, hard, and tasteless. Most of the bakeries carried impossible cakes and pastries, that I found impossible to eat, but the products of a few were all right.

Nine hundred grams of sugar, or about two pounds, were available each month. Real coffee was obtainable but a few times a year and then in such small quantities that little more than a taste resulted. Two ounces were offered in December 1940 and the same amount in January 1941. After that no more could be obtained legally until the following Christmas season. I learned in time that there were occasional truckloads of coffee from the Netherlands available to those who knew "the right people." The price of this bootlegged coffee was constantly rising, and became twenty dollars a pound, at the standard rate of exchange, before I left Germany. Coffee became worth more than currency and could be used to obtain a sleeper on a train when no more were supposed to be available, or to gain almost any desired favour even from officials.

The *ersatz* coffee was made from chickory roots, acorns, and grains, with the best made from bran. The Germans became accustomed to this kind of coffee, using plenty of skimmed milk in it. One never saw cream except for small children; only skimmed milk could be purchased for adults. Tea was made from almost all kinds of leaves except tea leaves, the Germans preferring peppermint tea. Candy, nuts, and fruits could be purchased whenever a supply was announced. During November 1940 it was stated in the Berlin papers that each person could buy a pound of apples and four ounces of cocoa or chocolate.

Walter, the head floor waiter at the Adlon, kept me supplied with apples and oranges even when no one else in the hotel was getting them. As long as I remained at the Adlon, my fruit supply was good. Walter, who had been with the Adlon for years, knew and chatted about Jack Dempsey, Jimmy Walker, Barbara Hutton, film actors and actresses, the Prince of Wales, kings, queens, and maharajahs from India. One of the Indian

potentates, he said, had offered him an elephant to come to India with him, but Walter said his wife did not want to leave Germany.

Walter could not, or did not, supply chocolates or coffee. I had no yearning for the former, as many Germans did, but I acquired a desire for coffee, though I had cared little for it in the United States. When Ruth had served it for breakfast, I drank it some of the time, but usually took no more than a few sips. A month in Germany, however, gave me an avid taste for coffee.

A cable from Ruth on November 18 said she had received her first mail from me, letters mailed from Lisbon about a month previously. Ruth said she was moving to Chicago with Pat and my mother-in-law, Cookie. Another cable at about the same time inquired about my talking slower on the air. I explained that New York had asked me to do so because of the difference in short-wave broadcasting and that some of the cables had me worried since they told me to be more conversational and to include fewer personal items. It was said my delivery was singsong. I was trying to improve the program, but found it hard to learn whether I was making progress so far away from Columbia and from Ruth, too, who was my most valued critic.

Because of the situation I was inordinately depressed until Ruth's first letter came on November 29, a month and a half since I had last seen her. I had never been more glad to receive any mail. I read that letter over and over again for days, and took it with me on my trip to the Low Countries and France. It had arrived just in time, for I was to leave the next day, Saturday.

Chapter V

OCCUPIED BELGIUM AND FRANCE

SEVEN of us set out on the trip to the Low Countries and France: Diettrich, Lilyenfeldt, Kunsti, Paul Dickson, two broadcasters for the German radio, and myself. Diettrich accompanied us to arrange the radio facilities, with the broadcasts to go out of Brussels and Paris to Berlin and thence by short wave to the United States. If a broadcast might originate from any other point, Diettrich would be on hand to arrange that, too. He was a skilled technician, as capable as any I had ever met. Lilyenfeldt was the censor for the Foreign Office, Kunsti the censor for the High Command. All three also were going for the ride. All the Nazi officials liked to arrange trips for us whenever possible if they could go too. A trip to Paris, where there were still goods to be bought, was a special opportunity.

Dickson was to broadcast for Mutual. Sigrid Schultz had been doing the MBS programs, but could not leave Berlin because of her work for the *Chicago Tribune*. Moreover, she had just returned from a trip to the Balkans. Dickson had been working for the *Tribune*, too, but only recently, and he still worried about his ability to handle news stories. He had been a student of engineering in Germany for more than eleven years, spoke perfect German, and when the war began felt it

best to look for an occupation. He was in his late twenties, of medium height, with brown hair, a small nose and chin, and small peering eyes. He talked English in quick breathless phrases and had a slight English accent. He had never broadcast before, and that gave him concern. I knew little myself and after the criticism I had just received from New York I felt I knew less, but I helped Dickson as much as I could. I thought he became an excellent broadcaster. He was intelligent and alert and had a good voice.

One of the two broadcasters for the Nazi radio was known on the air in England and the United States as Scrutator. He was a dark-haired, dark-eyed German named Strohm, who happened to be married to an English girl. He was handsome, after a fashion, was always well dressed, had a pronounced English accent, was cynical and self-satisfied. His English sometimes betrayed him through his use of German forms of expression. Dr. Strohm was the kind of man who twirled his watch chain and smiled as he talked with you.

At the same time I liked Strohm better than the other man, Iwerson, who was born in Mexico and had been a paint-salesman in the United States for a number of years. Iwerson was tall, dark, and condescending. He had a hatred of the United States and, with it, of democracy, because, so far as I could see, his American wife had divorced him. She represented Americans and all they stood for to him, and because of her, it appeared, he could see nothing good in the United States. Iwerson was one of that body of men from countries all over the world who had hired themselves to the Nazis for propaganda purposes. His broadcasts went to Mexico and South America, and he was also, at the time, trying to interest South American newspapers in a syndicated series of articles principally on Germany and the beauties of Nazism. The Nazis were, of course, paying him for that. He also was one of the South and Central American crowd who were even given twenty-eight marks to the dollar as compared with the four to

six that we from the United States were able to get.

Iwerson was the kind of person who excited my instant hostility. One night during the trip, as we sat in a Brussels restaurant, he became so critical of the United States that I could not avoid arguing with him, despite the fact that the time and place were not advisable for that sort of thing from an American. But Iwerson had begun an attack on President Roosevelt, and on freedom of speech in the United States, alleging that Father Coughlin, Lindbergh, and Wheeler were being restrained, and ending with a song of praise for Nazism. I took up the challenge alone (Dickson remained silent and listened because it had been years since he had been in the United States), and found myself opposed not only by Iwerson but also by Strohm and Diettrich. Iwerson talked more than the other two, however, citing the *Chicago Tribune* and some of our isolationists as he went along. It was the most heated debate in which I had ever taken part, and I was glad to be as familiar as I was with the subject of freedom of speech in the press and on the radio. I had even given a talk on that very subject a month or so before I left St. Louis. Like most such free arguments, however, neither one of us changed his opinions.

Before leaving, visas had to be obtained for the Netherlands, Belgium, and occupied France; we had to change needed marks for Belgian and French francs, and obtain special passes. I noted with interest that the instructions on one of my passes for Paris said it must be presented to the military police immediately upon arrival in Paris and returned after the trip to the police in Berlin. (I still have it.) It also said the traveller must take the shortest route, travel by the fastest means, and make no detours.

We took a train to Cologne, with the ticket, including berth, costing ninety marks. At the standard rate of exchange that would be thirty-six dollars; at the rate of five marks per dollar then available it was half that. Trains formerly made the 361 miles between Berlin and Cologne in six hours. When we

went, it was an all-night ride. We met at the Potsdamer Bahnhof, with my porter from the Adlon somehow becoming frightened in the blackout after we had come up from the subway, so frightened and demoralized that I had to ask directions and lead him. The station itself was almost black, since the blue lights emitted nothing but a dim glow. We met in the restaurant, shaking hands in the German fashion, and with the Germans, by force of habit, tipping their hats, as is the custom even in greeting men. The Germans shake hands every time they meet and part, even if they expect to see one another in a few minutes. Some of them follow the French custom of kissing the hand of a married woman (never of an unmarried one) when greeting her.

It was my first trip in a German train. I was told that Germany had a number of streamlined trains before the war, but I never saw one. The trains I saw were old, and some were not in good condition, so that it was the exception for one to arrive on time. They were smaller than our trains; the freight and passenger cars looked like miniatures. The engines, of a different design from those in the United States, looked like squat little pistoned pygmies. There were no upper and lower berths as we know them. All the berths were in small compartments, an upper and a lower in each, and not collapsible, so that the beds were always made and there was little room beside them. Usually there was a washroom between each two compartments, accessible from both. The aisle was on one side of the train with the compartment doors opening on it. Dickson and I occupied one compartment. I took the upper.

The fare on the return trip was forty marks for a second-class seat, since we returned in the daylight. One could travel first-, second-, or third-class, but few rode first-class, especially since the purchase of a ticket did not assure you of a seat. You could not make a reservation. There was no such a thing as a Pullman, except for berths. These were reserved, and even Germans of influence usually had to make reservations for them

because of the limited number of trains. Many persons stood all the way whether they travelled by day or night. On most of my later trips, by daylight, I bought third-class since I was seldom able to find a seat unless I went to the station at least an hour beforehand. Third-class seats were wooden benches, not upholstered. So many people travelled that the conductors often required five persons to crowd into seats intended for three or four. It was sometimes preferable to stand, even all day long. Once I stood all day on a trip to Munich from Berlin. One German told me he had bought a first-class ticket and stood for eleven hours between Munich and Salzburg. A young woman musician said she had been obliged to stand all night in a train with two broken windows when the temperature was 22 below zero.

Even less desirable were the *Personnenzugs*, older trains with the seats in compartments and without aisles, but with each compartment opening to the outside. The conductor moved from one compartment to another on a running board. These trains interfered as little as possible with the other traffic, so that there was no assurance at all of the time of their arrival. Only those who could not afford anything better travelled in *Personnenzugs*.

Meals were not served on most trains. When there were any, there was generally no choice. You took the one available dish or went hungry. Otherwise you had to be satisfied with your own sandwiches or whatever you could buy at train stops.

We arrived in Cologne in the early morning in a dense fog, in which even the spires of the famous Cathedral stood out only vaguely. Three automobiles awaited us in Cologne, with several army officers and three common soldiers to meet us. The leading car was a Mercury, the other two Mercedes. Dickson, Lilyenfeldt, and I were assigned to a Mercedes, along with one of the soldiers to drive us. Like most Germans, the drivers were not able to pronounce or understand my name. We compromised on *Flammerie*, which I understand is a kind of German

pudding. That decision delighted the drivers, who liked to joke about it.

Our first stop was Brussels, 139 miles away, along a route taken by a Nazi army not many months before. We went through that neck of the Netherlands which extends between Belgium and Germany and had a combination breakfast and luncheon in Maastricht. The Nazis preferred to eat there. They thought the food better than that available to them in Germany.

As we moved along we began to see some of the effects of the war, scenes that were more frequent when we had turned south into France. We saw the ruins of houses, stores, and business buildings, mostly at the crossroads, near the bridges, and at the entrances to towns, where the Belgians had made their stands before the merciless invading Nazis. We saw the walls of the University of Louvain. The Nazis claimed that the British had burned its interior before they retreated. The British said the Nazis had destroyed Louvain and blamed them for it. I did not try to learn the truth. That could not be done while being escorted by Nazis. The people would be afraid to talk, especially when the military in the party surrounded them. The people stood by the roadsides staring, some of the victims of Nazi might.

As we crossed the Albert Canal on the way from Maastricht to Brussels, the cars stopped and the Germans showed us one way in which they had made their advance in a country where it had been declared the canals could be flooded to stop the advance of mechanized legions. A blockhouse stands on the far side of the bridge over the canal along this main road. It opens on the bridge and the theory was that a small force in that fortified structure could hold the bridge against numbers.

But the blockhouse had but one opening for fire—facing the bridge.

“Sixteen parachute troopers,” said Diettrich, “landed on the opposite bank, on one of the blind sides of the blockhouse.

They stormed the fort from the rear, smoked out, and then captured or killed the men inside. Six of the parachute troopers were killed. At the same time other German troops, in rubber boats, crossed the canal downstream amid heavy fire, landed on the other bank, and helped take the bridge. We needed that bridge intact to move our tanks and other heavy mechanized equipment. We got it."

"What was the date?" I asked.

"It was on May 10."

We came into Brussels along a beautiful tree-lined drive as night began to fall. All of the main hotels had been occupied by the Nazis. We were assigned to one, the Hotel Central. It was an inferior hotel, filled with Nazi soldiers and workers, a third-class place without a bath, but the best available since the officers in our party were not of the highest rank. There was a sign on the door of each room in Belgian, German, and English, with the English so awkwardly funny that I am sorry I no longer have my notes on it. I remember one sentence only: "Guests are requested not to make a noise in order to maintain the reputation of the hotel."

I had to crawl under the bed to find a plug for my electric razor, an American one. Shaving with an electric razor had been a problem ever since I landed in Lisbon. The Continental wall plugs are different from ours, fitted for round instead of thin flat prongs. As a consequence, I supposed I would have to return to a safety razor, but the first few strokes felt like a major operation and so I sought and found an intermediary plug. Later, because they have both alternating and direct current in Germany, and current of varying voltage, my American razor finally quit. I bought one of a Nazi make then, that sounded and acted like a lawn-mower. It was a frightening contraption at first, but satisfactory enough once I became accustomed to it. When that quit, I found the guarantee was useless, that the store would not have it repaired nor give me a new one. After a vain outburst I bought another. That, for-

tunately, lasted until I arrived back in the United States, when it, too, roared and groaned to a stop.

The toilets all over Europe were marked W.C., for "water closet," a fact which delighted the Nazis.

"That means Winston Churchill," they said.

Brussels was thronged with scurrying people. The theatres, cafés, and restaurants were crowded to capacity. We groped through unfamiliar blacked-out streets to the Taverne Royale for dinner. There we were served one of the best dinners I had had in Europe, beginning with dozens of appetizers, each brought by a different waiter, and ending with Turkish coffee made at the table by a man in Turkish fez and costume. The Nazis wanted us to think that Belgium had more food than Germany, but it happens that the leading restaurants all over the Continent serve almost anything the wealthy want, while the people may starve.

The next day we set out to learn the facts about Belgium. The Nazis first told us their version. Iwerson especially was generous with his propaganda.

"We have been busy," he said grandly, "and have all you need for your broadcasts. For one thing, the Germans have reopened all the Belgian universities."

"So?" I said.

"The Belgians are a strange people," he went on. "They are liberal by tradition, you know, and it is not easy to introduce them to the new order."

"They cling to their petty parliamentary system," Strohm interjected.

"But we are making progress through education and the courts," said Iwerson. Then he went on.

"Do you know," he said, "that the Belgians made no provisions to forestall a crisis resulting from war or a threat of war? They had done nothing about rationing, even though they imported fifty per cent of their food supplies. Holland and Denmark had systems, of a kind, but not the Belgians. They're

an irresponsible lot. We had to establish rationing for them. And now it's been arranged so that they are governing themselves. They have their own ministers, their own provincial and local authorities, their own courts."

Strohm cut in again.

"We're sending them potatoes," he said.

"They had four hundred thousand unemployed; we have cut that in two, through a reconstruction program arranged through Belgian loans," Iwerson told us.

We were talking in a café. Iwerson called to the man behind the bar.

"How are working conditions now?" he asked.

The man, who knew he was talking to a Nazi, replied: "Fine."

"You have vacations now with pay?"

"Yes," said the man.

"And sickness and old-age insurance."

"Yes."

"See," said Iwerson, "they're all happy now. We are making Belgium the kind of country it ought to be."

The man at the bar grunted and turned to wipe glasses.

As Dickson and I rose to leave, Iwerson added one more thought that he expected would especially impress us as radio newsmen:

"We have raised the salaries of all the radio artists in Belgium, too," he said.

Dickson and I strolled down the main streets. We saw Nazi soldiers everywhere, signs on street corners and on the shops in German as well as in Belgian. We picked up a copy of the *Brüsseler Zeitung*. In it was an article on the damage done to transportation facilities during the war in Belgium: 493 railroad bridges destroyed, 300 repaired to November 1; 69 viaducts damaged, 17 tunnels partly or completely put out of use and 4,250 miles of railroad bombed and shelled. We walked through the market areas, noticed particularly that the Bel-

gians did have plenty of fruit. That was in contrast to Germany. I recalled a sign in a German subway station. "Eat more fruit," it said, although fruit was almost impossible to find. On the poster was a picture of a baby eating a banana. Germans told me they had not seen a banana since before the war began.

We saw few vegetables on the market stalls. We learned the people had to go into the country to get them. There was no cheese in a country that once had plenty, and no butter, although the Belgians were given ration cards for a half pound a week—more than in Germany. Apparently the Nazis felt they might as well be generous with ration cards for something that could not be bought anyway. It sounded better when printed in the foreign newspapers. The Belgian meat ration, since there was meat, was half that of the Nazis. Potatoes were rationed at a tenth of a pound a week, bread at 15 pounds a month. Prices had doubled. Coal that had sold at 300 francs cost 500, or twenty dollars a ton, in a country next door to rich coal fields. Chickens that had sold at 17 or 18 francs a pound were 30.

The Nazis had established prices on some items and punished profiteering and illegal purchases severely, but the Belgians evaded these laws.

There was little to buy in the department and specialty stores; the Nazis had looted them. They did not use the special foreign marks in Belgium. The method had been mentioned in one of the articles in the *Brüsseler Zeitung*, in announcing that a Belgian loan of three million francs had been arranged, with the money to be distributed among the Nazi soldiers there. Belgium thus, by force, gave the money to the Nazis by whom their country had been stripped of almost all its goods. It was legal enough. The Nazis felt morally upright in arranging such perfectly "proper" transactions, and indignant when it was suggested they were robbing the occupied and otherwise controlled countries of Europe.

Dickson and I dropped in to see the Nazi military governor.

Like Iwerson, he said the civil government continued, but he gave different details as he went on. Belgium, he said, was under a military governor. The Belgian ministers of state were no longer functioning, but the under secretaries remained, presumably to guide the Nazis because of their knowledge of the country, its facilities, supplies, and people. Belgian governors remained in the provinces, he said, and mayors in the local communities "in an advisory capacity, with controlling influence." I did not understand that. I ventured a question.

"You have a Nazi military governor for all the country," I began. "Tell me, do you have military men in the provincial and local posts?"

The Nazi admitted they had. That meant, naturally, that the Belgian authorities were mere figureheads, the medium perhaps through which orders were issued, but that was all since there was a Nazi officer over each one.

The military governor felt it best to add another sentence: "The German army," he said, "issues general instructions." Dickson and I nodded.

When we returned, Diettrich made his contribution.

"You can say tonight," he said, "about Leopold, that: 'It can safely be assumed that personal contacts between the German leaders and the King of the Belgians have been made.'"

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"That's all, I can't tell you any more," he said, smiling.

I used the sentence. Nothing ever came of those "personal contacts."

We crossed the border into France near Maubeuge, and saw the first evidence of the awesome accuracy of Nazi Stukas and artillery. Maubeuge is a walled city and the French had taken positions there in its central square, the Place d'Armes. Buildings for blocks around that square were levelled. I had never seen such devastation. Hardly a stone stood upon a stone. Here and there, however, a wall remained as a skeleton sentinel in the ghost city. The walls of a church somehow still stood.

"Four hundred people were buried under those ruins," said Diettrich.

We strolled toward the wrecked building. Men were digging here and there in the debris. I asked one man about the church.

"Yes," he said, "we dug into these ruins a few days after the bombardment and there were a few people still living. We had a hard time getting one old man out. He was crazy, and as we pulled him into the daylight he put his hands over his eyes and cried: 'No, no, the Stukas!'"

A monument still stood in the centre of the square. It was of French soldiers in battle, a memorial of the Hundred Years' War. It was unharmed except for one bullet through the head of the drum carried by one of the figures. The roadways also were undamaged. I remarked about that.

"Oh, yes," said Diettrich. "We needed the roads for our troops and equipment, so we did not harm them."

"But if the soldiers were here on the streets, how could they be routed if you did not shoot at them?"

Kunsti advanced and smiled.

"You don't have to drop bombs and scatter artillery fire directly on men to kill them," he remarked. "It's effective enough to bomb near by."

Our cars stopped on the heights of the Chemin des Dames at the monument of the Sacred Heart, surmounted by a cross, still standing there at the top of the knoll. We looked out over the miles of valley the position commands. It was easy to see why this was such an important spot in the first World War. In the distance was the famous château of Louis XVI, now in partial ruins from the bombings.

From the Chemin des Dames we descended into the valley of the Aisne, to see where more struggles had taken place, with forests cut thin, ruined concrete forts in the hillsides, and the trenches and barbed wire that had served in two wars. We halted again in Soissons at the façade of the Abbey of St. Jean de Vierge. I thought at the time that this was all that was left

of that church after the last war. Later I learned that the destruction dated from an earlier conflict. However, I remarked then that the façade would be a splendid monument of the first World War.

"But we do not bomb churches," said Diettrich.

"What about the church at Maubeuge?" I asked.

"Oh, but that could not be helped," he said. "I can show you other churches still standing, at Chartres, Rouen, Orléans, and many other cities."

We passed uncounted numbers of roadside graves, some of French and some of Nazi soldiers. A German helmet rested atop a cross for the Nazis, a French helmet over theirs. Faded flowers were strewn on the graves. Abandoned tanks, automobiles, trucks, carts and even baby carriages were by the roadside, still there in testimony of the frantic flight of the refugees before the invading Nazi hordes.

Just outside of Compiègne was the spot where the Armistice of the first World War had been signed and where the Nazis had chosen to sign the armistice for the 1940 war against the French, dramatically using the same old railroad car on a siding as the scene of the tragedy. Diettrich was anxious for us to see this place partly because it was one that marked a Nazi triumph and also because it had been the spot where he had arranged a world scoop for radio. It was unmarked and we shot by it at first, then had to turn and come back along the road that went through the magnificent forest of Compiègne.

We stepped from the cars and went into a clearing. The mud was thick and deep; we had to watch for footings. Finally we arrived some few hundred yards from the road and with sticks tried to remove the mud from our shoes.

"This is the place," said Diettrich.

There seemed to be nothing but mud and some lonely statue in the distance.

"We screened this all off with pines, brought here for the occasion," Diettrich related. "The wires were brought in from

over there. Bill Shirer and Bill Kerker were here. No newspapermen were with us."

"I was here, too, for the broadcast," said Iwerson.

"The siding for the railroad car has been removed now," Diettrich continued, "and we have taken it and the car to Germany."

It was important to the Nazis to do all possible to blot out the ignominy of surrender in 1918. That was a disgrace, one of those incidents in German history that was all the more painful to the Nazis because it showed the militarily and racially proud nation bowing its head before another people. It presented the Germans who considered themselves superior to all others standing before the world as inferiors. That was why the Nazis arranged what they planned as the final act in the drama of Compiègne. That was why they replayed the old scene, with the Nazis this time in the roles of conquerors, and why, in their effort to forget the past, they had hastily removed everything on the scene that would remind them of their shame.

Everything but one, the lone statue standing there in that muddy clearing in the forest. I walked toward it, sinking into the slime with almost every step. Shortly the identity of the stone figure was plain, that splendid old veteran of the first World War, Marshal Foch. The Nazis had removed every other object from the scene, but they stopped before this statue, before this figure of a man they respected because he did not appear to them as a hated Frenchman, but as a brave soldier.

I stood before that statue for several minutes in silence. It was a pathetic scene. There was something both tragic and glorious in the fact that this statue of Marshal Foch still remained in this abandoned muddy field, at a place so unmarked that even we, as we sought it, had first passed by.

Back by the car, we talked before moving on.

Diettrich was reminiscent.

"Huntziger was willing to sign for the French with the

Germans," he said. "Huntziger said: 'They have defeated us,' but he would not sign with the Italians. He said that was different."

On our way into Compiègne we passed a long, boarded stretch. I was told it was a prison camp.

Our cars had to wait on the outskirts of Paris, where sand bags made an island in the middle of the highway and soldiers at a barricade examined our papers. We were in a market district where women, with scarves over their heads, drove by in horse-drawn carts, men with caps carried baskets of vegetables, and scores pedalled by on bicycles. The police wore the traditional flat round caps and long flowing capes. Inside the city, people rode in boxes with wheels affixed behind bicycles, the famous taxicabs of Paris as they had become under the Nazis. A few automobiles passed, propelled, I was told, by wood gas. We passed posters, one of a leering Churchill with a cigar and the caption: "England, Curse of All Europe." Another of a bleeding France on a cross proclaimed: "Thanks to the English—Our Way of the Cross." Posters everywhere said: "Dakar—Remember Mers el Kebir." The Nazis were trying to sell their version of the French defeat to the people of that country.

Since we were joined by higher officers in Paris, our quarters were better—in the Hotel Ambassador, one of the best, a completely modern hotel, on the boulevard Haussmann. On the way, we had driven along the Champs-Élysées, thronged with Nazi soldiers, by the Arc de Triomphe, where Nazi soldiers stood on guard. As in Brussels, the Germans were everywhere. After we had put our baggage in our rooms, I went to the lobby to buy a guide-book to Paris. I tried to get one in either English or French, but found the only one available was in German, Grieben's, which is seen in Germany today more often than the famous old Baedeker. During the few days we were in Paris, we went into the Louvre and found the main exhibition room filled with Nazi paintings; we had to show our passes to Nazi guards outside the Invalides and there peered down on

the tomb of Napoleon along with young Nazi soldiers who were listening to a description in German given by a Nazi guide; we found Nazi soldiers taking one another's pictures with the Eiffel Tower as a background, and found ourselves almost the only persons not in Nazi uniforms at a performance at the Folies Bergère. Somehow the swarms of Nazis were not in Notre Dame when we went there, nor were they on the heights of Montmartre as we stood there before the round-towered Church of the Sacré Cœur and looked down on one of the world's great cities, now within the shadow of the Reich.

But I had never seen Paris before and it appeared to me, despite the obvious changes, to be one of the most fascinating cities I had ever seen. There was a sombreness about the Place de l'Opéra and a forelornness in the Gardens of the Tuileries, but the displays in the show-cases in the hotel and in the store windows still seemed to have an enticing allure beyond that experienced anywhere else. Brussels made Berlin look drab, but Paris, even as I saw it in the fall of 1940, shone with the brilliance of a jewel.

There were fewer Nazis, at least in uniform, in some of the leading restaurants: La Tour d'Argent, from the windows of which you can look out on the bridge where stands the streamlined statue of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and where beyond are the buttressed walls and tower of Notre Dame; in Prunier's and in Maxim's. We did find that La Tour d'Argent, famous all over the world for its ducks, which you order by number, was no longer able to serve that fowl, but it did have a filet of sole with one of the most delicious sauces I have ever tasted, and potatoes that were cooked in grease to make them grow into light puffy balls. As Dickson and I sat in Maxim's, I recalled that Paris was declared to have the most beautiful women in the world. As I looked, wondering about that idea, which did not seem logical, I noted that the features about us were not the most perfect by any means, even though the impression was of beautiful women. The reputation of the

Parisian women was obviously due to the fact that they knew more about the arts of make-up and dress. They knew how to make themselves look attractive.

We ate most of the time at the *Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, where I tasted snails for the first time, with parsley seasoning, and where Diettrich, glad of the opportunity to eat well-seasoned sea food, ate snails, oysters, and fish at one meal. One night as Dickson, Diettrich, and I sat in a restaurant, talking in English, a siren sounded. As in Germany, we presumed we would be required to go to a shelter, but the waiter reassured us.

"Don't pay any attention," he advised. "You get used to sirens after a while."

Outside in the streets, the Parisians followed the same reasoning. Despite the warning, they continued to stroll about as usual, visited the restaurants, cafés, and theatres. Their life could not be disturbed by the possibility of an air-raid.

Occupied France, like Belgium, was under the military rule of the Nazis. The Nazis made laws by decree; the French ministers issued decrees also when their acts had been approved by the Nazis. The Nazis administered the public utilities—gas, water, light, power, and transportation. First-class seats in the subways were reserved for the Nazis. On our first night in Paris, as we came from a restaurant, one of the party asked about the possibility of calling a taxi. He spoke in German. Instantly a little Frenchman groping his way somewhere ahead of us along the blackened street cried out:

"Yes, you Germans, you ride taxis. We ride the subways."

The Nazis, anxious as they have been from the first to make a settlement with Vichy France, so they might have more control over them and perhaps also over the French navy, spoke of the imminence of an agreement.

"We are now together on fundamental points," the Nazi military governor told me, "principally on lessening the restrictions on the demarcation line. We hope to be able to make

arrangements to carry on the French government from Paris or Versailles. At the same time we ourselves are not certain how this can be worked out, since Paris is one of our military headquarters and there are military secrets here. There is the point of prestige, too, on the part of the French, as long as we remain here. Laval is here frequently. We hope we can work it out."

Those French with whom I talked said they did not like Laval, that they did not trust him. Almost all had respect for eighty-four-year-old Marshal Pétain. To them he was a heroic character, a man who in the most difficult position stood with a gun at his back, patriotically firm despite the Nazi demands, a heart-broken old hero. Diettrich said he felt the French looked upon him as the Germans had looked upon Hindenburg, as a venerable hero of the war carrying on for the country he loved.

"Hitler had a lot of respect for Pétain," said Diettrich. "I think he compared him to Hindenburg. At any rate, Der Führer, who never acknowledges anyone as his superior, bowed before Pétain when he first met him and took the old man's arm and led him to his car. Hitler had never done anything like that before. I think it may have been also because Hitler remembered that Pétain, when he was Ambassador to Spain, had saluted the Nazi flag in Madrid along with all the rest. Hitler could not forget that. From that time on he was interested in the soldier, Pétain."

Under Nazi law the French were no longer permitted to loll two hours for luncheon in the restaurants and cafés. They found, too, that orders were restricted so that you could have hors d'œuvres or soup, but not both; either meat, cheese, or fish, but no two together; one vegetable or potato, and no butter except with designated dishes. There was no coffee, except a substitute that was euphemistically called "*café national*," little milk, and no conserves.

French rations, in the fall of 1940, provided 360 grams, or a little over 11 ounces, of meat a week, five ounces less than the

Germans were allotted at that time; 500 grams, or a pound, of sugar, a month; four pounds of potatoes a month; one fifth of a pound of butter a week; and 40 grams, or a little more than an ounce, of cheese a week. Some vegetables were available in the summer, almost none in the winter. Fish was so hard to buy that my informant said there had been riots in the markets because of it. Milk was obtainable only for children less than six years old, elderly persons, and the sick. Soap was practically unobtainable. Coal was rationed at 25 pounds a month, with French families obliged to huddle into the one room they could keep warm part of the time. Families could heat with gas only after obtaining special permission.

Clothing also was becoming difficult to buy. Since I had lost my only pair of gloves, I tried a dozen stores in Paris without result. I had thought it a good idea to buy a few Christmas presents while in Paris, and did obtain some Bellodgia perfume for Ruth that cost me less than half what it would in the United States and a peasant-costumed doll for Pat. Clerks, when they learned I was an American, told me what they thought of the hated Nazis, because of whom there were restrictions on purchases. They were anxious to sell to me to keep the goods from the Nazis.

"You are supposed to get only two scarves on a purchase," one clerk told me, "but I can give you as many as you want, if you will walk away after each two you pick out."

Under the circumstances I did buy one, as a Christmas present, for each of Diettrich's girls at the radio station, and one, the best, for Ruth.

Silk stockings, one of the special purchases of the Nazi soldiers, were almost all gone. Those that remained and had cost 25 to 30 francs a pair had risen to 70 and 100 francs a pair. That would not be so much in United States money if it had a normal exchange value in France—about two dollars a pair—but it was high for France, almost four times the old prices. Shoes in average sizes were hard to find, I was told,

and were becoming more and more scarce.

"Generally," said my informant, "the French have been apathetic. They do not know what to do, but there were student demonstrations on November 11, Armistice Day. The students marched up the Champs-Élysées, but were stopped before the Arc de Triomphe by the Nazis. Many were arrested, and it was rumoured that eleven were killed. All the Paris schools were closed after that, the director of the University of Paris was forced to resign, and a new man, named by the Nazis, was put in his place."

We had not heard of that in Berlin. I wondered if the news had filtered through to the United States. I recalled there had been similar demonstrations in Brussels on Armistice Day and that two men there had been sentenced to six and ten years in the penitentiary merely for printing and distributing leaflets urging celebration of the day.

Diettrich had apparently been sincere in trying to arrange for Dickson and me to get to the Channel. He knew that permission would be denied in Berlin and so hoped that, when we had reached Paris, it could be arranged. The military there would not consider the project at all. They said it was because of the weather, which was not good for flying, but disclosed that they felt the Nazi fortifications along the Channel coast too important to risk our seeing them. Instead of that trip, Diettrich arranged interviews for us with two of the Channel bomber pilots. Dickson had Lieutenant Peter Hinkeldeyn, a dark, short little Nazi from Schwerin. My man was over six feet tall, a former amateur light heavyweight champion, Captain Burchard Flakowski. The name was an unusual one for a bomber pilot since *flak* in German means "anti-aircraft" and the *ski* on the end of a name means "son of." Thus the name of my interviewee was, appropriately enough, translatable as: Burchard, son of Anti-Aircraft.

I submitted questions for the interview. None of the following were passed by the military censors:

How much training is required for a pilot of a bombing plane? For an observer?

In making a flight, is it the usual procedure for a certain number of bombers to leave together? What number? Accompanied by how many fighter planes? (This question relates to "usual" procedure.)

Are massed flights of, say, a thousand planes feasible? Of what total number might a massed flight be undertaken effectively?

What is the usual height at which a bomber flies? At what speed?

Presuming you can determine the general location of your objective, how can you aim effectively at a definite target? Can you bomb a definite objective effectively in night bombing without the use of flares? How do you know when it's hit? Can you distinguish between any blaze below, or any explosion, and that of the desired objective?

How far ahead of your objective are you, usually, when the bomb must be released?

What are the usual tactics when you are picked up by a searchlight?

How do you avoid anti-aircraft fire?

Are there any means of painting a plane so that it cannot be picked up effectively by searchlights—or so it can be picked up only with difficulty? What?

Are the Germans using the rubberized gas tanks, or some other form that prevents loss of the gas when the tank has been punctured by a bullet?

What is the size of the largest bomb used now? Are bombs of larger size than usual being used in the current mass attacks?

Can you describe the procedure followed in a mass attack such as those now being undertaken?

All these questions were deleted, but it happened that those which remained permitted of an interesting interview. It may be worth repeating, especially since it came as the Nazi war air on England was at its height. After the introduction, here is the script of the broadcast with Captain Flakowski, commander of a bomber group, speaking for the Nazi air force:

FLANNERY: Captain Flakowski has taken part in the air war over Norway and England, in flights recently over London, Birmingham, Bristol, Coventry, and Southampton. He is a tall man, six feet two, thirty years old, unmarried; and his home is in East Prussia. Captain Flakowski, third to land in Oslo in the Norwegian campaign, won the Iron Cross of the Second Class for his performance there, and three months ago, after daylight attacks on English airdromes, was awarded the Iron Cross of the First Class.

Now, Captain Flakowski, one of the subjects I've heard discussed often in the United States is the strain on an air pilot. For how long a period can a flier, a pilot, or an observer serve before he must rest?

CAPTAIN: We have so many pilots that no pilot has to fly more than once or twice a week. When he's very keen we sometimes let a man fly three times a week. If there are special personal requirements, a rest or holiday can be given. On the whole, fliers are given plenty of holidays for rest—to go home and see their families, their wives, or their girls.

FLANNERY: To look at you, Captain, the strain has not been too hard on you. How long has it been since your last flight?

CAPTAIN: Saturday; it was Southampton.

FLANNERY: And when do you expect to go on your next flight?

CAPTAIN: Well, I hope tomorrow night.

FLANNERY: Night flight, I suppose. How black is an English blackout? Can you see anything?

CAPTAIN: England is blacked out well. But one can always see something.

FLANNERY: That means that ordinarily you can see very little. In that case, how can you find your objectives?

CAPTAIN: We find our objectives by accurate navigation and by thorough preparation beforehand. One can always see certain landmarks—rivers and so on—and from these one can determine the definite target.

FLANNERY: Can you see your objectives at night? How do you know when you hit your target?

CAPTAIN: Yes, of course, you can see your objectives at night. It's easy to see the objectives if there's some blaze down there. Usually even we drop flares first. In Birmingham, for instance, I saw several hundreds of freight cars near the central station, lighted by a blaze of fire set by a previous plane. It was easy to hit this target, and my rear guard saw the freight cars thrown about in all directions.

FLANNERY: How important is your bomb sight, Captain, in accurate bombing?

CAPTAIN: The bomb sight is one of the most important instruments for bombing. It enables the pilot to aim and hit accurately from any height, day or night.

FLANNERY: Is it as good as the United States bomb sight?

CAPTAIN: Unfortunately, I don't know. The famous German optical industry is always improving the one we have.

FLANNERY: Does a balloon barrage require flying at a height that makes bombing less effective?

CAPTAIN: No, because we can bomb just as accurately above the barrage as we could if we were flying lower.

FLANNERY: How high can you go and still bomb accurately?

CAPTAIN: Almost any height. The bomb sight enables us to hit our target no matter how high we fly.

FLANNERY: How do you avoid anti-aircraft fire?

CAPTAIN: I'm sorry, Mr. Flannery, but that's a question I can't answer. I can say we go through even when there is anti-aircraft fire because we want to reach our targets. And, besides, the shells don't bother me.

FLANNERY: I see. How does a bomber defend itself against an enemy pursuit plane?

CAPTAIN: Well, if a pursuit plane attacks a bomber, the bomber will of course defend itself by means of the movable arms on board.

FLANNERY: Are you usually accompanied by fighter planes?

CAPTAIN: It depends on the circumstances. Sometimes yes and sometimes no.

FLANNERY: Have you ever encountered, to your knowledge, an American pilot?

CAPTAIN: I'm sorry; I've never seen any. I can't tell who's in the other planes.

FLANNERY: How about mass attacks? How many planes did you use over Coventry?

CAPTAIN: Well, the German Command said five hundred.

FLANNERY: How many were used over Birmingham, Bristol, and the other cities recently attacked?

CAPTAIN: About the same. Just about the same.

FLANNERY: How much damage would you estimate was done in Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton?

CAPTAIN: My opinion is that these cities attacked must be almost—as far as the military objectives are concerned—destroyed. For instance, I flew over Birmingham the morning after the bombing. I could see that at least the east side—where several big factories are—was all on fire. And I saw the station burning, too. You could see the blaze for about a hundred miles away.

FLANNERY: To return to the much-argued question: Can a plane defeat a battleship—can a plane sink a battleship?

CAPTAIN: In the operations before and in Norway, the bomb-carrying airplane has shown it is able to inflict serious damage on the largest warships. It's a fact that at least one battleship has been sunk by a German airplane. If an airplane is able to destroy fortifications and find the target under the most difficult conditions in a carefully camouflaged field, it is obvious that the accurate hitting of a battleship with bombs even of the largest size is not a problem any more. The list of British warships sunk during this war by German airplanes shows that the bomb-carrying airplane is a dangerous opponent of any warship.

FLANNERY: By the way, Captain Flakowski, your English is very good. Before we close, I want to ask you how long you studied the language and if you were ever in the United States?

CAPTAIN: Well—thank you. No, I never studied English and I'm sorry to say I've never been in the United States. I should like to go there very much. I learned my English in England. I was there about ten years ago, in 1930, for about eleven months, a little less than a year. And if it interests you, I used to be British amateur light heavyweight champion. I was a boxer then.

FLANNERY: And you're a fighter now. . . .

The interview was prepared in my room at the hotel, as I asked the questions from the list of those that remained after the censor had done his work. I tried to put down the answers of Captain Flakowski as nearly as he made them as possible; I knew that would make the broadcast easier for him and would make it sound more natural.

That night at the Paris radio station it was notable that even though the efficient Nazis had taken over the station some operations continued in the old fashion. Before the broadcast I noted that the clock in the control-room did not check with that in the studio from which I was to speak. In calling Berlin we noted that neither was correct. Since seconds were not important on French programs, the clock in the studio had no second-hand. To assure my ending on time, I therefore set up a clock with a large second-hand before me. I supposed it was accurate.

Flakowski and I sat down to broadcast. When the cue came we began to speak and started the clock with the second-hand. The clock on the wall clicked the minute as we began. It was supposed to click the final minute ten seconds before we finished. We ran through the broadcast, finished on time—according to the clock with the second-hand—and leaned back to rest.

A few seconds later the clock on the wall clicked the minute. Instead of being on time, we had finished at least fifteen seconds too soon.

As our cars moved out of Paris we passed the Palace of Versailles.

"Do you know," said Diettrich, "that we had to work months to clean it up? The dirt and refuse on the floor were several feet thick."

On our way to Orléans, 120 miles south, we stopped at Chartres, whose famous Cathedral looked as magnificently glorious as ever from a distance, with its two spires of unequal height towering over a quaint old city in which many of the houses date back to the thirteenth century, when the people of the village finished their monument to their Lord. But as we drew near, we saw sandbags piled high over the splendid old statues at the portals, and the famous rose windows had been removed because of the war. The light that came into the Cathedral of Chartres when we saw it was no longer the soft-hued glimmer from jewel-like windows adding mystery to the vast interior; it was sad grey from plain panes.

Orléans, on the Loire, was the place where the French made their last stand on June 17, 18, and 19, 1940, before the armistice.

"That was two days after Paris," Diettrich said. "We were on the outskirts of the city on June 14, 1940."

The scene was much like that at Mauberge, with ruin for blocks around the centre square, and nothing much left except twisted girders, crumbled walls of pulverized concrete, and little mountains of stone, brick, and other debris, where business sections once stood. A well-dressed woman stood on one of the heaps of ruins, musing, as she kicked the stones with her foot.

"I suppose that's where her store used to be," remarked Dickson.

Once again the highways and streets were quiet and a statue remained unscathed in the centre of the square—an equestrian figure of a girl in armour upon a horse, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orléans. I recalled the comments on Pétain, and thought that this statue, too, might be symbolic of the spirit of France still standing proudly amid the ruin wrought by the Nazis.

Beyond the square down on the banks of the Loire we looked upon a bridge that had been dynamited in the middle. Dietrich said the French had crossed over it and then caused the damage with a time bomb. I noted a sign that indicated it had been called *George V Pont*, the Bridge of George V, but that since France had fallen the Nazis had given it a new name: *Adolf Hitler Brücke*. A few blocks downstream we saw all that was left of another bridge, six sturdy stone arched piers. It, too, had been given a new name. It was Hermann Göring Bridge.

Back in Paris, before we left, I went out alone early on a Sunday morning, without my Nazi companions, and went up the rue de la Madeleine, for Mass in one of the famous churches of the city, the Madeleine, the Church of St. Mary Magdalene.

On our return to Germany we stopped momentarily again in Brussels and Maastricht. I learned that the Dutch *ne* means "yes."

"Have you any chocolate?" I asked in German.

"*Ne*," said the girl behind the counter as she put some before me.

All together we had three punctures, each one fortunately coming at a time and place that saved us from accident. German buna or artificial rubber was not as safe as real rubber for tires. It rained heavily part of the way and our car swayed and skidded. The speedometer registered 100 kilometres and above most of the time. We were lost for half of one day from the rest of the party and twice ate only two meals a day. But on the night of December 10 we were back in Berlin.

Chapter VI

AS THE YEAR ENDS

WE WERE on the train from Cologne to Berlin from eight in the morning until half past five at night, nine and a half hours for a trip that took five hours before the war. It was a long, tiresome ride, on a train without a diner, so crowded that we stood in the aisles all the way.

During the afternoon, as we stopped at railroad stations, I read in newspapers on the stands that Hitler had made a speech. We on that train were some of the few people in the Reich and the occupied countries who did not hear the address, which, as always, was the only program on the Nazi radio at the time and which was turned on in every restaurant, hotel, café, and other public place all over the Nazi-dominated part of the Continent.

The newspapers, which have but few pages anyway, included little but the Hitler speech. As we came into Berlin, the early morning editions included a picture of the Nazi Chancellor in a bower of guns speaking in a Berlin armaments factory. I noted that it was evidently the same kind of speech that Hitler always made, with the first hour or more devoted to his lamenting the woes of Germany, boasting about his aims for his people, and contrasting Nazi Germany with its selfish enemies. The issue, Herr Hitler said on this occasion, as a variation in words on his old theme, was between social justice as repre-

sented by the Nazis and the vested interests represented by Britain.

"We have today a state with a different economic and political orientation from that of the western democracies," said Hitler. "These are the two worlds. One of the two must succumb."

It was in this speech that the Nazi Chancellor admitted the possibility of a British invasion of the Continent and, possibly, his knowledge through his agents of British plans for aid to Greece. In any case he said: "Every week that passes Britain will be dealt heavier blows, and if she wishes to set foot anywhere on the Continent she will find us ready." That was a sentence to which the Nazis frequently called my attention as reports of Nazi troop movements toward Greece were heard in Berlin.

Hitler also implied that the bombing attack on England, as a preparation for invasion, had not been effective. He did not admit that directly, but he did say he could have begun the western campaign against France in the fall of 1939, but had thought it best to wait until spring. "It is we who shall determine the time," said Hitler.

Paul Scheffer later talked further about the bombing of England. Scheffer, one of the German correspondents in the United States, was the only one, to my knowledge, who was a reputable newspaperman. Since he wrote for the papers read only by the thinking people of Germany, the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and Goebbels's *Das Reich*, he was permitted the luxury of sometimes telling the truth. One of his articles about this time began by admitting that the people in the United States felt they were in a better position to judge the European scene because of their more distant point of vantage and more complete sources of information. He went on to remark that the people in the United States believed that although the effect of German bombing in England might be terrific, it was doubtful whether they had done much damage to

industries, docks, and fortifications.

"It is now felt," said Scheffer, "that if the air war were waged with the utmost intensity, it could not be decisive."

That statement was surprising and revealing, especially since, even in papers for the intelligent in Germany, it had to pass censorship. It backed up my own conclusions, however, after seeing the effects of some of the bombing in Germany. It suggested that bombing was most important as a kind of artillery before advancing troops, but that as it fell on civilian populations it could not win a war. It need hardly be said that Scheffer's remarks, buried in the midst of an article read only by a select few, was given little general attention.

When I returned to Berlin, Bill Shirer had started on his way back to the United States. The mail brought a worried note from him saying that his plane had been forced down by a snowstorm in Stuttgart. Some weeks later I heard that Bill had finally arrived home safely.

Meanwhile Joe Harsch had come back from Paris and was in the room in which I had been living. I moved over to the one Bill had occupied, which was as large but had a bothersome pillar off to one side. Bill's room was toward the front of the hotel and opened on a court, a place I did not fancy because a bomb landing in that confined space could do more damage. It also was a room from which one could not see the air raids.

Joe was one of the most likable persons I had ever met, a young chap with thinning blond hair, parted on one side, soft keen eyes, a firm mouth, and a pointed, determined chin. He was serious-minded and worried, a young man who was oppressed by what he had seen and who was able to see through the Nazi screen with discerning eyes. I saw Joe often and we had many long talks over the situation. Later, when he left his room in the Adlon and moved over to the house on Budapesterstrasse, and I had moved over to his room again, he dropped in every morning on his way to the Foreign Office conference.

It was good to see Joe back for many reasons. For one thing,

I learned on my return that Percy Knauth, who had been on the air for us as Anderson, had been forbidden by the *New York Times* to broadcast any more. That meant that Steve Laird had been doing most of the programs in my absence and that Lael, too, had been obliged to handle one broadcast, on the day that I returned, reporting the Hitler speech. Steve was too busy on that day to go on the air, and Lael, according to all accounts, did a splendid job. Columbia, however, did not favour women on the air, especially from foreign points. That was probably because most of the listeners preferred male voices and had no confidence in women for such assignments, even though some of them, like Lael and Sigrid Schultz, were as good reporters as any of us. Sigrid told me she had to plunge into the midst of a Communist riot before the *Tribune* thought her capable at all.

But Steve and Percy had done a valiant job. Percy had taken all the responsibility for the direction of the programs on his own shoulders even though, without being on the air, he was being paid nothing for his labours. What was more, they were carrying on for me in addition to their major assignments. Under the circumstances, I sent a cable to Paul White telling him what had happened and suggesting that Percy be sent commendation and a bonus. Paul responded handsomely.

Without Percy I had plenty to do. Neither Steve nor Joe, because they were primarily responsible to *Time* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, could afford, in their own best interests, to broadcast often. I therefore assigned Steve to Sunday and Tuesday mornings and Joe to Friday nights. Each, as capable newsmen, did commendable work, but with two broadcasts almost every day, I was busy for long hours. I had to get up by at least ten every morning, hear the BBC, scan the German papers, and rush out to broadcast. I came back, without luncheon, with about an hour and a half before I had to attend the evening conference of the Propaganda Ministry, eat dinner, and rush out to broadcast again. It was three in the morning,

when air raids did not extend the hours, before I was able to get to bed. There was no time to make contacts and try to cover special angles on possible stories. I heard that Edwin Hartrich, who had been with Bill in Berlin, or Winston Burdett in the Balkans, might arrive to assist. I hoped so.

Along with the troublesome news on my return was the happy fact of two letters from Ruth. I liked best of all her notes about Pat, who was talking about Daddy's having gone to Germany, and telling her mother when she answered the phone: "Tell Daddy to come and see Pat."

Ruth told me that Pat knew all her Mother Goose rhymes, and that as she knelt to say her nightly prayers she asked that Daddy be kept safe.

My first letter to Ruth on my return told her I had arranged to call her on Christmas Day from Diettrich's office. "Diettrich is pretty good about that," Bill had said. "He could stay in the office while you talk, but he always goes out."

It was possible to call from two other places only: the phones for the press at the Propaganda Ministry on the Wilhelmstrasse and the Propaganda Ministry Press Club phones on the Leipzigerplatz. I could not use my phone at the hotel for foreign calls and if I had lived in a pension, apartment, or private house I could use the phone there for foreign calls only if I had obtained special permission. The Nazis restricted phone use so that calls would be easier to overhear.

My broadcast of December 11 included the High Command claim of damage done to a nursing home in southwestern Germany by British bombers. I wondered, in the light of later revelations, whether Hitler had this in mind when he said in his last speech: "Hospitals have been one of the favourite objectives of the British." In any case I learned that the Nazis were carrying out their murder of the insane, crippled, hopelessly ill, and even aged by bombing some of the institutions in which these people were confined and blaming the British for it. Since it was the very buildings in which these people

were held that were destroyed, along with their inmates, the evidence was plain. Later, since people were bound to become suspicious of too many peculiar coincidences, the Nazis changed their tactics and arranged more subtle murders by injecting slow poisons into the veins of the poor helpless people. Then they sent a letter to the immediate family telling them that death had come to the victim, but that in view of the incurable nature of the affliction it might be considered a merciful release. The body, they said (to prevent incriminating investigation), had been cremated and the ashes were being sent.

Only the immediate relatives had any knowledge of these cruel murders, and even they did not realize the truth in many instances, since the Nazis carried out the plan in careful secrecy. It was discovered only when a young man in Leipzig became suspicious of some of the death notices in the papers there—*notices that were undoubtedly being printed in other papers, too, but had not attracted attention elsewhere.* German families who can afford it insert small one-and-a-half-inch notices in their local papers reporting the deaths of their loved ones. The young man in Leipzig, looking over these notices, was struck by the frequent recurrence of the peculiar phrase: “After weeks of uncertainty we received the unbelievable news of his death and cremation.” He called on some of the families and found that the dead person in each case had been confined in an institution and that the death notifications were all identical. The evidence was clear, especially since the Nazis later ordered that such phrases be omitted from death notices, but all the Nazi officials to whom I talked denied that any such murders had taken place.

There was no doubt of the facts, however. Some people even told me of being forbidden even to drive near these institutions; they were turned back by armed guards. It was all according to merciless Nazi logic, which sees no man as important except in so far as he can serve the State. It is fundamental

Nazism that the individual is of no consequence as such, that he is entirely subservient to the State, which is supreme. No man, therefore, who cannot and does not do his part for the State has a right to live. If he is insane, incurably ill, crippled, or aged, he is a burden on the State, a wasteful cost, occupying a building that could be put to productive use.

One day as I was leafing through a book called *Hitler Germany*, by Cesare Santaro, a Nazi sympathizer, I came upon this passage:

"German statistics estimate at about 400,000 the number of persons who ought to be sterilized. The various categories of hereditarily transmitted diseases from which these persons suffer are given as follows:

"Congenital feeble-mindedness, 200,000;

"Schizophrenia or dementia præcox, 80,000;

"Maniacal depressive dementia, 20,000;

"Epilepsy, 60,000;

"Chorea, 600;

"Congenital deafness, 16,000;

"Congenital cecity, 4,000;

"Serious physical deformities, 20,000;

"Hereditary alcoholism, 10,000."

Santaro went on to remark that the law passed in 1935 for sterilization and for the castration of sexual criminals stressed, in its preamble, "the expenditure incurred by the State for the maintenance of asocial, degenerate, and incurably diseased persons." At the bottom of the page there was a footnote. It said that Germany in 1936 had 602 homes for cripples, general paralytics, insane, and inebriates, and pointed out that the number of aged and infirm persons totalled 713,571.

That book had been written several years before. It was then 1940. Nazi Germany, which preached the survival of the fittest, had taken the next step from sterilization to murder.

While the Nazis were eliminating the unfit, they also were doing everything possible to increase the birth rate. The papers

on December 12 announced more liberal payments to families with children. Special monthly payments had been made for each fifth and successive child in German families, but Secretary of State Reinhardt announced the payments would be made for each third child and all over that number. Each such child would entitle its family, it was declared, to ten marks a month, and the payments would continue until the child was twenty-one.

The fundamental Nazi plan to increase the birth rate was to arrange loans to married couples and then strike twenty-five per cent of the amount from the records when each child was born, with no interest to be charged for a year after each birth. Thus, if a family had a child each year for four years, none of the loan need be repaid. In paying income taxes it was an advantage to have children, since deductions were made for almost no other reason; and, to the same end, the Nazis were more liberal with food rations for children, especially of milk, vegetables, and fruit. A family with enough children found life more pleasant, since the allotted rations were always more than enough for the children. Families with children were given the best homes, and the largest family was always given priority in filling a vacancy. All owners of apartment buildings in Berlin were ordered to set aside flats for families with children. It was decreed that buildings with four to ten flats must reserve one for such families; buildings with eleven to twenty must reserve two, and those with twenty-one to thirty, three. The fine for violation of this law was as high as 5,000 marks or \$2,000. Officials often exceeded the demands of the law and, when a family with children sought a home, arbitrarily ousted one that had none.

So far as I could learn, the Nazi efforts to increase the birth rate were most successful with the family since the Germans are basically a moral people. Nevertheless, with children more and more removed from parental and religious influence through the Hitler Youth, evacuations into the country, and

the closing of religious schools, and exposed to Nazi propaganda through school books, youth meetings and camps, the press, radio, and motion pictures, it was to be expected that the young were, in many cases, already succumbing to the Nazi wishes and in time might be completely converted.

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg had written: "Outside of marriage the mothers of German children must be esteemed. Adultery on the part of the male of the species must be regarded in a new light, for those relations which result in an increase in the birth rate—in the procreation of more German children—cannot be and will not be considered a breach of the marriage contract."

The German Minister of Health, Dr. Leonardo Conti, said in a speech: "The Führer welcomes every newborn citizen of the Reich whether or not its producers are in possession of a slip of paper called a marriage licence."

A publication of the Nazi Labour Front, the *Deutsche Textil Arbeiter* (the *German Textile Worker*), said: "National Socialism has broken completely with old-fashioned customs. The new ideology greets enthusiastically the true German will to new achievement in every attempt to add to the Aryan race. It is not concerned whether the children are legitimate or illegitimate. We National Socialists esteem every girl who defies outmoded conventions and justifies herself in her child born out of wedlock. We know it is precisely these illegitimate children, because they are children of love, conceived in love, who are offsprings of a higher level."

"The word *illegitimate*," said Robert Ley, Minister of Labour, "must be blotted out of our German language."

The *Schwarze Corps*, magazine for the Storm Troopers, carried advertisements such as this: "I am a soldier, 22 years old, tall, blond, blue-eyed. Before I go away to give my life for my Führer and my country I want to meet a German woman by whom I can have an heir and child for the glory of the German Reich."

Almost every motion picture about the war included an incident about an unmarried mother. One showed a soldier at the front married over the telephone to his girl, become a mother, back home. I had seen several pictures that included the pantomime of finger-counting followed by hearty laughs from the actor soldiers.

All the news-stands displayed books and magazines filled with pictures of nude men and women. You could find these on the racks and counters even in the best hotels, such as the Adlon, along the streets, and at every subway counter around which people loitered while waiting for their trains. Some of them had such titles as *Sunlight and Health* and *Nature and Beauty*. Others were picture stories of *My Model*. Some of these pictures masqueraded as art and were included in monthly magazines. I remember one lighted sign in a subway, advertising a sun lamp, which showed several naked women lolling about on benches. Signs in the subway trains advertised "health-ray" institutions for men and women. It was plain that Nazi Germany planned all this to but one end.

Some people, who did not think the matter through, praised the Nazis for banning soliciting women from the streets and making them work in munitions factories. That was commendable in itself, but the Nazi object was clear. It was not to make the people more moral, but solely to produce more cannon fodder. The Nazis arranged that an unmarried young woman who had a child might find refuge in institutions established for that purpose. No stigma was attached to illegitimacy. In fact awards were made publicly to girls who had children born out of wedlock. The Nazis tried to make girls feel they did not have to marry, but it was arranged that anyone who did want the protection of a man's name might legally take that of a soldier killed at the front.

At the same time the Nazis evidenced inconsistencies. One night the Lairds and I went to dinner at a restaurant near the Wittenbergplatz, where Steve discovered in the men's wash-

room a slot machine for contraceptives. On it was a sign:

"Men, protect your health."

We wondered about that and finally decided it was arranged as a concession to Dr. Ley, the Minister of Labour, who had been growing wealthy through the monopoly on rubber goods given him by Hitler. Later I found these slot machines in other washrooms, and displays handled by the porter in such fashionable hotels as the Eden.

The restaurant to which the Lairds and I went to eat that night was my first introduction to a Nazi night club. I had previously supposed there was none in the Reich. This one was hardly worthy of the name. The attempt its small orchestra made to play jazz, including *Sweet Sue*, was distressing. It was almost as inept as an orchestra I heard in the early hours of New Year's Eve at Café Wein on the Kurfürstendamm. The numbers played that night were such poor arrangements that they sounded as if they had been made by someone who wrote them down as he listened to orchestras from the United States over a badly distorted short wave.

Steve and I came into the restaurant without Lael, who was delayed by extra work. As we gave our coats to the check girl, Steve asked for the street number of the restaurant so that he could telephone Lael to tell her where we were. His German was better than mine, but it must have been inadequate on this occasion because he had to repeat his question over and over again. Finally the girl smiled and then wrote on a paper, which she handed him, her name and telephone number.

The Nazi High Command report on December 11 said that the German plane activity of the previous night had been confined to reconnaissance flights. It appeared then that the Nazis were actually convinced that raids on civilian populations were not worth the cost, but two days later the attacks were resumed, with successive waves of bombers reported to have taken off all night long from bases in northern France and Belgium in attacks on Birmingham and Sheffield. The glow of fires in Shef-

field, said the High Command later, were visible for a hundred miles. Obviously the Nazis had not yet decided that such raids were comparatively ineffective.

In the same week the Nazis showed United States motion-picture films of the raids on London. These were included in the regular *Wochenschau*, the German news weekly. This part of the film began with pictures of Nazi ground men loading ponderous bombs, ten feet long and so heavy they had to be pulled by a tractor and six men and were hoisted into place on the planes by steel cords on special cranes. The Nazi planes were then shown in the clouds. The outlines of the Thames appeared below. The bombs were released from their racks. Mountains of earth were thrown high in the sky. Clouds of smoke arose. Then came the United States pictures of London ruins. At one point King George and Queen Elizabeth looked upon the devastation. No accompanying voice identified them, and I do not believe the German audience knew who they were. At any rate there was no reaction in the audience.

The attitude of that German audience was, as a whole, revealing. The bombing of London ended with a large close-up of Winston Churchill, upon which a voice in German cried: "Winston Churchill, the cause of it all!" Almost any other audience, especially in a country at war, would have hissed the leader of the enemy, probably cried out in angry vengeance, at least mumbled, but the Germans sat silent and still.

One other part of that same film was also interesting. It showed a contingent of the Japanese army marching by. An American audience, seeing a scene of its allies, would have cheered, but the Germans again did little more than make inaudible remarks and cough nervously. I suppose that was principally because the Germans, as some had remarked to me, thought it at least inconsistent that they, presented as the superior people, white, blond, and Aryan, who were admonished to preserve the purity of their race, should have the little brown men as their principal allies. That was partly the

reason for the lack of reaction to this part of the news weekly, but the attitude was one of the many incidents that were to demonstrate to me that the Germans were not enthusiastic about the war, or about anything much since it had come, that they accepted it as a grim serious business for which they could offer no cheers except when inspired by one of their orator leaders or when commanded by cheer-leaders.

The British bombing of Berlin was resumed on the night of December 15 for the first time in three weeks. One of the girls at Diettrich's office telephoned me at the Adlon that there was a fore alarm. I called the porter on the telephone and asked him to get me a taxicab, hurriedly put on my hat and overcoat, grabbed my papers, and ran downstairs without waiting for the elevator. As I reached the front door of the hotel, I heard a bus bound for the radio station grindingly get up power and then shoot past me. I asked the porter about my cab and he made a gesture of helplessness and said it appeared impossible to find any. For five minutes the porter scanned the street and blew his whistle; I called the police station for aid in finding a cab, and then finally felt I could not afford to wait longer. I ran down the Wilhelmstrasse and plunged into the subway, but had hardly arrived when the siren broke on the air. The exit gates clashed behind me and I was caught—along with a half dozen or so other people.

A young man and a girl strolled slowly back and forth. One young woman curled herself up on a bench and tried to sleep. Others seated themselves and talked. A boy of three chatted incessantly to his parents. I leaned against a pillar and read. The time dragged and I worried about making my broadcast. But within two hours the all-clear sounded, the people yawned, stretched, and laughed. A subway train rolled into the station so packed it was hard to get through the door. Most of the other persons on the platform were not able to board it. Inside, the odour of a crowd confined for hours within a small space was almost unbearable, but otherwise the people seemed no dif-

ferent from any other group returning from the theatres and night clubs. Some talked and laughed, others read papers, and some dozed.

I arrived in time for my broadcast. That was the only time when I was permitted to mention that a raid had taken place the same night, but somehow the High Command had made an announcement of it. Usually, even though a raid was in progress at the time, I was not permitted to say a word about it. On such occasions we used a lip microphone so that no sound except that within an inch of the instrument would go on the air.

After the broadcast, when I had returned to the hotel, the alarm sounded again. The next day the High Command reported that one of the bombs had hit a section of subway tracks, between the Wittenbergplatz and the Zoo, over which I had travelled earlier that night.

The next morning Ted Knauth and I drove out to see the damage, and found one house completely demolished just across the street from a section of the city rail lines. That was the day I saw the crews of men busy repairing the damage on the Tauentzienstrasse. Some of the United States news agencies made much of this bombing, cabling long descriptions and taking many photographs. Thereafter we were all informed that we were no longer permitted to report any bombing details beyond those included in the communiqués.

That was the order. It was interesting to see that the Nazis later were anxious to have us quote more details when the British happened to drop bombs on a church, school, hospital, or "cultural centre." Such a case came not many days later on December 21 when bombs and bomb splinters caused damage to the old Imperial Cathedral and two museums at the east end of the Unter den Linden. The next day the Berlin papers featured this damage with shouting headlines. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, trying to convince the Germans that their leaders were virtuous angels and the British horned fiends, carried the

headline: "German Bombs on Liverpool Harbours; British Bombs on Berlin Cathedral."

On December 17 the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* published reports of the Dutch insurance companies on the number of people killed in the fighting there some months before. They were especially interesting because of the number of civilians who had met death. The report said that 4,049 persons had lost their lives, that 2,185 of these were soldiers and 1,864 civilians. Most of the civilians, 798, were killed in the terrific Nazi bombardment of Rotterdam. The Nazi censors did not want me to mention that part of the report. A preliminary estimate also was available on Belgium, in which it was said that 4,300 soldiers and 4,600 civilians had been killed. The Nazis said so many civilians were killed in Belgium because most of them had fled from their homes and mingled with the troops on the highways. There they were blasted to bits by Nazi bombers.

The British were charged with dropping bombs on Basel in Switzerland on the night of December 18. The Berlin press made much of this raid, apparently trying to arouse the Swiss to anger against the British. Most of us in Berlin thought it likely that the Nazis had done the bombing themselves in the hope that it might influence the valiant Swiss, but I learned later in Switzerland that the plants bombed were making Nazi munitions. The Swiss themselves told me that and added that, under the circumstances, they did not blame the British for bombing them.

On the same day the Berlin press charged the British with having dropped bombs on a famous old castle in Mannheim. It was a fine old example of baroque architecture, the Germans said, and the bombs had caused irreparable damage to a valuable collection of art objects. Some months later when I visited Mannheim I saw that the bomb had fallen in the rear section of the palace and that it was not one of the most important architectural structures in Germany—that its loss would by no

means compare with that of some of the fine old structures in England ruined by the Nazis. Further, the castle stood on the banks of the Rhine a few hundred yards from the most important bridge in that industrial section of southern Germany. Obviously the British had not dropped the bomb on the castle purposely. It was one of the inevitable victims of night bombings.

On the night the British hit the old Imperial Cathedral on Unter den Linden and other buildings in the vicinity, three blocks from the Adlon, the Lairds and I were guests at a cocktail party in the Lilyenfeldt home. Lilyenfeldt had arranged recordings of some of my broadcasts from Brussels and Paris and some made by Steve in Berlin. Steve and I were playing them on a phonograph, hoping to be able to check on our delivery when the first alarm sounded that night. We did not plan to go to the shelter, but when everyone else had put on his hat and coat and rushed out of the apartment, except for the host, we felt we must, for courtesy's sake at least, go too. Almost all Germans were well disciplined and obeyed orders to go to shelters when the alarm sounded. Steve and I put on our coats and went, as directed, into a private shelter across the street.

The shelter was a built-in private one in a Hermann Göring apartment project, a large, solidly built, modern building, one of the sources of wealth that made the Marshal of the Reich the richest man in Germany, if not in the world. We went through room after room, each sealed with heavy steel doors. The rooms were variously equipped, some with furniture, some with cots, and with games and toys for the children. We passed a woman sleeping, a man bundled on a lawn chair, and finally came into a room that was no better equipped than those in public shelters. We sat on wooden benches along the walls, rested our arms on a wooden table before us, and tried to carry on conversation as before, but it was uncomfortably damp and we were bothered by buzzing mosquitoes. I killed three. Water dripped from the ceiling. I had to move. Some of the party

tried to be entertaining with riddles. Some tried to read.

Later the man next to me leaned over and whispered. "Twenty Germans were in an air-raid shelter one night," he said. "They sat there for long hours. It was cold and uncomfortable. The noise was so loud they could not sleep. Finally some of the people began to grumble, and one man arose.

" 'You people should be ashamed of yourselves for complaining,' he declared. 'Why, think what the Führer has done for you. He has occupied the Rhineland, regained Austria, the Sudetenland, and Poland. He has defeated our ancient enemy, France. He has torn up the Versailles Treaty, the papers of your bondage. He has proclaimed you the ruling people of the world. He has begun a war for you and those who come after you. Why, where would you be,' he cried, 'if it were not for your Führer?'

"A man back in the corner jumped up. 'We wouldn't be here,' he said."

In time we were able to emerge. Steve, Lael, and I took a street car back to my hotel and their apartment. As we talked, a man wearing a beret and with his coat collar high around his neck, watched and listened. We paid little attention, but as he left, he turned at the door, waved, and in perfect English cried: "So long, folks."

It was astonishing how many of the Germans spoke English. One night as I stood in a subway train on the way to the radio station, I overheard a man in the car talking English.

"Some people," he said, "say I am English, but I talk American."

His accent was English.

Suddenly, to my surprise, three German soldiers between the speaker and me began to talk English. In time I arrived at my stop. The soldiers left the car in front of me. I could not resist making a remark.

"There are many English about tonight," I said.

The three soldiers turned and looked at me.

"Yes," said one, "but you talk like an American."

They were, I learned, German army interpreters. Each had spent a number of years in England and the United States.

The month of December included numerous random incidents. Dr. Schnure, the German economic expert, returned from Moscow, after which the Nazis made almost daily predictions of an announcement of a new trade agreement with the Soviet. The announcement was regularly postponed. Secretary of State Reinhardt urged Germans to settle in Poland, offered exemption from income-tax payments up to 3,000 marks, or about 1,200 dollars, with the additional exemption of three hundred dollars for each dependent child under twenty-one; tax rebates on real-estate purchases and real estate held, on profits from industrial plants and farms; exemption from the war tax, which amounted to fifty per cent of the income tax. The Nazis were anxious to settle their nationals in the country to make it more likely that they could retain it.

Switzerland again was threatened, as a German journalist writing in the *Strassburger Neueste Nachrichten* said it was not a question whether the Swiss would be affected by the new order, but whether they would willingly submit to it. Switzerland cannot hope to escape from the new Europe, said the writer. The *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* advised the Swiss leaders to tell their people they could not continue to feel they could be "an island of happy people" between the two leading powers of Europe.

Walter Darré, the German Minister for Food and Agriculture, said that production of essential foodstuffs was increasing in the Reich despite the labour shortage. Milk deliveries during the last quarter of the year were 10 to 15 per cent higher than in the last quarter of 1939, he said, and the output for 1939 was 10 per cent over that for 1938. The fat ration, said Darré, was 110 per cent more than in the second year of the first World War. (Prisoners of war and labourers from the occu-

pied countries were doing most of the work on the farms. On December 17 it was announced that of 120,000 unemployed in the Netherlands, 84,471 had been given jobs in Germany.) The stout Dutch were still pushing Nazi soldiers into the canals. The German papers carried almost daily stories of Nazis who "accidentally" fell into the cold winter waters.

Joe Harsch told of a Nazi warning to German soldiers not to listen to foreign broadcasts and then added this item in his program: "The Berlin radio this morning advised German mothers to tell their children the old German fairy tales." Pierre Laval was ousted from the Vichy French Cabinet. We heard rumors that the Nazi-favouring Laval had planned a coup in which he would take over the premiership, but that Pétain had heard of the plot and ousted him. The Nazi papers said nothing about the incident as the Nazi powers tried to restore Laval to a Cabinet post.

President Roosevelt made a fireside chat on December 18, with no immediate comment on the Wilhelmstrasse. Three days later, Schmidt spoke vehemently. He referred to the suggestion that the United States take over merchant shipping in American waters, as made by a British official. "That," said Schmidt, "is an invitation to commit a warlike act."

Schmidt said that the attitude of the United States toward Germany was unbearable. "Germany exercises extreme reserve and the greatest patience," he declared, "while the United States offers nothing but pinpricks, offences, and violent expressions bordering on moral aggression."

The fat little spokesman ended dramatically by saying he realized the seriousness of the situation and the responsibility he assumed in commenting on it.

Schmidt also said that representations had been made to the United States because of the incident in Paris in which United States consular staff members were charged with aiding British officers to escape Nazi imprisonment.

The same day the German radio reported that the Japanese

were sending a military mission to Germany. The *B. Z. am Mittag* headlined a speech by Matsuoka: "Strong Warning by Japan to America." The *Zwölf Uhr Blatt* declared that with the creation of a Japanese military mission, the Nazi alliance with Japan was no longer just something on paper, but that "now one can say the Tri-Power Pact is an instrument that can be put into action at any moment." The next day Japanese bombers were pictured in the Berlin press for the first time. The *Brüsseler Zeitung* said that if the United States entered the war, Japan would immediately tie up three-fifths of the American fleet in the Pacific.

Trimmler of the German Foreign Office had luncheon with me.

"Oh," he said, "if war came you would be interned, but we would try to see that you foreign correspondents were put in a pleasant place. Some of you might be interned in Berlin."

The maid who made the bed in my room at the Adlon commented on the stories in the papers.

"The United States is imperialistic," she said. "It is a country run by the Jews. The United States wants power and money."

She rubbed her forefinger against her thumb as if feeling money. She chuckled as she worked and talked.

"If war comes I suppose I'll be in a prison camp," I remarked.

"And you should be," she said as she flounced out.

I wondered about separation from Ruth and Pat. The situation was bad enough as it was, but if it continued for the duration of the war—

Meanwhile the Nazi papers said opposition to involvement in the war was increasing in the United States and that organizations were being formed to prevent entry. I did not believe these stories and told the Nazis so. They pointed to Gallup poll reports. I said they were misrepresented. Diettrich, Krause and Froelich asked often about the attitude of Catholics toward

the war and called attention to speeches made by some Catholic leaders.

"The Catholics," I replied, "are not united as a group on any such matters. I am a Catholic and I, for one, do not agree with these speakers. They merely happen to be the ones who are doing most of the talking, who gain the headlines. They are not representative."

The queries continued. It was evident that the Nazis were trying to learn through me how to spread their propaganda among Catholics.

The Nazi papers built up their case before the German people. Under the headline: "Is England Groggy?" the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* quoted Ambassador Kennedy as saying that Britain was as good as beaten. The *Kölnische Zeitung* said the United States wanted to become the heir of Great Britain and was interested in the war for that reason only. All said increased United States aid to Britain would not win the war for the English, and repeated that criticism of Roosevelt was increasing in the United States. The Nazi radio quoted Senator Wheeler as saying that Great Britain would not be able to land troops on the Continent and drive to Berlin, and that even if the United States aided, millions of men would be sacrificed in vain. The *New York Daily News* was declared in Germany to have said it was extremely improbable that the United States and Britain would be able to win over Germany, Italy, and Japan, and that such a war might mean the destruction of the United States.

But even with war December brought Christmas in Germany. On December 19 the Berlin papers announced special rations for the holiday season. Until March 9, it was said, the Berlin people might buy three rations of eight ounces each of peas, beans, or lentils. Until March 12 there would be extra sugar and marmalade. Christmas trees were offered for sale. The stores had war games featuring bombers, submarines, and mechanized equipment, soldier suits and dolls. The tin soldier

of old had become plastic and wood. There were no mechanical trains.

The papers attempted to reassure parents of evacuated children. Fifteen thousand Berlin children alone were in the Sudetenland. Those between three and ten years old were with private families, the papers said, and the older children in camps. It was said the rations were twenty per cent more than the normal food-card allotments, with twice as much cottage cheese, ten per cent more bread, twenty-five per cent more marmalade, and twenty per cent more sugar. A hundred thousand dollars were said to have been spent to buy musical instruments, song books, projectors, carving tools, and games for the evacuated children.

Soldiers at the front were declared to have received a hundred million cigarettes, twenty-five million cigars, and quantities of wine, brandy, and liqueurs.

The papers printed recipes telling women how to make cakes without eggs and with almost no fat.

Göring announced that a thousand marks would be given to the child or children of each Nazi pilot killed in action, the money to be available when the child reached twenty-one.

Christmas shopping was almost impossible because there was little available in the stores, and clothing cards had too few points even for one's personal needs. Most people gave handkerchiefs and neckties to men because they required but one or two points. In Braun's clothing store on Unter den Linden I was told I could buy a pair of gold or silver cuff links if I turned in equivalent amounts of the precious metals, and that I could get jewelry under the same conditions. There were no silk stockings at all. Braun's suggested a walking-stick or a cloth belt that could be worn the next summer for a man, a handbag of suitcase dimensions, large enough to include all the needed police passes, ration cards, and stamps, for a woman.

On Christmas Day the High Command announced: "The German air force refrained from attacks yesterday and last

night. No enemy planes entered German territory." The war in the air was halted momentarily in recognition of the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

After church Christmas morning I went to the Lairds' apartment. They had bought a tiny tree and had set it on a table. Under the tree were such simple gifts as pencils, notebooks, a few cigarettes, some chocolates that had somehow come through the mail from the mother of one of them, a charming Czechoslovakian chess set that Steve had found, and for me a sack of sugar, since I never seemed to be able to get enough on the Nazi rations. I had a bottle of wine for Steve and a pair of silk stockings for Lael.

Cables came to me from Ruth, her brother John Carmody in Chicago, who wired: "We are saving a place for you at the table," from Paul, Bill, Merle Jones in St. Louis, who wished "Merry Christmas from the KMOX gang"; and the Kiwanis Club in St. Louis, of which I was to have been installed as a vice president, wired best wishes from the installation party.

Sigrid Schultz invited seven of us Americans whose wives were in the United States to a turkey dinner, Joe Harsch, Dave Nichol of the *Chicago Daily News*, and others.

That afternoon I had tried to call Ruth after having ordered a telephone line for five o'clock, but failed. I left Sigrid's party early to try again, finally reaching Ruth at midnight. The connection was as clear as if she were in the same city. It was marvellous to talk with her for the first time in two of the longest months I had ever known.

As Bill had told me, Diettrich left the room when I talked on the phone, but when I came back to the United States, Ruth asked me:

"Who was the other man on the line when you talked with me at Christmas time?"

I told her: "No one, so far as I know."

"Well, anyway," said Ruth, "as soon as you had said good-bye and wished us all the greetings of the season, another voice

came in. It had an accent and wished me: 'A Merry Christmas, Mrs. Flannery.' "

Diettrich may have gone out of the room, but it seemed he was listening just the same.

With the year's end, Hitler made another speech. He said 1941 would be marked by realization "of the greatest victory in our history." Disregarding the fact that Nazi Germany had no unemployment simply because of the most comprehensive military program in history and that he had subsidized labour on public-works projects no different in practice from our own WPA, he again charged that the United States had ten to twelve million jobless. Still crying peace while he planned war, Hitler declared: "The democratic capitalists invented the infamous lie" that he planned to dominate the world.

The Berlin press carried a poem for the new year written by Japanese Ambassador Saburo Kurusu:

Look, the morning is approaching over the Holy Shrine.
The Day of East Asia is coming.
Merrily the swastika and the red, white, and green banner are
flying in the wind.
It will become spring in Europe's countries.

DNB said the United States could be dealt with by Japan, "which is aligned with the Axis powers by a military alliance and the Tri-Power Pact."

Japanese Prime Minister Prince Konoye declared, as Japan sent to Germany as her Ambassador the man who had first worked for the Tri-Power Pact, that: "The new order in the Far East is being carried out within the great aims of the Tri-Power Pact."

New Year's Eve I was at the radio station preparing a broadcast. As it neared midnight I went into Diettrich's office. No one was there but Lord and Lady Haw-Haw.

Haw-Haw was born William Joyce in Brooklyn, but had assumed the name of Froelich, the nearest German equivalent

for "joy" or "happiness" when he and his wife became German citizens. Haw-Haw was middle-aged, stocky, with a round face scarred on the right cheek, closely cropped dark hair, and small twinkling eyes. His wife was tall and angular.

I had met Haw-Haw some time before in the Rund-Ecke. He was at the bar. Bill called to him to come over.

"Haw-Haw never comes to your table without being invited," Bill said. "He never intrudes."

Haw-Haw often stopped in my office to chat. He was interesting, had countless stories to tell of his experiences fighting for some of the Irish rebels in Ireland, battling for Mosley's Fascists in England, and was apparently a sincere Fascist. His first broadcasts had been witty, but as he remained in Germany, he had begun to sour. He had lost his sense of humour and with it, I believe, what influence he might have had. I did not find him unlikable, however, like almost all the others who had sold themselves to the Nazis.

Lord and Lady Haw-Haw, when I came upon them this evening, asked me to join them in a bottle of champagne. He dodged under the roller shutters and went out on the balcony for a bottle. The radio was on. It brought the bells of the Cologne Cathedral sounding the midnight hour, and then a Nazi radio band began the *Horst Wessel* song. Lady Haw-Haw stiffened, her expression became tense, and her arm came up in the Nazi salute. Haw-Haw came from under the shutters, noticed his wife, put down the bottle, clicked his heels together, and joined in the salute.

The march played on and on. I could not join them in such a salute; I did not even feel I could stand erect. I slouched, leaned on the desk, and waited. Thus I welcomed in 1941 in Nazi Germany.

The next day I sent a New Year's cable to Ruth, hoping that 1941 would be "our happiest year." Peculiarly her wire was almost identical. She hoped that 1941 would be "our year."

Chapter VII

THE NAZI PRESS AND SPOKESMEN CARRY ON

THE month of January 1941 was one of watchful waiting for the correspondents in Berlin. It was one of those tense periods when we knew the Nazi cat was poised to leap on Greece, but the ground ahead in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia still had to be cleared. It was one of those periods of preparation during which the Nazis made ready and we all heard so many rumours and were so long awaiting the spring of the beast that, when it did come, many of us were looking another way.

The first reports on troop movements came late in December when the censors permitted me to say that German forces were concentrated in a part of the Reich where they were in a position to move on Greece and that German aviators and technicians were in Italy. On January 3 the Nazi radio announced that German air-force units were in Italy. Coincidentally Hitler and Mussolini exchanged boastful predictions for the new year.

"The old comradeship will be maintained in the battle of the Mediterranean," said Der Führer. "The forthcoming year will see National Socialist Germany and Fascist Italy fight in unshakable confidence and iron determination until final defeat of the enemy."

"In the year 1941," said Il Duce, "our people will march and fight united in proved comradeship until final victory."

Meanwhile the Italians in North Africa and in Greece were in tumultuous retreat. The German papers did not inform the public of the situation, but the people knew it anyway. It is probable that the Germans heard as many jokes about the poor Italians in those days as the people in the United States. I heard them everywhere. There was one to the effect that the French had erected a sign on the French-Italian border saying: "Attention, Greeks: France Begins Here!"

There was another that the Italians had a new automobile. "It has three speeds reverse and one forward." "But why," you would ask, "one forward?" "Oh, just in case," came the answer, "the British attacked from the rear."

The Germans remarked that the Italians did not want to get into the war and said that, on the record, there was doubt as to whether they had got in.

The Italians, on the other hand, did not care for the Germans. One little Italian waiter I knew would invariably delay waiting on his German customers; he would give me grated cheese without ration cards and at the same time demand cards from any German who asked for the cheese. One Italian acquaintance told me that all his associates hoped the day would come soon when Italy could join the United States in a war against the Nazis. "Then," he said, "we'll show them whether we can fight." So far as I could learn, the only Italian who wanted the war was Benito Mussolini.

In preparation for the news of Nazi activity in Africa, the German papers began to print the Italian communiqués more prominently and devote more space to the situation there. *Das Reich* carried an article on Africa. The *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* remarked that Africa is not sufficiently developed to supply Europe with raw materials and that it will take many years to develop its resources. It was added, for the benefit of Japan, that Europe also needed the raw materials furnished by the Dutch East Indies and southeastern Asia. On January 6 the *Völkischer Beobachter* devoted its first-page

right-hand column to a review of the war on the African fronts, declaring that the Italians were heroic in their resistance. That day it was made known that German U-boats would also take part in the fighting in the Mediterranean.

A week later the papers told of the first Nazi Stuka attack on the British aircraft carrier *Illustrious*, the light cruiser *Southampton*, and the destroyer *Gallant*, off Malta. On January 17, after another attack on the *Illustrious*, the Nazi papers claimed that the British would not be able to put the vessel back into service for the remainder of the war, and that the British had admitted the loss of the *Southampton*.

The attack gave me an idea. I had interviewed a Nazi bomber pilot in Paris. The attack on the *Illustrious* had been made by Stuka pilots. I wondered if I could find one who had taken part in the engagement and who could speak good English. After that perhaps I could get a U-boat captain, a parachute trooper, a tank man, and so on. The series should be interesting, enlivening the programs during dull periods, and also furnish important information to the listeners. I asked Diettrich about a man from the *Illustrious* attack.

"Fine," he said; "do you want to go to Sicily? No; well, I'll see that one comes here."

The man was Lieutenant Eberhard Jacob, whose home was at Kessel, between Hanover and Frankfurt. He was twenty-three years old, five feet ten, and weighed a little over a hundred and sixty pounds. Jacob was slender, long-featured, red-faced, probably from the Mediterranean suns. He had taken part in more than eighty raids in Poland, Norway, France, Belgium, and England, with more than twenty attacks on London alone. He spoke English almost without an accent. I asked him about that.

"My mother," he said, "was English, and my grandparents still live near London."

"Live near London?" I was surprised. "Have you ever had to bomb near where they live?"

"Yes, I have," replied Jacob, "very near. . . . I try not to think about it."

I recalled that I had asked a similar question of Flakowski, the pilot I had interviewed in Paris. He naturally had many friends in England, as probably did most of the Nazi men who raided there. Many were selected to lead squadrons for that very reason. They knew the country better. Flakowski also had said that when he dropped his bombs on England he tried to keep his mind off the fact that he might kill persons he had known and liked. Jacob might have killed his mother's parents.

We talked about the coils of wire in the suits that Stuka pilots wore when their planes shot to great heights and their bodies were exposed to temperatures far below zero, and about the fact that every man in a Stuka—the pilot, the radio operator, and the gunner—had to be able to take over any one or all the jobs. We started the interview on the air by talking about the bomb load of a Stuka and whether, as a result, it could undertake several attacks on one flight. Jacob said that was true. The interview, including portions that were not broadcast because of time, then continued as follows:

FLANNERY: Lieutenant Jacob, is a dive bomber more accurate in finding its target than an ordinary bomber?

JACOB: Target-finding by dive bombers requires careful training. It is more accurate than any other kind of bombing.

FLANNERY: What is the difference, in practice, between an ordinary bomber and a dive bomber? I mean, Lieutenant, for what kind of bombing is a dive bomber most effective?

JACOB: Their greater effectiveness, Mr. Flannery, makes dive bombers more suited particularly for the destruction of targets of small dimensions. I might add that large targets can be bombed by dive bombers in horizontal flight.

FLANNERY: One thing I'd like to ask you, Lieutenant. We heard during the campaign in France that German dive bombers, or Stukas, were equipped with sirens so that when

diving they emitted a terrifying noise—and also that they were painted to increase their frightfulness. Is that true?

JACOB: Our air squadron was not equipped with sirens during the campaign in France. The pronounced noise which our dive bombers make is due partly to their high speed when diving. Nothing is known here of the use of special coats of paint or sirens for planes in any other squadrons. Their terrible effect on the enemy may be traced principally to the accuracy of our bombing.

FLANNERY: Do dive bombers usually commence their attack from great heights?

JACOB: Sorry I can't answer that, Mr. Flannery.

FLANNERY: Well, Lieutenant Jacob, can you give the average height from which British ships were attacked off Sicily?

JACOB: No, sorry—that's a military question.

FLANNERY: If I may persist, Lieutenant, are the altitudes such that you are able to remain beyond the range of sound-detectors and optical measuring instruments?

JACOB: The plan of attack, Mr. Flannery, depends on a large number of factors. You appreciate, I know, my inability to give you detailed particulars.

FLANNERY: I'm making my attack from a new angle now, Lieutenant. At what height, may I ask, do you end your dive-bomber flights?

JACOB: Well, I can say, Mr. Flannery, that in the attack on an aircraft carrier recently we dived to almost the level of the mast-heads of the British warships.

FLANNERY: At what speed did you dive?

JACOB: Diving speeds of over four hundred miles per hour have been reached by dive bombers.

FLANNERY: It follows then: Is dive bombing a great physical strain on the pilot?

JACOB: No, dive bombing places no particular strain on me. I might add that intense cold and change of air pressure don't bother us in a dive bomber. The excellent attention and

service given by our technical organization make it possible for our dive bombers to be employed in actual service for a long time. I've been using the same machine now for three years.

FLANNERY: Do you dive so low that you feel the crash of your own bombs?

JACOB: Yes, sometimes we have felt the effects of our own bombs. But no casualties have resulted.

FLANNERY: I understand that anti-aircraft fire is sometimes set up as a curtain of fire—through which you have to fly.

JACOB: On many occasions I have dived through heavy enemy barrage fire. Owing to intense concentration on my target and the high diving speed I, personally, notice little of heavy enemy barrage fire. The solid construction of our machines and their excellent flying qualities give our airmen a strong sense of security which never fails when diving through an enemy barrage.

FLANNERY: Lieutenant Jacob, will you tell me about one of your recent dive bombing attacks?

JACOB: Certainly, Mr. Flannery. I'll tell you about the first attack by dive bombers in the Mediterranean. On January 9 we received the information that a British convoy, protected by major units of the British navy, and an airplane carrier were approaching from Gibraltar. On the morning of January 10 came the order to start. Under the protection of our German fighter planes we flew into the square in question and there we sighted the convoy steaming to the northwest of the island of Linosa, westward of Malta. Since we flew at great heights, we had an excellent view and thus were able to put ourselves in a good position for the attack. The airplane carrier was sailing at the end of the convoy between two battleships. When we drew near, these three ships tried to avoid an attack by constantly changing their courses, while at the same time heavy fire from anti-aircraft guns of all calibres was opened on us. However, since we were al-

ready experienced with anti-aircraft fire in Poland, Norway, and France, and also particularly from British guns at Dunkirk and in England, it was easy for us to avoid the gunfire by making certain manœuvres. As for myself, I was flying the second plane of the squadron. The anti-aircraft fire became most violent as the lighter-calibre guns went into action. I could clearly see the flashes from the guns on board the airplane carrier that I had singled out as my target. But once you start diving, you don't care any more for gunfire. I dived a few seconds after the first machine and could clearly see the explosion of her bomb close to the bow of the carrier. As the accuracy of dive bombers is very great, I saw from where that bomb had fallen that the wind was a little stronger than had been previously estimated. I rectified my aim accordingly. I had the carrier, which was just changing its course again, well in my line of sight and threw my bomb from the lowest possible height. After I had come out of my dive, I was pursued by the fire from the light anti-aircraft guns, but I succeeded in escaping them without a single hit. We assembled at once then for the return flight to our airdrome, which we reached without being molested by the British fighter planes. Our own fighters had watched vigilantly over us. On one of the following days I took part in another attack on the same carrier in the harbour of Valletta on Malta and succeeded then in placing a bomb of heavy calibre on her.

FLANNERY: Do you think, Lieutenant, that air attacks in combination with the blockade will be sufficient to decide the war with Britain? [I wanted to see whether Jacob thought an invasion necessary.]

JACOB: I am firmly convinced, Mr. Flannery, that the German *Luftwaffe* and the U-boats will conquer Britain.

Although Germany was aiding Italy in the Mediterranean, the stage was not yet set for her entry on the Grecian scene

The unsettled nature of the attitude of Bulgaria was indicated by the fact that the Nazis were reluctant to say that a meeting in Vienna of the Bulgarian Prime Minister and the German Ambassador to Bulgaria was an effort to obtain Bulgarian assent to Nazi troops marching through that country. The Nazis make every effort to avoid an actual military engagement, seek first to force compliance. The meeting in Vienna, apparently with Ribbentrop, was represented as a mere visit of the Bulgarian Prime Minister there to see a physician about a stomach ailment.

The same day the Nazi paper in Sofia declared that the people of Bulgaria must recognize the new order and realize they cannot escape its demands. A reporter in the *Börsen-zeitung* said that the Bulgarian capital was outwardly calm but that it was like a capital in wartime, with ration cards, blackouts, and bustling preparations for defence against an impending danger. On January 4 the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* reminded Bulgaria that she had suffered from the Versailles Treaty just as Germany had. On January 6 there were rumours that King Boris of Bulgaria was in the Reich. On January 10 we heard of Nazi troop movements in Rumania. I tried to call attention to this fact in my broadcast that day and, since I had to have a German source, felt I was fortunate in finding an article in the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* that talked of the possibility of "German troops now in Rumania" marching through one of the Balkan countries—Bulgaria, of course. The censors refused to permit me to use that paragraph or any part of it.

Also on January 10 there was an instance of the lack of co-ordination among the Nazi departments. One of my informants at the Propaganda Ministry had called that morning and said the Nazis had begun use of the balloon barrage, that this might now be announced since British planes had encountered it in an attempted attack on an industry in Hamburg. I thought this was particularly interesting since the Nazis had

been making so much fun of the British for using such a protection. I put it into my lead. My script was passed, except for the paragraph on the German troops in Rumania, and I was about ready to go on the air when the High Command censor rushed up. There was barely a half minute to go.

"Let me have your script," he cried excitedly.

His big black pencil crossed out the whole first paragraph.

"But I got that from one of your own departments," I protested.

"Sorry, I can't let it get by," he said.

"But that's ridiculous," I insisted. "It can't be giving information to the enemy, the British. If they ran into the balloons, they know they're there."

Celli pulled me by the arm.

"It's time to go on," he said.

I sat down and broadcast, omitting my lead, stumbling into a second paragraph that sounded flat, and finally, with the two cuts, finished about a minute short. It was one of those things I could not explain to CBS in New York, since the Nazis would not permit me to cable anything about the censors. What made it more absurd was that the High Command censor received official notice of the barrage later that day.

That was but one of the many difficulties with censors that always developed during the nervous moments before a Nazi attack.

On the Bulgarian incident, DNB issued a note of information to the foreign press on January 13 branding as "untrue and sheer speculation reports that Germany is sending or has sent troops to Bulgaria." On the same day the Bulgarian Prime Minister announced that "Bulgaria is now among the European countries affected by the new order."

The extreme caution was due to delicate relations with Russia. This first came to light on January 3 when the BBC quoted the Russian newspaper *Pravda* to the effect that the U.S.S.R. must continue to mobilize against her mortal enemy,

the Nazis. Schmidt, the Foreign Office spokesman, dodged a query on that by saying he had not seen the text of the quotation. Then he exhibited some of the sophistical reasoning that he often employed to avoid telling a direct lie, while leaving the desired impression.

"The BBC," said Schmidt as he sat there impassively with his hands folded before him, "has many times in the past quoted statements that were made years ago. They present them as new. That may be the case now."

The next day the Foreign Office had apparently found a similar statement previously made by Russia. At any rate, Schmidt blandly told us that *Pravda* had made its comment in 1938. He had meanwhile decided on a definite answer.

"Rumours of tension between Russia and Germany are false," he said. "Relations between the two countries are stable and the friendship is as strong as ever."

Meanwhile the Nazis tried to hurry announcement of the new trade treaty with the Soviets and decided to say on January 10 that it had been signed, although they still declined to give details. They figured, rightly, that less attention would be paid to that omission since a boundary treaty also was announced that day by which the Russians were recognized as supreme in the Baltic States and arrangements were made to transfer Germans from those states and to send Lithuanian Russians and White Russians to the Soviet from former Memel and Suwalki. In that treaty the Nazis actually bowed before the Reds since they were not yet ready for war with them. They hoped this would make the Russians less likely to interfere with Nazi plans in the Balkans. Three days later, nevertheless, the Russian news agency Tass denied that it had approved Nazi troop movements through the Balkans.

Again Schmidt displayed his talents in sounding as if he were denying a statement while, in actual words, he had not done so.

"There are many rumours these days," he declared, "and it

is therefore not strange that the Russian agency has denied one of them."

He did not say that it was not true that the Russians did not approve of Nazi troop movements in the Balkans.

Pressure also was being exerted on Yugoslavia. Late in December the Yugoslavs were reminded that most of their trade was with the Reich, that in November 1940, 62 per cent of Yugoslavia's imports had come from Germany and 40 per cent of her exports had gone to the Nazis. Next in order in imports were Nazi-dominated Italy, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania, and in exports Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, and Rumania. On January 2 the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen* remarked that "Yugoslavia is still infested by mischief-makers," but that "the time will come when Yugoslavia will recognize the policies of the Axis as a blessing and necessity for Europe."

Göring's *Essener National Zeitung* warned against a whispering campaign that Britain and Greece would win over Germany and Italy. "The attitude of Yugoslavia gains importance in view of the conflict between Greece and Italy before her very doors," said the paper. "The future belongs not to a decadent England but to the young strong nations of Europe. Belgrade knows where her future lies."

Other nations did not escape the Nazi warnings. Franz von Papen, Ambassador to Turkey, made a speech in which he said that "Turkish statesmen will recognize where they will find their true friends and their best interests." Turkey continued deaf to Nazi arguments.

With Marshal Pétain standing staunch in France and the Nazis through Otto Abetz trying to get their men into the new Cabinet, the *Völkischer Beobachter* remarked that there was a failure to understand the new order in France. The *Berliner Börsenzeitung* said: "Only a few Frenchmen seem to understand that the obsolete plutocratic order of pre-war times must be replaced by Nazism to enable France to be incorporated into the new order."

The Nazis continued to try to influence opposition to Roosevelt in the United States. "It is within the power of the United States," said the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on January 2, "to advise England to surrender." The *Börsenzeitung* said: "He who sits beside England would be wise to consider the words of Der Führer: Every power eating from democracy shall die from it." Ward Price, writing in one of the British papers, was quoted as saying that the future of England would be decided within the next six months. *Das Reich*, in an article called "Before the New Attack," forecast an attempt at invasion; it said that the Nazis had been waging the war against Britain with only ten thousand members of the armed forces, but that "Germany is now preparing for the most decisive blow ever known in military history."

In an effort to influence South America the Nazis remarked that the Falkland Islands had once belonged to Argentina, had been taken over by Britain, and now were to be ceded to the "imperialistic United States" as a base.

Two days after President Roosevelt's address to Congress on January 6, renewing his pledge to aid the United Nations and declaring that the United States would never accept a peace dictated by the totalitarian powers, the Nazi Foreign Office had decided on its comment. It called it "provocative and arrogant." Schmidt said the talk contained nothing factual and that therefore it was not worthy of comment. "That is especially true of the statement that an Axis victory can't be permitted," he said.

Schmidt went on to recall that the Nazis in their first days had a slogan: "Comrades, do not permit yourself to be provoked." "That," he said, "is Germany's attitude today."

Nazi Germany, which prefers one enemy at a time, was not yet ready for the United States.

The Nazi papers reported the address three days after it had been made. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* called it "Eccentric Arguments for a Lost Cause." The *D.A.Z.* said that

since England could not pay for the aid given her, the taxpayers in the United States would have to foot the bill. The United States was accused of trying to dominate the Western Hemisphere, and, in an effort to alienate the other American nations, it said the United States was obtaining bases toward that end. The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, calling Roosevelt "Enemy of Peace Number 1, War-Prolonger Number 1, and War Profiteer Number 1," said the President was moving toward dictatorship. The *Völkischer Beobachter* said the President was risking the peace and welfare of his country "because of his illusions." When Harry Hopkins was sent to England and it was said that Wendell Willkie also might go there, the Nazi radio said: "They remind us of heirs to valuable property inspecting their heritage before the current owner of the estate is dead and safely buried." Press-association men returned to the United States from England were quoted as having said that Britain had been so weakened by air attacks and the naval blockade that she could not win and that it was even doubtful that continued aid from the United States would save her.

A spokesman for the Nazi air force, speaking in a Propaganda Ministry conference, said it was impossible for the United States and Britain to catch up with Germany in war production. He said this was principally due to German standardization, as a result of which the Nazis were able to turn out not only planes but pilots faster.

Göring, talking before the Fliers Club in Berlin, said:

"Everywhere in Germany and in German-occupied territory, armament industries are working at full capacity. Here and there a bomb has caused temporary delay in production, but not a single plant has been destroyed. On the other hand," he said, "English production in some places has been cut sixty to seventy per cent, and general production reduced forty to fifty per cent."

Interestingly enough, it was at just about this time that the

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung paid tribute to the people of Bremen and Hamburg for the way they had stood up under bombings. They said that Bremen had been attacked night after night since the first of the year and suggested that the losses in both cities were stupendous. I had difficulty getting that into my script, and understood that the editor was severely reprimanded the next day for printing the story.

Reichsarbeitsblatt, the German labour paper, said that Germany had added 2,400,000 workers to its armaments industry within the last year, that this had been accomplished by closing plants that produced non-essentials, by giving jobs to 70,000 foreigners, increasing the number of women workers, even giving soldiers "leave for work," and training more than a quarter of a million untrained workers.

Dr. Leonardo Conti, Nazi Minister of Health, said that the war had not had much effect on the health of the German people. The *Völkischer Beobachter* added that this was due in part to the fact that the German people were already on short rations before the war started and did not have to adjust their bodies to a sudden change in diet. Later Dr. Conti said 12,000 more children were born in 1940 than in 1939, making a total of 1,640,000.

On January 20, after Hitler and Mussolini had met, the *Essener National Zeitung* declared that some action of importance always followed their getting together. In 1939, said the paper, the attack on Poland followed; in 1940 the last crushing blows were rained on France; and in 1941 it would mean the final onslaught on England.

That night a dozen American correspondents gathered in my room at the Adlon to hear the inaugural address of President Roosevelt. It came in at seven in the evening, Berlin summer time, and, as it was relayed over the BBC, it was as clear as a national broadcast. We were thrilled at the voice of our President and I was pleased also to hear the voices of Bob Trout and Eric Severeid.

In the next few days the Nazi papers commented on the fact that an American sailor had torn a swastika flag from a pole in San Francisco. Charles Lindbergh, appearing before a Congressional committee, was praised in the Nazi press as a man of courage and intelligence. A spokesman in the Propaganda Ministry talked finances, saying that Germany had spent 90 billion marks, or about 36 billion dollars, toward armament before the war began, and that half this sum and the cost of the first year of the war had already been paid through taxes. The same spokesman said that the Nazis had saved 4 to 4.5 billion marks in foodstuffs through rationing, that restriction of non-war production had saved 9 billions and that 5 to 6 billions had been saved by preventing unnecessary new investments by industry and unnecessary repairs. All the workers in Luxemburg, 80,000, were announced as incorporated into the Reich Labour Front.

On January 30 Hitler made an address. It was given in the Sportspalast on the Potsdamerstrasse, despite the fact that there were larger halls, because most of the important early gatherings of the party had been held there and the occasion was the eighth anniversary of the Nazi march on Berlin when Hitler was proclaimed Chancellor. Nothing was said about the address until that very day, although we all knew Hitler would speak and most of us assumed it would be in the Sportspalast. That afternoon the papers all carried a brief announcement: "*Der Führer Spricht*" ("The Leader Speaks"), but to carry on the illusion of secrecy, none said where.

Since I had never heard Hitler speak, I made arrangements to attend. We were all gathered in the Propaganda Ministry on the Wilhelmstrasse in the early afternoon, led to a bus, and then moved toward the Potsdamerplatz and out the Potsdamerstrasse. Despite the supposed secrecy, the streets were crowded, and Storm Troopers stood every several feet within a few blocks of the hall. So many people were around the gates that we had to hold our credentials over our heads and shove

through the masses in single file. We had to show the papers to three guards before we were finally admitted.

The Sports Palace was jammed. We estimated there were twenty thousand persons in the auditorium, while hundreds more lined the walls. We found that there was not room to sit down in our section, that we would have to stand two deep in front of raised seats. The NBC man with me, Charley Lanius, wanted to leave.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

I recalled my previous experience in trying to leave a Nazi meeting and told Lanius about it.

"Anyway," I said, "I want to hear this fellow speak."

"But he raves for hours," Lanius insisted.

It was uncomfortable, but we stayed.

I looked around the auditorium. Storm Troopers were on all the aisle seats and scattered through the crowd on the floor below. I supposed they would act as the cheer leaders, although that might not be necessary since all those present were party members attending a party rally. The fronts of the balconies were covered with flaming red cloth, with the golden eagle of the Reich in the centre and two black swastikas on each side. There was bunting everywhere. On the stage at the far end of the auditorium was a giant golden eagle in the centre of a background of red lined with green, again set off at the sides with black swastikas.

Murmurs ran through the crowd. A military band blared forth. Storm Troopers with shining helmets came through the rear doors, marched to the stage, and took their places beneath the golden eagle. After them came colour-bearers in the tan uniforms of the Nazi Party, some of them carrying stiff standards on long steel poles, others with flying Nazi banners. I was seeing the pageantry of the Nazi Reich.

The crowd rose and cheered as the leaders of the party and the military marched in. There were bemedaled generals, von Brauchitsch, Keitel, Jodel, and others, moving proudly

in the lead. Then big bulky Göring in a resplendent sky-blue uniform, smiling broadly. Little Goebbels hobbled in, paying slight attention to the people around him. Himmler, with his spectacles, small nose, and trim moustache, looked more like a bookkeeper than the leader of the dread Gestapo. There, too, were black-browed Hess, Dr. Ley, and finally Hitler himself.

Der Führer walked rigidly, turning slightly to left and right, with one hand stiffly by his side and the other raised diffidently before him in the party salute. He never raised his hand as high as the others. Hitler was far from pretentious. I thought he looked like many a Nazi waiter I had seen. He wore his grey trench coat and peaked cap and was dressed with less show than any of his fellows. I noted that he had a curious little smile. I remarked about it. One of the Nazis near me said it was unusual.

"Der Führer smiles seldom," he said. "He must be feeling good today."

The crowd broke into party songs, ending with shouts of "*Heil Hitler!*" The place was in pandemonium. Hitler took a seat in the front row on the platform, his arms outstretched on the table before him. Goebbels stood up. In the ringing kind of oratory in which each sentence swells to a climax, he said the German people had decided eight years ago to stand as one man behind the Führer and march with him no matter what came.

At that the crowd was on its feet again, cheering with all its power as Hitler strode to the centre of the platform, stood for a moment before them, and then began to speak. His voice was at first a slow, low rumble. As he went on, he became more emotional. His words suddenly took on vehemence, his arms swept in wide gestures. He clenched his fists and held on to the end of his sentences. With each climax the crowd applauded; some sustained an "Oooooooh," which I finally recognized as a kind of "Bravo!" and some stomped. I looked at the Storm Troopers on the aisles. Many of them were taking no part in

the demonstrations. Apparently Hitler was actually moving the crowd to frenzy. I watched closer as he went on, and was finally assured of the hypnotic power the man had in his oratory. At the same time I could not help realizing that Charlie Chaplin had imitated Hitler perfectly in *The Great Dictator*. He had caught the poses just as they were, the long monotonous periods, in the midst of which Hitler would suddenly throw himself into a whirlwind of words and gestures and then as quickly subside again. The picture was perfect.

Hitler had that audience as he wanted it. He made fun of Churchill's appeal to Italy, and the crowd laughed. Then he asked them what they would answer to an appeal to them from Churchill. They rose as one man, gave the Nazi salute and cried, "*Heil, Heil Hitler!*"

Hitler talked of the woes of his country, and his listeners sat silent and sad. He did not move them to tears in this speech, but it was apparent that he could have done so.

At the end Der Führer talked in a low voice of the Nazi hope of victory and at his last words raised his voice to a shout. "*Sieg Heil!*" he cried; "Hail Victory!" The audience was on its feet with the words shouting: "*Heil Hitler, Sieg Heil!*" as Der Führer took his seat and Goebbels came forward, said a few words, and ended with the same cry: "*Sieg Heil!*" The band began to play *Deutschland über Alles*, the *Horst Wessel*, and *We are Sailing against England*. The crowd sang as Hitler and the other leaders left the hall.

In my script that night I tried to say that Hitler had *defied* the United States. The censors would not permit the use of the word, insisted that I change it to *warn*. They would admit of no argument despite the fact that Hitler had said:

"Let there be no mistake. Whoever believes that he can help Britain must realize one thing above all: Every ship, with or without convoy, that comes within the range of our torpedo tubes, will be torpedoed."

The speech, as usual, was long and began with the customary

recital of the history of Germany since the last war, as Hitler saw it, and his story of his efforts to build a new Germany. On this occasion Hitler admitted that he had begun to rearm Germany in 1934. That was a significant admission.

"When I announced the extent of Germany's rearmament in the Reichstag in September 1939," he said, "the rest of the world did not believe me."

They were still thinking wishfully, refusing to believe that Nazi Germany was ready to war because they wanted peace.

Hitler was defiant and derisive toward England.

"I have often read that the British intend to start a great offensive somewhere," he said. "My only desire is that they let me know beforehand, for I would be only too glad to evacuate the area. I would spare them all the difficulties of landing. Then we could come forth and discuss matters once more—but this time in the only language they are capable of understanding. . . . We are established on this continent, and where we are established no one will ever dislodge us. We have created impregnable bases. When the time comes, we shall strike decisively."

Hitler spoke of the Balkans and said: "Wherever Britain puts in an appearance we shall attack her." He declared that the forces of the army, navy, and air were ready for action. "I am convinced that 1941 will be the crucial year of the great new order in Europe," he boasted.

At one point Hitler said, for the benefit of the isolationists, that "the German nation has no quarrel with the American people. Germany has never claimed any interests on the American continent." (He was still talking peace, while planning war.)

My original orders for broadcasting that night were for three and a half minutes beginning at fifty minutes and ten seconds after the hour. One of Diettrich's girls, Fräulein Schaaf, who was not the most efficient, told me that a message had come in saying I was to begin at forty-nine minutes after the hour

and talk for ten minutes. I wondered about that, but hurriedly prepared a script to run that long. When I went down to broadcast I noted that the cue did not come at 1.49, was not given until 1.50.10, as originally scheduled. New York then cut me at the end of three and a half minutes. Later I learned the order was for ATT to open the circuit at 49. Where the ten-minute idea came from I never learned. I hoped the broadcast sounded all right, that the cut was clean, and that the whole made an intelligible unit.

Chapter VIII

FACTS AND PEOPLE

EXCEPT for the outbursts from the Nazi orators, over the radio and in the press, and except for the reports of feverish diplomatic activity and rumours of troop movements, we in Berlin hardly knew a war was on during the early part of 1941. There were no air raids to disturb our rest, and the conflict seemed far away.

Snow that had fallen in November remained on the ground as the new year arrived, with snow flurries every few days. One Sunday, before dinner with Joe Harsch on the Budapesterstrasse, we walked along the wooded paths of the Tiergarten watching the strolling soldiers with booted girls on their arms, families striding briskly by, children coasting without benefit of sled down slippery mounds of snow, skaters on the ponds, and wild ducks still waddling about the ice on the streams and swimming in the open places made by barges.

Crowds milled up and down Unter den Linden, stopped to look in the store windows, and slowly wandered on their way. Almost every Sunday there were men and women on the streets rattling their little red boxes in collections for Winter Relief—a fund for the needy in a country where, with no unemployed, it did not seem logical that there should be anyone who required State aid. It was whispered that most of the money was used to pay the costs of the war. In any case, the

Winter Relief collections were made for three days a week beginning Friday about every other week.

As I walked down Unter den Linden on this Sunday, German bands played on the island spaces between the two roadways, and figures in character, including comic cows and horses, danced to the music. Even hot wieners were offered for sale, if you surrendered fifty grams of meat marks to the women attending the temporary booths. People dressed in old-time costumes rode by in carriages and stopped at street corners to collect. Along the Linden, as I went by, the collectors were tall men dressed in tall hats and tight-fitting black clothes, carrying brooms, to represent the German good-luck character, the chimney-sweep.

To add variety to the occasions, each collection was in charge of a different group. One week it would be the police, another the army, the labour front, the Red Cross, or the Hitler Youth. The tags also were changed so that you might get tiny flowers one week, miniature books on the war another, small tanks, anti-aircraft guns, flame-throwers and other weapons on still another, and, on the day of the police, little traffic signs. I remember that the pins on January 19 were curious little figures of picturesque Berlin types, the quaint flower women of the Potsdamerplatz, the milkmen who went by in the old days ringing their bells, the *Dienstmänner* in their long white aprons, and such individuals as Erich Carow, characterful tavern-keeper in Berlin's north end. One time you were tagged with signs of the zodiac, with the idea being that you would choose one for your birth-date. Usually I tried to dodge the tags, but I did get one on this occasion. I found that it was intended for one of twins. The tags on another day were small glass badges on which were relief heads of Germany's prominent men: Hitler, von Hindenburg, Bismarck, Goethe, Schiller, and others. As a publicity manœuvre, the Nazis turned out less of the Hitler heads so that they became more scarce and brought a higher premium—as much as two hundred marks. In

my script that day I managed, despite the censors, to say that the Germans were offering high prices for the head of Hitler.

Buying a tag did not protect you against further solicitors, as it usually does in the United States. Instead, a tag appeared to brand you as a possible victim, and some people wore the whole set for the week flapping from their coat lapels. Sometimes, too, the solicitors were bothersome. I had been in a subway when a lusty German workman came in with his red can, made a speech at the end of the car, and then set out to shake the box under each nose. I was once in a night club when a collector accosted me. I was polite at first.

"*Nein, danke,*" I said, "no, thank you," in German.

He appealed again.

"*Nein, danke,*" I said, louder this time.

He continued to beg.

"I don't want any," I cried in English.

The man looked at me with his mouth open in surprise. He left.

Afterwards I adopted that idea. An answer in English almost always made the collectors slink away staring in bewilderment.

The collections were large, amounting to several billion dollars a year. The last Sunday in December 1940, for example, netted 22,500,000 marks, or about \$9,000,000; one in mid-April 1941, 34,000,000 marks, or \$13,000,000; the Day of the German Police, 31,500,000 marks, or \$12,500,000. On the last occasion, the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* said the collections were particularly large in districts that had suffered most from recent air raids, Düsseldorf and Hamburg. That statement enabled me to say in my script, in the usual roundabout fashion, that there had been severe bombings in those cities.

The buses, street cars, and subways were crowded, especially on Sunday, when transportation was curtailed. Among those who rode were families going to the beer gardens and concerts, the theatres, the cafés and restaurants. On almost every subway train and bus moving west were groups of young people

carrying their skis and bound for the Grunewald. Sightseeing soldiers rode in old horse-drawn ten-seat carriages along the Wilhelmstrasse and under the Brandenburg Gate. Long streams of trucks carrying soldiers, and sometimes tanks and guns, frequently rolled by.

On week-days the streets were filled with tiny automobiles that operated on motorcycle motors, small trucks with but three wheels, and motor units that pulled two and three trucks. Horse-drawn trucks were common and I saw even old mail-trucks from the turn of the century brought back into service because they could be drawn by horses. Large limousines stood only in front of the offices of main officials and the leading hotels, such as the Adlon, for no one except those highest in Nazi circles, or their guests, were permitted to ride in them.

Of the common people none was permitted to drive a car unless he was able to prove his absolute need for one, and that was never to be used unless it was impossible to get where he was going on any public conveyance. The mere fact that a man was a merchant did not entitle him to own a truck, and if he handled the kind of goods that required a motor vehicle he must never use it to aid a friend unless he wanted to risk a fine of from 50 to 300 marks, the loss of his licence and perhaps his car.

No one was permitted to go to the theatre, a restaurant, or the home of a friend in a taxicab. Their use was restricted to the sick, the lame, the old, and travellers with heavy luggage coming from or going to a railroad station. Early in 1941 it was decreed that all taxicabs must be off the streets by nine o'clock, so that anyone who wanted one after that hour had to call the police. I saw the police on many occasions stop cabs and check to see whether the passenger was riding contrary to law. If the driver had failed to ask the destination when the passenger was travelling illegally, he, too, was subject to a fine and the possible loss of his licence and car.

Those who were permitted cars were allotted only enough

gasoline to travel between the necessary points. Bill Shirer was given the use of a car on the plea that he often had to travel to the radio station during hours when there was no other means of transportation. Generally the Nazis were more liberal with foreign correspondents. They did not require a new licence for the first year, provided you had been issued one in some other country, but it was stipulated that you must carry a German translation of the foreign licence. Mine had been issued in University City, Missouri, written "Mo.," on the card. My translation sheet, stamped by the German Automobile Association, came back with the "Mo." translated as "Mexico." Gasoline allotments varied from 25 to 500 litres a month, or as little as five and a half gallons. The price of gasoline was fixed at 44 pfennigs a litre, or about 75 cents a gallon.

Germans with cars were warned not to be careless with the tires on the risk of being fined. When a tire wore out, a new one could not be obtained for weeks, and when repairs were needed, one had to apply to a special office for a permit and be certain to submit it the same day. Then, since the military had priority, and labour was scarce, one would have to wait at least eight to fourteen days before the work was even started.

Many private cars operated on wood gas, with a stove in the car, or on a small tractor behind. Wood gas was fairly successful although it was necessary to clean the cylinders every day. It was so much in use that there were two hundred filling stations for wood gas in and around Berlin alone.

Buses and some trucks operated on a gas made from refuse material, with a big tank to be seen on the front by the side of the driver.

All German cars were required to have red-illuminated signal paddles on each side to warn the driver behind of a turn to right or left. The paddles were operated from the dashboard.

The German highway system, of wide roadways with islands

separating opposite lines of traffic and with clover-leaf branches at intersections to avoid cross traffic, was the finest I had ever seen. The roads connected all important German cities and were actually planned not so much for passenger traffic as, like all else in Nazi Germany, to facilitate the speedy movement of mechanized troops.

During this period I had dinner at the Foreign Office press club on Joachimsthalerstrasse for the first time, going there with the Lairds, Dave Nichol of the *Chicago Daily News*, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oechsner, a Russian who was in Germany to study aviation, of all things, and a Count and Countess. The countess, interestingly enough, was from some small town in Missouri, the kind of girl who liked to wear doodads such as a veil when she felt conservative and on other occasions unusual hats, and miniature bird-cages dangling from her ears. The trend of her incessant conversation indicated that she was a girl who, despite the threat of war, was carried away with the idea of being a countess. Later she broadcast for the Nazis and was thrilled with the idea of being what to her was "a radio artist." Steve and I played billiards that night, with the loser required to dance with the Countess. Steve lost.

The Foreign Office press club was open only to those with membership cards or their guests. For some reason no card was ever given me. It had dining-rooms, where real coffee was available; a small bar where one could obtain almost any kind of French liqueur, and game-rooms in which were ping-pong tables and pin games. Saturday nights were occasions for entertainment and dancing, which was not permitted during a campaign. The Foreign Office club also was always thronged with young blonde Nazi girls there to lure some of the foreign correspondents into making dates with them and, at the same time, to gain information for their employers, the Gestapo. One Saturday evening at the club was described in such detail on the BBC that we were certain it had somehow been cabled to England by a member or guest.

Lanius, the new NBC man, came to Berlin about the first of the year, arriving with Max Jordan, who was in charge of the foreign broadcasts for National. Max was more elderly than most of us, tall, with dark hair and a swarthy complexion. His face was long and cadaverous, his dark eyes deep, his lower lip protruding. He talked slowly and earnestly, had a good sense of humour, and as a veteran in news-gathering and travel and a sincerely religious man was interesting and likable. Max insisted that I accompany him, Ted Knauth, and Mr. and Mrs. Lanius when they went to luncheon after Lanius's first visit to the station. I saw him a number of times after that.

Charley Lanius was a short, stout young man whose hair was so black and whose features were so Latin that he looked Italian. He was born in one of the Carolinas, had lived most of his life in Wyoming, and had been working on a newspaper in San Francisco when he decided to go to Paris to look for a job. He worked in the French capital for the London *Daily Express*, and had gone to Rome for NBC. Charley was a slow, deliberate fellow who flicked his cigarette ashes as he talked. "Well, it looks to me this way," he would say while fumbling for words. "You see—well, I don't know but what you might look at it this way."

Lanius liked to sit around a bar and talk. When he came to Berlin, he knew even less German than I did. He was always mixing his monetary terms, and would speak of lire in Berlin, francs in Rome, and marks in Paris. He was nervous when he came to Berlin and ended his first broadcast with the tag-line he had used in Italy: "This is Charles Lanius in Rome, returning you to NBC in New York." When Lanius came out of the studio, he asked me breathlessly: "How was that, huh? Lousy, eh?"

His voice was of good pitch and his delivery was fitted to news reports. He wrote so that his talks had a personal flavour, and even his mispronunciation of German words added to the effect. To him Wilhelmstrasse was Williams Strasser, and *Beo-*

bachter received the heavy stress on the second syllable; Joseph Stalin was "Joe," and the Japanese were Japs long before others adopted that appellation regularly. Lanius was still the man from Wyoming; some of us referred to him as "the cowboy covering the war." He was a refreshing, interesting personality.

When he asked about his delivery that first day, I told him it was good and then asked him, laughing, if he realized he had signed off as being in Rome. "No, not really?" he said.

The fact worried him so much that he said the same thing the next day, using in addition the phrase: "according to the Rome radio," and in the following broadcast: "the Italian papers reported." The poor fellow was demoralized for days, and during this period even said: "English spit fighters," when he meant to say: "English Spitfire fighters."

Charley never did become confident of his abilities as a broadcaster. I used to listen to his program in my room at the Adlon later. The NBC and CBS broadcasts from Berlin in the afternoon would be sent over the same German short-wave station, with one first one day and the other first the next. New York would pick up the programs on time cue and then cut after the sign-off cue, such as: "This is Charles Lanius in Berlin, returning you to NBC in New York."

The operator on the German short-wave station did not end the broadcast from Germany with that cue even if no more was heard on the chains from New York. He left the station on the air long enough for the monitor to give the station call letters and the wave length. But in the interval between Charley's sign-off and the few words by the German monitor I would invariably hear Charley, disgusted with his performance, push back his chair and say—well, words not generally heard on the air.

While Lanius was having his troubles before the microphone I also was worried. There was personal reason as New York wired:

"Sentences broken unnaturally. Also tendency declaim.

Otherwise use oratorical tricks for emphasis."

This came after I had been told to talk slower and had increased speed only after Ruth's inquiry about it. I am certain that I had begun to sound like a run-down record. I worked hard on the writing and delivery, but remained bewildered. New York then told me I was too close to the microphone. That at least was easy; I sat back in the chair, as far from the stationary microphone as was possible in the small studio.

Meanwhile censorship trouble cut not only my scripts, but also those of Harsch and Laird, and Barbe went on the air at the wrong time. New York wired that Steve was unsatisfactory, that his voice sounded juvenile. I was personally sorry about that because I knew that Steve was an able observer and a capable reporter and merely happened to have a voice that was pitched too high.

Barbe came along in January. He was tall, stout, and blond, with but a few wisps of hair around a bald pate, large features, and glasses. Barbe told me he was a musician and conductor, but that he had wanted to be in radio for some time and had come to Europe because some of the Columbia officials had told him they might hire him if he was across the water. He had been in Manchuria at the time of the Japanese invasion, he said, in Spain at the time of the civil war there, and had come to France as a member of an American Red Cross hospital unit. He said he had had radio experience in the United States, had written for the *Reader's Digest* and the *Indianapolis Star*.

As I needed an assistant, Barbe appeared to be a find. When he began work, I found that he was not familiar with radio copy and needed training in being certain that all statements from Nazi sources were credited to the Nazis, so that he would not make himself responsible for their claims. It was necessary to work with him for a few weeks, but after that he was most capable. His voice was of good timbre and he soon caught the knack of this different kind of reporting.

He also brought the valuable accomplishment of knowing

how to buy foods "under the counter." He got oranges, chocolates, and even eggs when none were supposed to be on the market. He had made friends with a woman who ran a store in suburban Berlin and found that generous tipping ended with his finding the additional items in the packages he took away with him. I had learned how to do that in dealing with porters and waiters, but Barbe introduced me to the way of influencing merchants.

Barbe's talents in food-gathering came after the shipments from Denmark had ended. I recall that I managed to make the final pound of butter last for weeks, but that I had begun to worry about its edibility when green spots appeared. I asked a German acquaintance about that. With all sincerity he told me: "It's all right to eat as long as it doesn't taste like soap."

Barbe moved next door to me at the Adlon and among other things brought a coffee percolator that must have been invented by a German Rube Goldberg. The coffee was placed in a perforated section over the water, and as the water boiled, it passed through the ground coffee and escaped as steam through a hollow metal tube so long that it cooled the steam and changed it back into liquid. It took an hour or more to make coffee in the contraption, but you could buy no other in the stores and it did well enough except during the period when Barbe, to save coffee, insisted that it was all right to use the old coffee grounds for a week. By that time I was too much of a connoisseur of coffee to like that.

On January 26 I met Max Schmeling at Deutschland Halle, where he and twenty of his fellow parachute jumpers had come to see a bout between two contenders for the German heavyweight championship, Walter Neusel and Adolph Heuser, both of whom had boxed in the United States. The husky, black-browed man with the broad smile sat two seats from me in the first row at the ringside, but it was difficult to talk with him. After he had been introduced between two of the bouts, he was surrounded at every intermission by motion-picture

stars, his superior officers, and seemingly everyone else in the hall, all seeking his autograph. When I did get a chance to talk with Max, I found he was afraid to say much more than that he hoped to fight again during the summer and that Joe Louis was the best fighter of all time.

"Does parachute jumping keep you in trim for fighting?" I asked.

"I can't answer military questions," he said, although that hardly appeared to be one.

He dodged almost every question I asked, even including such a leading one as: "Do you expect to help in landing a knockout blow in the war?" I was certain that would bring an affirmative or negative answer and would enable me to say that Schmeling hoped to come down as a parachute trooper in an invasion of England. Schmeling's answer fooled me. "I don't know," he said.

The audience watching the matches in the Deutschland Halle was enlightening. Shortly after I had been seated and adjusted myself to the scene, I began to react to the fights like any other American. I cheered and urged the boxers on, expressing my feelings without restraint, but I soon noticed that none of the Germans about me was showing any emotion. An occasional comment was shouted from somewhere back in the hall, but generally the Germans merely applauded politely for a good punch. Once, when a bout was too slow, they gave the German sign of derision, a whistle. Otherwise they were a stolid, undemonstrative people, just like those in the motion-picture-theatre audience when the face of Winston Churchill was flashed on the screen. I was learning what kind of people the war had produced in Germany.

Outside the hall, which accommodated 18,000 people that day, were but six lone automobiles.

My first story on P. G. Wodehouse, author of the Jeeves stories, came from a prison camp near Gleiwitz in southeastern

Germany. The English author had been there since shortly after his arrest by the Germans near Paris when the Nazis marched in there.

The internment camp, for prisoners of war, as distinguished from a concentration camp, where Germans are detained, was a brick-walled enclosure. Wodehouse came into a little office near the entrance for the interview. It was sixteen below zero that day, but Wodehouse was dressed for the weather. He looked like one of his own characters in a voluminous yellow cap, thick yellow gloves, and a heavy and superlatively baggy brown tweed coat. Underneath, Wodehouse wore a blue turtle-neck sweater, grey tweed knickers, grey woollen stockings, and brown buckskin shoes. The man himself, who was fifty-nine, was tall and slender. His red, blue-lined face had a square full jaw. His head was bald, with a fringe of scraggly grey hair. His voice was high-pitched.

"Suppose you were talking to a Columbia audience, what would you say?" he was asked.

Wodehouse beamed. He rubbed his hands together, raised his voice, and acted as if there were a microphone in front of him.

"Hello," he said, "hope I'll be seeing you soon. Anyone in America who would like to send me some chocolates can do so without offending me. I want to make the United States my headquarters from now on, and I'd be there now if it hadn't been for that income-tax trouble in 1936." He added: "That's all settled now."

Wodehouse dropped his act for the microphone and said that the people in the United States would probably be interested in knowing that he was writing a novel, "just like *Quick Service*. It will be called *Money in the Bank* and won't be about concentration camps."

He said it was being written in a building at the end of the park in a place called "the White House." Wodehouse told me later that the structure formerly had been used to house insane

prisoners and for that reason had no doorknobs on the inside.

"I therefore had to keep the door to my room ajar," he said. "That would have been all right except that there was another prisoner in the next room who practised on a saxophone. It was hard to get used to composing under such conditions. What was more," he told me, "I had to write in longhand and I wasn't used to that."

Wodehouse asked if there were any motion-picture offers for his latest novel. "I hope my agents know I'm receptive," he declared. "And say," he went on, "what does the United States government do about the income tax of a person in one of these places? How do I pay my income tax?"

It was suggested that the government might be left to worry about that.

"But they find you, you know," said Wodehouse.

Except for income-tax worries, Wodehouse appeared fairly well. A picture taken of him at the time made him look ill, but that was principally because the camera was not properly focused. Additional food was coming to him from Denmark and the Red Cross. He was doing so well, in fact, that cigarettes for Wodehouse were given instead to some of the less fortunate prisoners.

During the early part of 1941 a number of the American correspondents made plans to return to the United States and other men took their places. Kerker was sent back by NBC for more training, since he had a good voice but little knowledge of news-gathering and radio technique. Deuel of Press Wireless, Joe Harsch, and Sigrid Schultz also were leaving. Alex Small, from the Paris office of the *Chicago Tribune*, came in.

Small was an unusual person. He was of medium height, had a lick of black hair across a bald pate, a chin that protruded slightly, and a habit of resting his hands on the table before him, shaking his head, and peering through half-closed eyes at you when he told a story. In fact, Small was always tell-

ing a story; most of them were interesting and entertaining episodes from his experiences. He was educated at Cambridge and Heidelberg, had taught in a girls' school in France, and had travelled all over the Continent, escaped from Warsaw during the war in Poland on a train that was bombed, to find bridges blown up behind him and to walk three weeks through the Polish, Russian, and German lines until he arrived in Berlin. I had only one fault to find with Small's recitals of these incidents—they never seemed to end. In time I found it necessary to excuse myself and just leave, no matter at what point the current story had arrived.

Most of us were especially glad when Lyle Wilson of the United Press Washington bureau arrived, because we wanted first-hand information of the situation in the United States. Lyle was sent to Berlin to learn conditions in Europe and made a number of trips for that purpose, but he was unfortunate enough to be obliged to take to his bed for much of the time with a sinus infection. That was because of the dampness and cold of Berlin—which is as far north as Nova Scotia, where the climate is somewhat different only because of the Gulf Stream off its coast. Lyle aided us in regaining our orientation and decided me to ask Columbia to enter subscriptions through the embassy for *Time* and the New York Sunday *Times*.

The mail finally began to arrive. January 24 brought the first letter from my mother in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Letters from Ruth also were fortunately beginning to come with fair regularity despite the vagaries of censors and wartime transportation. One, written before Christmas, said that Pat was talking constantly about Santa Claus, and made me sorry I was going to miss the first Christmas that would mean anything to her. Another said that Pat had learned her A B C's as far as G. It was good to read such little details, even though they did make me all the more lonesome.

Alan Collins, my agent in New York, sent me a clipping from the *New York Mirror*, written shortly after I left. I recalled the

interview. The reporter had been disappointed, as he talked with me, to learn that I had not spent my last night in a riotous celebration instead of having a quiet dinner in New York with Ruth and her brother, John. The occasion was too sad for jollification. The article sent by Collins was entitled: "He's Gone to Hell." It mentioned that I had attended Notre Dame and planned to see some of the football games in the fall of 1940. Then it continued:

"Harry leaves a wife and little girl behind him. He has one regret; he won't be able to attend any of the Notre Dame football games this year."

That was funny—but since I was so far from Ruth and Pat I did not appreciate the humour then.

Early in the month I attended the party opening the new Press Club rooms at the Propaganda Ministry, in one of the moves that demonstrated the rivalry between the two Nazi departments of state. Goebbels spoke. There I met Brooks Peters, tall, slender, big-domed former actor who went to Germany to study acting and later joined the staff of the *New York Times*; Pete Huss, blond, self-assured representative of International News Service; and Jean Graffis, little, moustached Acme News cameraman from Richmond, Indiana. One night Barbe, Mr. and Mrs. Lanius, and I went to the Old Inn on Unter den Linden, which retained its Old English atmosphere in the pictures, decorations, and displays of old pewter, but which had added several watercolours by Hitler. I was surprised to see that Der Führer did capable work. Lanius refused to agree about that.

"I don't like anything that guy does," he said.

Otto Diettrich, the Reich Press Chief, gave a banquet for the foreign press, at which he had the nerve to boast that Germany did not censor our stories. Diettrich did not mention that although the papers and agencies were theoretically free to send what they wanted, they were definitely told not to send certain stories and were liable to punishment if they cabled any-

thing the Nazis did not like. Despite their claims the Nazis did exercise pre-censorship. Louis Lochner, elderly, bald-headed, spectacled head of the Associated Press, who spoke in short incisive phrases, told me he had seen the censors kill part of his stories. Later I found that the Nazis prevented the sending of some of my cables. If a story that they did not like did get through, they no longer expelled the correspondent since they had learned that this glorified, instead of punishing, the culprit. They chose rather to deny him privileges, such as going on escorted trips and attending the press conferences, and sometimes they removed the phones and denied cable privileges. The theoretical post-censorship was sometimes even more difficult for a newsman than the pre-censorship of the radio. At any rate, we of the radio could try to get any story past the censor.

On January 24 Dr. Ley demonstrated some of the twisted logic that the Nazis employed, to claim that the German people were free despite the fact that the Nazi chains bound their hands, their lips, and even their minds. "Freedom," said Dr. Ley, in his moment of inspiration, "is to be free from sorrow. He who is hungry is not free. As soon as he has bread he rids himself of his sorrow. One must understand the conception of freedom in the right way." Freedom, to the Nazis, was a material thing. According to their logic, a man in prison, if he had food, was free.

The Diettrich banquet was typical of the Nazi gatherings at which officials and their guests feasted on foods and drinks denied to other people. I had Brussels sprouts and cauliflower at that dinner for the first time since I had come to Germany. The roast beef would have been a week's supply if food cards had been required and if you could have found one that large. There was wine with each course, much of it from France. I recalled the huge trucks, filled to the top with cases of French wines, that I had seen being unloaded in front of the Propaganda Ministry quarters on the Wilhelmstrasse.

The invitation was marked: "Smoking." I thought the notation, in English, was strange, but learned that it was the German term for "tuxedo." I donned mine, but found I had to borrow a collar and tie from the porter since the stores were closed and I had no clothes card anyway. The next day, so that they could be returned clean, I sent them to the laundry. I told the porter.

"But you can't do that," he said.

"Why not? I have."

"But the collar is paper. The Germans use a lot of them now."

One of those who attended the banquet was Constance Drexel, a thin, small woman from Philadelphia who had once written for a newspaper in the United States, and who tried to get another post with an American paper or radio station, but who had begun to write instead for the Nazi press and to broadcast over the Nazi radio. She was an ebullient character and often dressed in a bizarre fashion. On this occasion she wore a loose-hanging red and brown dress that looked as if it had been made of burlap. I asked her about it. She posed, with one hand adjusting her hair at the back, and said it was her own creation.

Although there were no raids on Berlin during the early part of 1941, the RAF was attacking other parts of the Reich, and the Nazis were continuing their attacks on England. Early in January it was claimed that all the buildings in an extensive area around Cheapside, Newgate, and Aldersgate had been completely destroyed, with even some of the foundations blasted into powder. On January 7 two daylight alarms were reported in London. Three days later many large fires were said to have been started in Bristol. The explosion of an ammunitions depot in Portsmouth was declared visible for seventy-five miles. The Nazis claimed that fires in London were the worst in the history of the city.

On the last day of January, Hitler received a delegation of the Imperial Japanese army headed by Lieutenant General

Yamashita, as a preliminary to their tour of Nazi army and air-force posts and a visit to the battlefields of the western front. The Japanese were accorded an early showing of the newly finished Nazi film, *Victory in the West*, for which the Nazi PK men took pictures in the midst of actual battles. The feature was the storming of Eben Emael, in which the Nazis were shown advancing behind a smoke screen, after which men with deadly torches of flame forced the Belgians to close the sight holes in the forts as they placed giant charges and finally forced out the remaining defenders. Nazi marching songs formed the background for the tragic picture, including "When the German Troops March, Not Even the Devil Can Stop Them." The Nazis used the English song, "We'll Hang our Washing on the Siegfried Line," as a derisive theme during the early part of the fighting, changing the tempo to a funereal pace during the pictures of the evacuation from Dunkirk. In that scene there were automobiles, trucks and dead horses abandoned along the roadways and even in the sea, with clothing, letters, and even passports along the sands, and dead men on every side. It ended with pictures of men in boats of all kinds and sizes under the merciless bombing of screaming Stukas.

Chapter IX

BAVARIANS, BERLINERS, AND RELIGION

THE wealthy Nazis who could afford to move from the bombed regions of the Reich fled to the safe playground of southern Germany, where there were no important military objectives. I saw some of these more affluent people during the winter sports season at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the snow and ice events of the Olympics had been held a few years before.

Lanius and I went down together. The Propaganda Ministry had taken eighty correspondents there several days previously with all food and transportation costs paid, but I chose to go with a Foreign Office escort, Lilyenfeldt, and to pay my own expenses.

Bavaria, where we went, was less Nazi than Berlin. The people in most of the rest of Germany were saying "*Heil Hitler*" as a general form of greeting, using it instead of "Good morning" or "Good-bye" when they met or parted, and instead of "Hello" and "Good-bye" on the telephone. I remember one day hearing Plack of the Foreign Office on the phone; he intended to say: "*Heil Hitler*, Herr Müller," but said instead: "*Heil Müller*, Herr Hitler." (That was funny to Plack; he had a sense of humour.) I remember, too, an occasion in Leipzig when a woman came into a store after an all-day hunt for the food she needed for the day only to find herself unable to fill

her wants in still another shop. Weary, disgusted and angry with conditions in Nazi Germany, she spoke her mind and then, as she left, automatically paid tribute to the man who had caused it all. "*Heil Hitler*," she said.

Ordinarily the Nazis did not try to make Americans say "*Heil Hitler*." One day, however, when I was leaving the Propaganda Ministry, the clerk at the desk hailed me with "*Heil Hitler*."

"*Guten Tag*," I said.

"*Heil Hitler*," he repeated, in a louder tone.

"*Auf Wiedersehen*," I replied.

The clerk then yelled: "*Heil Hitler!*"

By that time I was rounding the corner to the stairs. I turned, looked back at him, and ended the exchange with:

"*Heil Roosevelt!*"

The Bavarians do not say "*Heil Hitler*." Instead they continue that lovely old salutation: "*Grüss Gott*," which may be translated as "God's greetings." They are not as crude, crass and impolite as the people in Berlin. The Berliners bow and gesture to show you first through a door, tip their hats, and kiss women's hands, but forget to say "please" and never imagine that the customer could be right. They are the kind of people who try to call you back when you cross against the traffic light at a street corner, who hoot at your car when you drive by on a Sunday, who go into convulsions when you start to leave a subway by the wrong exit.

Even the Berlitz School of Languages exhibited this spirit. I had failed to report for a class on the first day after a holiday because the teacher had said there would be none. When I came in the next day the girl at the desk asked for two lesson coupons, one for the day before. I remonstrated, told her that the teacher had said there would be no class on that day.

"But there was," she insisted. "That will be two coupons today."

No amount of argument would avail.

One morning an order had been issued, because of the paper shortage, that no newsdealer might sell a customer more than one newspaper. I started to pick up one of each, as usual. The dealer stopped me.

"But I need one of each because I am in the news business," I explained.

"That makes no difference. Our orders are one only."

I pulled out my credentials and tried to convince the man of my need of one of each. He shoved me aside.

"*Nur eine*, only one," he said, and moved to another customer.

I left making remarks in German about the Nazi government that were at least not discreet.

Hoping that all the newsdealers had not received the order, I went to a subway stand at the Zoo. The woman there did not have all her papers unwrapped when I arrived. I started to aid her and began loosening the twine on a bundle. She tore it from my hands.

"*Nicht aufmachen*," she cried. "Don't open that!"

I swallowed my words. I did not have my papers yet.

The Germans were always pushing in front of you in lines before food stores and in railway stations. I learned how to knock my elbows into a man's ribs or crack his shin with my suitcase when he did that, but I never discovered how to keep a woman from taking my place in a queue. Once, when I had a cold, a German fellow passenger in a subway train told me not to sneeze because I might endanger the health of the other passengers. I managed to blurt out, in my poor German, something about its being more healthy for some other people to keep their mouths shut. Once a fat smug German in another subway train, despite the fact that his Nazi government was doing everything possible to produce more babies, berated a woman in loud tones for daring to bring a baby-carriage into the train. Few of the Nazis, polite only on the surface, ever helped a woman carry a baby-carriage up or down stairs. I

seemed to have to do that almost every time I entered one of the stations. The Nazis just walked by.

It was a relief to visit Bavaria, especially to get away from visitors and mix with the people. They were more carefree, more lax in requiring food ration tickets, and more generous in their servings of food. One night, when all the restaurants were ordered closed at an early hour, I found that the Schwarzwaldener in Munich was still open. Lanius, Lilyenfeldt, and I ate there between trains on the way to Garmisch, and found that the *Wiener Schnitzel* was the best I had so far obtained in Germany, and that the salad finally included some greens instead of the detested chicory. Shops in Garmisch served chocolate, unobtainable in Berlin.

The people of Bavaria were more considerate and likable and had not forgotten how to smile and laugh. The peasants dressed in their traditional costumes, the women sometimes in the tight-fitting basque dresses with lacy, wide sleeves and gaudy, full, gathered skirts, and sometimes in black bonnets and full dresses; and the men, in colourful vests, short leather breeches, heavy socks, and big sturdy shoes, took part with the old fervour in the traditional religious pageants. As you walked through the streets of the towns in Bavaria, you passed men wearing long, flowing moustaches, puffing at long pipes with painted or hand-carved bowls, and wearing narrow-brimmed, brush-decorated hats. You saw these people in the beer parlours in Munich, sitting at tables and enjoying full-heartedly the clog dances and broad peasant humour informally presented on a small stage at one end of the hall.

Even the houses were different. Instead of the square, squat, stolid structures decorated with Amazonian women and muscled men, they were wide-eaved, balconied Swiss chalet types, with their white walls painted with pictures of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, or with inset images. The church was the most prominent edifice in each of these almost completely Catholic towns and villages, and there were roadside

shrines everywhere along the valley roads, above which towered the cloud-capped Alps.

Garmisch was crowded with 50,000 visitors when we arrived there, so that Lanius, Lilyenfeldt, and I had to sleep in the railroad cars on the siding. Even in Munich, where we stopped on the way back, the clerk at the Bayerischerhof told us that they had been obliged to set up beds in the air-raid shelters and in a ballroom.

As an escape from the war, the wealthy of the Nazi nation held exclusive full-dress banquets and parties in the Alpenhof, danced to American music, with a loudspeaker in an adjoining hall to carry the music to the overflow, and crowded the bar to drink and hear a pianist play such forbidden numbers as "Bei mir bist du schön," those written by American Jewish composers such as Irving Berlin, starting with "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and continuing with such miscellany as "Remember," "Chloe," "Dinah," "St. Louis Blues," and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." Charley, the piano-player, did not know any recent numbers, but he did know how to make his fingers move over the keys in the old ones, with his head cocked on one side and a broad smile on his face. Alex Dreier, young, stout, jolly United Pressman, who was acquainted with modern American dance styles, said Charley played good "boogie woogie."

Even the Japanese correspondents on the trip were infected by the atmosphere. One night I noted that Kunimoro, a funny little Jap with big black eyes, a round little face, and jet-black hair cut with long bangs in front, was leading his fellows in an Oriental concert at a far table in the bar. They were banging the table with spoons, while their voices rose and fell in the queer cadence of their native songs. It made a weird sound in the midst of the guttural German gaiety.

Kuni, like all the other Japanese correspondents, knew nothing about newspaper work. He had come to Germany to learn stage design, and when the war began received orders from

his government to work for Domei. All the Japanese were gullible and would send home whatever fantastic story they were told. One night at the Alpenhof, Kuni himself talked of the time he had been tipped off by a plotting American correspondent that Pétain had been assassinated. Before sending such a story any other correspondent would have checked on it and also looked over the file of stories previously sent, but not Kuni.

"I was all excited," he said. "I wasted no time, wrote a cable right away, and sent it to Domei. Next day a wire came back. 'Why send Pétain story?' it asked. 'Same story sent yesterday.' "

Kuni thought it a great joke that one of his fellows also had been victimized.

"Now," he said, "that does not happen. Ever since the Tri-Power Pact, we are permitted to send nothing but DNB."

I told Kuni it was peculiar the Japanese should remain in Germany if that was all they could send, since the Nazis could cable DNB news to Tokyo, as they probably did anyway, and have it translated there as easily as in Berlin.

"That is true," said Kuni smiling and then he poked me in the ribs, "but that is the way we do things."

Japan had more correspondents in Germany than any other nation. You saw them everywhere, in the restaurants with white German girls, eating with the smacking lips, gulps, and other noises that a Japanese considers a polite expression of appreciation of the food, and often drinking too much, whereupon they became loud and sometimes insulting. The Japanese were always wandering away from the escorted parties to examine guns and equipment. It was obvious that they were there to spy on their Allies and it was likely that the German girls who accompanied them were assigned by the Gestapo for counter-espionage.

The Italians caused a minor rift in the Axis at Garmisch. They had been sent there by their government at the same

time the Nazis had arranged their trip for foreign correspondents. For some reason the Italians liked the tours arranged by the Nazi Propaganda Ministry better than their own and by crowding into the Nazi buses kept out some of the Nazi party. The arguments that resulted lasted for days.

Both Italians and Japanese were in the party on the day that we chose to travel to the Zugspitze, 9,700 feet high, the highest peak in the Reich until Austria was included. We climbed to the Zugspitze on a railway that took us past glorious mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, and, before we arrived at a hotel there, the Schneefernerhaus, went three miles through a tunnel in the mountains. Lilyenfeldt skied back from the Zugspitze, but I contented myself with taking pictures.

Shortly before going to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, I had bought a German motion-picture camera, a Cine-Nezo, an eight-millimetre machine with a 2.8 lens and all kinds of gadgets—four speeds to make it possible to take pictures in intense light, such as that on the mountain, or on dark days; a device labelled “trick” by which the film might be turned back and double-exposed; a catch to stop the film for stills; and a sight by which you would apparently be shooting in one direction while actually focusing in another—a handy means to photograph crowds without their knowledge.

To purchase the camera I had to find a dealer who would disregard the requirement that none was to be sold without a permit, and then only to the military. Later, when I wanted a still camera, I found even this dealer unwilling to sell one to me. German films were inferior, requiring more light than American. As a result, all my first pictures were underexposed except those on the Zugspitze. The films also became increasingly difficult to buy, especially those for colour. During my last few months in Germany I could find none at all, although I called on one store after another, and I had to depend on the few I had been able to pick up in Hungary and Switzerland.

The scarcity made it necessary to forgo many opportunities of taking pictures even of Hitler and bombed regions in the Balkans and Crete, though I did get some. It also was hazardous for an American to take pictures of much more than scenery. I was ordered to put my camera away on several occasions, but did manage to save most of my film.

On the day following our trip to the Zugspitze we went to Innsbruck, one of the most picturesque towns in the Tyrol where mountains rise at the far end of even the principal streets, and where there are many historical spots such as the *Goldener Adler*, or Golden Eagle, an inn where Goethe wrote some of his works. The walls there are covered with German verses. I recall one:

*Trinke, dass die Nase glänzt
Hell wie ein Karfunkel,
Auf dass du eine Leuchte hat
In des Dasiens Dunkel!*

Drink until your nose shines
As bright as a jewel.
Then you will have a light
In the darkness of life.

Lilyenfeldt and I went outside the town to the Berg Isel, where Andreas Hofer had gathered his forces to capture Innsbruck from the Bavarians and their French allies in 1809. As we wandered on the hillside we heard shots. At that, Lilyenfeldt who had been speaking of the Bavarian hatred of the people from Berlin, remarked: "They're shooting Berliners."

From the heights of the Berg Isel we saw a little white church in the valley. Lilyenfeldt suggested we go down and see it. "It's a famous old church," he said.

As we walked toward the church, we passed a monastery or convent in the churchyard. To my surprise, soldiers leaned from the windows. I wondered at the sight and asked Lilyenfeldt if the building had been taken over by the Nazis. He did

not answer, but continued toward the church. I tried the door. It was locked.

"Catholic churches are never locked," I remarked. "Perhaps it, too, has been occupied."

Lilyenfeldt hesitated a moment and then spoke.

"There's another church over there," he said. "Let's go in it instead."

I had seen for the first time one of the Catholic monasteries and convents that had been occupied by the Nazis—one of the many, especially in Bavaria—as barracks for soldiers, offices for the party, and homes for unmarried girls, and at the same time as part of the fight against Catholicism. The monks and nuns were turned out, to move to buildings that some of the orders still held, or to find other quarters as best they could, if at all. The Nazis were not worried about that. They considered the religious as unproductive parasites, who did not contribute to the war effort, especially by bringing more children into the Reich. The Nazis, step by step, were trying to eliminate Christianity, which did not agree with the fundamental concept of Nazism that the State is supreme, even over God, and that the individual soul is of no consequence.

Through such leaders as Rosenberg, the Nazis have been storming and taking one Christian stronghold after another, while seeking to lure as many Germans as possible into their camp. An appeal was made to Catholics as Germans by telling them their religion was foreign in origin and its priests were international agents, and to Lutherans as Germans by pointing out that it was a German in other days who had first reformed the church and that it was now being led into new ways by other Germans. The church, the Nazis argued, had failed.

"For two thousand years the church had time to begin moulding mankind into a cleaner, high-striving race," said a book, *Gott und Volk (God and People)*, issued in 1941. "The church not only did nothing but has degenerated into a restraining impediment. But now the Führer and his movement,

decried as heretic, have come to perceive and form the true divine will. Christianity has failed and thus rung in its death hour. . . .

"We Germans have been called upon by fate to be the first to break with Christianity. German faith will not dictate to anyone his relationship to God. Everyone will seek his own way. But no one will seek it in Rome or Jerusalem, for Germany is our holy land. It will be our religion. We believe in a strong God and His eternal Germany."

To the Nazis, even in religion, strength means right.

Another book, addressed to the Hitler Youth, written by M. F. Schmidt, vice gauleiter of Württemberg, also says that Christianity has been found wanting, and that "we must install in its place a new ideal based on the fundamentals of Nazism, a new confession, universally accepted, which will exalt the principles of racial supremacy and be founded on the power of strength.

"We can consider the mere fact of belonging to our nation as the purest manifestation of a moral and divine reality. When we say a man is German or of German blood we acknowledge a divine and inviolable manifestation of creation. In fact, this acknowledgment is to us identical with the discovery of God. For whoever lives for his nation with complete consecration and deep loyalty, in the view of mankind, lives in God, but he who carries his disrespect to the point of denying the law of the blood is the emptiest thing on the face of this earth.

"For this reason it is essential that we clear the tables of the out-moded ideas [of Christianity] that have prevailed for two thousand years and inculcate the teachings of Nazism in a Europe which only then can have pretensions to direct the community of the world peoples. We must hasten the evolution of this continent from its present torpid state to one befitting a German continent . . . and stabilize it into a bastion of Nazism, the perfect ideology. This ideology offers to the world a new philosophy, a new culture, and a new well-being, and

resuscitates in the universe a new ideal of humanity ruled by heroic new laws. In this respect we can consider the present war in the present epoch as marking a turning-point in the history of the world. For the new philosophy of Nazism considers the individual German as an adjutant of God, working for the perfection of mankind."

Rosenberg has been the main proponent of the new racial church, stripped of everything but blood, race, soil, and the infallible Führer. He has proposed a plan to abolish all other churches, to prohibit their ownership of land and property, to replace their ministers and priests by Nazi orators, substitute the swastika for the cross and put *Mein Kampf* on the altars instead of the Bible. Under this plan marriage ceremonies would consist of an oath of faithfulness with the right hand placed upon the sword, and christening would be a mere statement of birth by the parents, who would swear they were of Aryan descent and agree "to bring up this child in the German church and as a member of the German Reich."

The Rosenberg plan has so far been submitted to Hitler only and has not been adopted. The Nazis do not feel that the time for that has come. They were meanwhile taking advantage of every opportunity to destroy the Christian religion. In March scheduled confirmations and communions for fourteen-year-old boys and girls were ordered cancelled and the children were required to attend meetings of the Hitler Youth, at which they heard a message from Youth Leader Axman that practically deified Hitler.

"The Führer has given bread and a job to all," said Axman; "he has liberated the German farmer; he has created the army of the German people; he has broken the fetters of Versailles; he is the orator and builder of the Greater German Reich. German youth must live up to the example of the greatest German of all times, Der Führer. They must understand that a German wins the highest praise when he sacrifices his life in the service of the Fatherland."

Later in the year the Nazis even decreed cancellation and changes of church holidays. Even though church holidays in the Catholic church fall on the same day all over the world, the Nazis ordered German Catholics to celebrate Ascension Day on May 25 instead of Thursday, May 22, and Corpus Christi on June 15 instead of June 12. After I left Berlin I heard that the dean of St. Hedwig's Church had been arrested because he had asked for prayers for the Jews. I have wondered since whether the congregation of the church made any protest. Probably they were told a fantastic story of his disappearance and those who knew the truth were afraid to tell it. I wondered about the incident since I once saw the Catholics at that church exhibit their devotion to the Bishop of the diocese. He had sung the Mass that morning, and as he came out the door, the people gathered in a vast crowd, not to kneel and silently receive his blessing as American Catholics would, but to break into loud cheers that rang on the winter air long after the Bishop had driven away.

The Nazis carried their war on the church into the occupied countries. In the latter part of February 1941 the secretary general in the Dutch Ministry for Education decreed a forty-per-cent reduction in the salaries of all teachers who belonged to religious orders, and the removal of all managing directors of schools who were Catholic priests or members of religious orders. The *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden*, announcing the order, said: "It can no longer be tolerated that institutions for education be under the guidance of Catholic priests."

Early in March when a Catholic priest refused to permit the burial of a member of the armed Dutch Nazis in consecrated ground, other members of the troop went into the cemetery by force, where the local leader of the Nazi Storm Troopers, a German, criticized the church and said the party would fight the battle against Catholicism to the end. (The Nazi censors permitted me to broadcast this story, although they eliminated, for some reason, the phrase "against Catholicism." They also

passed the Axman statement to the Hitler Youth, probably because Hitler, in their minds, was all that the youth leader said he was.)

Some of the Dutch bishops dared to speak out against the Nazis. One Dutchman told me the Nazis had gone to arrest one of these bishops, but he insisted on wearing all his robes as he went into the street, knowing that the Dutch would then rise against the Nazis. His arrest was therefore postponed. Some of the Germans also violated the edict that forbade criticism of anything Nazi. The Bishop of Münster, in Westphalia, west of Berlin, was placed under house arrest after he had published his letter of protest against the actions of the Nazis. A copy of that letter, addressed to Reichsminister Hans Heinrich Lammers in Berlin, was sent to all the bishops in the Reich.

The Bishop sent the letter on July 28. It was as follows:

Honoured Herr Reichsminister:

Thank you sincerely for your answer of July 17 to my telegram of July 14, 1941.

I had also, in like manner, informed the Reichstaathalter of Prussia, Reichsfeldmarschall Hermann Göring, the Reich church minister, and the Reich minister of justice, of unjustified deeds of violence by the Gestapo and begged legal protection for the person and property of innocent German men and chivalrous protection for defenceless German women. I have not yet received acknowledgment of the letter from any of these.

Meanwhile the Gestapo has continued to steal the property of highly respected German men and women, members of the best German families, without investigation or court action, merely because they belonged to Catholic orders. I refrain from giving you details which would cast further light on the brutality and ruthlessness of such action. As far as I am able to judge, the trust of the community in the Gestapo has been irreparably destroyed for most of us and has become impossible for every decent person.

Hence, permit me to state with manly openness, Herr Reichsminister, that your answer of July 17 not only sorely disappointed me but also filled me with the greatest concern for the people and

the Fatherland. My telegram begged the Führer and Reichskanzler, through you, for protection of the person and property of our German fellow citizens against the arbitrary action of the Gestapo, and against robbery for the benefit of Nazi district leaders, pointing out specifically definite acts of the Gestapo and the resultant weakening of the home front.

I assume from your answer that my telegram on instruction of the Führer was 'handed over to the SS. Reichsführer and Chief of the Gestapo for further examination.' I must assume that the reign of terror of the Gestapo will continue to oppress our fellow citizens with a terrible burden. It is clear to every reasonable person that the Führer, who is Reichskanzler and Commander-in-Chief of the army, is so burdened by foreign politics that he is unable to review and pass on all documents and complaints sent to him. Foreseeing this, I was unable to vote for unification of the offices of Reichspräsident and Reichskanzler in the election on this question. After all, I knew that Adolf Hitler was not a divine creature elevated above all limitations, capable of keeping everything under his eye and directing everything at the same time. Since then the office of Commander-in-Chief has been added to the duties then assumed, an office which today would fully occupy and keep busy even the most gifted Commander-in-Chief.

If, as a result of this overwork of the responsible Führer, the Gestapo during the war are unhindered from destroying the inner front of the German people by winning safe victories over defenceless men and innocent German women while our soldiers are fighting for the Fatherland, while the Gauleadership enriches itself with easily taken property of German citizens—if thus legal security is destroyed and the consciousness of justice undermined—the confidence in the leadership of the State will be wiped out.

In the absence of the intercession of the offices responsible for the protection of the legal order, I feel myself called upon and obliged as the appointed defender of German law and German freedom—as the responsible bishop of two million German Catholics—regardless of the consequences to me personally, to raise my voice loudly, accusing the inner enemy which is ruining the people and the Fatherland, warningly calling the government back from

a path which, according to the experience of history, in its logical conclusion must lead our German people and Fatherland to destruction, despite the heroism of our soldiers and their renowned victories, because of inner decay and putrefaction.

With expressions of highest esteem,

Clemens August Graf von Galen

(The required Nazi form for ending a letter, instead of "Yours truly," "Sincerely yours," or "Cordially yours," is "*Heil Hitler.*")

The effect of the religious war was not apparent to many Germans, since it was not in the open. As all Catholics and Lutherans had not sent their children to religious schools, they did not see the loss of anything essential in the closing of their own schools. Economy and the need to build a united Reich for war and preparation for war seemed reason enough for that. The monasteries and convents also were closed only one by one, and those in one district did not know, because of the controlled press, which was forbidden to mention such incidents, that what happened in their neighbourhood was not an isolated case. All knew of illegitimacy, with some deploring it but doing nothing more, and others, less moral and more German, thinking it necessary to the greater Germany. Few knew of the "mercy killings." All knew they could still go to church.

Down in Garmisch-Partenkirchen I wandered into two churches. As I stood by the door of one, two young soldiers clumped in, blessed themselves, and knelt before a side altar. After them came a young soldier on the arm of his mother. Another church I entered as a wedding was being performed. "As you go forth," the priest said to the soldier groom, "you'll feel the inspiration of a faithful heart behind you praying for your safe return. And you," he said to the bride, "can treasure in your soul the thought of this young man who will see your vision as he marches off to battle."

In Munich, as I stopped there on my return, I went into other churches, the Frauenkirche, built of dark red brick, with

two octagonal towers surmounted by green patined domes, which some people call "onion tops," and with tombstones, on some of which were skull and cross bones, set in the base of one outside wall. The Frauenkirche is one of the most notable buildings in Munich, which is named after the monks who founded it in 1158. Down a side street, with a rugged rock protruding from its base, is the Peterskirche, first built in 1181, where I found a haunting figure of Christ in chains (as in Nazi Germany, I thought), and statues dressed in actual robes of silk and lace.

Munich is best known to the Nazis as the birthplace of Nazism, since it was here that the first meetings were held, Hitler made his first pronouncements and sixteen of the first Nazis fell in that abortive putsch of November 9, 1923. The sarcophagi of the sixteen are in the Temples of Honour on the Brienerstrasse, out near some of the main Nazi offices, such as the Brown House. I stuck my nose into the Hofbräuhaus, but found that huge place too filled with Germans drinking beer, and went to another inn near by instead, a smaller oak-beamed room lined with beer mugs and drawings of fat little Germans. We were served the famous *Dunkel* beer, or dark beer, of Munich, which is sweeter than the light, but I did not care for it. One night we had dinner at the Walterspiel, one of the best restaurants in Germany, when Ribbentrop and his party walked in.

The trip to southern Germany was interesting, informative, and distressing, but I had to hurry back to Berlin before most of the others in the party, taking a plane from Munich, because I had a "live" interview scheduled with Max Schmeling.

Chapter X

THE NAZIS PREPARE TO STRIKE

THE interview with Max Schmeling did not take place—at that time. When I returned to Berlin from Bavaria, I found a cable from Columbia awaiting me that cancelled it.

Columbia, aware of the difficulties of trying to get the truth about the German situation past the Nazi censors, and the constant scheming of the Nazis to use newsmen as their channels for propaganda, was afraid of the Schmeling interview. It would have been a good news story, because the United States would hear Schmeling himself and also would hear about parachute troopers from one of them, but, like so many other stories out of Nazi Germany, it would have been bound to have propaganda effect. With the Nazi censorship eliminating every item and phrase that would have enabled me to present the true Nazi scene, reporting from Berlin was the most difficult assignment I had ever tackled.

When Columbia cancelled the Schmeling interview I assumed—we could not discuss it in cables or over the telephone—that New York did not favour continuance of the series I had planned to present other aspects of German military, political, and civilian life through interviews with a representative in each field, finally including some of the leading personages in Nazi Germany. It was a good idea under ordinary circumstances, but the essential points that would have made each

story completely factual would be removed by the fine mesh screen of Nazi censorship.

In making my plans I had naturally arranged a few other interviews. One was with the commander of a minesweeper unit and another with Helmuth Wohlthat, who had been assigned to formulate plans for the economics of a Nazi dominated Europe. I talked to both men although I did not put them on the air; I used the interview with the minesweeper commander, but until now have neither written nor talked about the Wohlthat interview.

Cancellation of the Schmeling plans did not, of course, please the Nazis, since he had been brought from his camp to Berlin for the interview. It made my position more uncomfortable than before. Diettrich suggested that NBC be offered the Schmeling program.

"Lanius doesn't know that you arranged for it," he said, "and I won't tell him that."

I saw no reason to deceive Lanius, however. We were both Americans on the same kind of task. He had meanwhile wired New York and it had been arranged that sports writers there would question Schmeling over the short wave, with the answers necessarily censored in advance. That sounded interesting, but it had hardly been arranged when NBC, too, cancelled its plans. Both Lanius and I, as a result, were on the Nazi black list.

It had not been long before that the Nazis, as I have already mentioned, said the CBS men in London were making statements without citing their authority and tried to insist that I do the same thing from Berlin; Edwin Hartrich, who had been with CBS in Berlin with Bill Shirer, was writing a series of articles for the London *Daily Mail*, which the Nazis shoved under my nose, and, in addition, Diettrich had one of his diabolical ideas.

"The BBC quoted your interview with the Stuka pilot," he said, leaning back in his chair and rubbing his long hands to-

gether. "You remember you asked the pilot whether he thought the bombers in combination with the blockade could conquer England, and he said that the *Luftwaffe* and the U-boats would defeat her?"

"Yes, that's the way I remember it."

"Well, the BBC said that the pilot replied that the U-boats would win the war. The commentator then went on to say none of the German forces had confidence in its own efforts and that each was depending on the other. They said the German air force, naval force, and army were each passing the buck, I think you call it, for their failure to win over England."

"Yes?"

"Now my plan is this. We have a recording of the BBC statement and we can put that on the air, and we have a recording of your talk and we can put that on. We can say: 'This is what the British claimed, and this is what was actually said.' I will put that on the air tonight. I just wanted to tell you about it."

I was alarmed. Only Diettrich, among the Nazis, would think of something like that. He sat back with a pleased smile, his hands folded before him.

"Don't do that," I asked. "You know, as well as I do, that although my voice will merely be on a recording, I shall be answering the British charge as far as most of the listeners are concerned."

"Exactly," said Diettrich. "That's what makes it good."

"And you don't even have to say over here that you are presenting a recording."

"No, of course not." Diettrich's smile was even broader.

"You don't like it," he remarked. "That's too bad, but it is fair. You know it. And there is no reason, in view of your work here and all your colleagues, that we should not do it."

He rose to leave.

"You can hear the program tonight," he said. "I'll let you know the time."

I called to him. "Just a moment," I said. "I've got to tell New

York about this first. You know it will get me in trouble and I'll have at least to cable them. It's been postponed some time already and it won't make any difference if you have to wait a day or so more. Wait until I wire Columbia."

Diettrich stopped, thought a moment, and then said:

"All right, Flannery."

The broadcast did not go on either then or later. New York could not, of course, prevent Diettrich from carrying out his idea, but before he had a chance to act, he was transferred to Rumania to set up the Nazi radio there. He was being made the victim of Nazi politics, but that was not known then.

During this period Ruth was sending cable after cable trying to help me improve my broadcasts. She was listening, as always, to every one, day and night, and worrying when the program did not come through. Usually I did not know when the facilities failed and did not realize I should inform her that everything was all right. She was talking with other people, obtaining their reactions, and sending me honest reports. As a result, I quickened my tempo, returned, in fact, almost to my old speed, and tried to get more colour into the scripts. It was difficult for Ruth to work with me across five thousand miles of water and land, but we did make some progress. What improvement was made was chiefly due to her suggestions and encouragement in a disturbing period.

We talked on the phone again on February 14, when I sent the only kind of valentine possible at that time, orally, and we decided that although separation was hard, it would be best for me to remain during the spring since it appeared that action would undoubtedly come soon against Greece and possibly there might even be an attempted invasion of England. That was the way it seemed then. The connection this time was not good and Ruth's voice faded out completely many times during the conversation.

The German air force was hammering the isles with all its power and apparently considerable British shipping was being

sunk. Day after day the High Command announced that more ships had been sent to the bottom by submarines and bombers. On February 10 the Nazis claimed their flying fortresses had sunk 24,500 tons 315 miles off Portugal, and that armed reconnaissance had been conducted as far as Iceland, where it was said airports were machine-gunned. The next day it was said that the British had lost thirty-eight planes in attacks on Germany. These sentences were cut from my script that day:

“British planes came within a few miles of Berlin. A fore-alarm was announced.”

On the 13th the High Command claimed that Nazi submarines operating with long-distance bombers had sunk thirteen British merchantmen off Portugal. There was long-range artillery fire on the southeast coast of England day and night and bombing attacks in North Africa, south of Benghazi. On the 14th bombers were reported hammering Malta and northern Africa, nine RAF planes were claimed downed in a fight over the Channel and the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* said the spring offensive had begun. Long stretches of railway lines were declared bombed and a freight train set afire in Yorkshire, a railroad line and station buildings were reported destroyed at Louth, the London docks were said to be afire. German raiders were reported active even in the Indian Ocean, with a British merchantman said to have been sunk there. The Nazis claimed this vessel, the *Canadian Cruiser*, had been flying the United States flag and had the Stars and Stripes painted on its sides. They made much of this as an attempt to involve the United States in the war. In Berlin we could not learn the truth, but as reporters we had to report the Nazi claims, knowing that the people, who could hear both sides on the air, would be able to decide the facts. Nazi raiders were reported in the South Seas.

About this time I met Count Felix von Luckner, famous as the chivalrous Sea Devil of the World War, a man who had roamed all over the world with his raider, but who had been

unlike the Nazis. He has always rescued his victims and did not even confine them to the hold. After his exploits he had even been a romantic figure as a lecturer in the United States. He liked to remember that he had been on the radio, too, and asked me almost immediately if I had heard him.

Luckner came into the Adlon bar one night. He was a man of medium height, with thinning black hair, a hawklike nose, a pointed chin, and a weather-beaten, wrinkled face. He was always smoking his pipe and liked to make the clicking noise that he said was the call of the sea gull. He would click and then punch me in the ribs. "Can't do that, eh?" he would say. "Nobody else can."

Luckner was in his fifties, but liked to pretend that he was over seventy, to talk about his grandparents, who had lived to be over a hundred, and say that like his grandfather he would be climbing mountains at that age. He could tear a telephone book in two and said the New York Telephone Company had sent him a supply of old ones, asking him to spare the new. He would tell of that and prod me in the ribs again. Tearing a telephone book in two is a trick, but it requires remarkable strength in the wrists. Just in case of doubters, Luckner would later break a fifty-pfennig piece in two. He was fond of tricks, and enjoyed himself immensely after finding his wallet in your pocket.

The sea raider of the other war was rumoured to have taken part in the recent Nazi raids in the South Seas. That pleased him, too, as it provided the occasion for another of his jokes.

"I'm here and the raids are there now," he said with a chuckle, "so it can't be me, eh?"

Luckner did claim that he had been in the South Seas recently and brought back ten thousand dollars in gold hidden on one of the islands. He told many tales of his adventures, so fantastic that you could not be sure where fact ended and fiction began.

Some weeks later I attended a dinner on the Budapest-

strasse where Luckner was a guest. A woman, due to arrive later, had met the Count many years ago. He was asked to pretend that he remembered her.

"And what is her first name?" asked Luckner.

"Gretchen."

When the woman came in, Luckner rushed up, grasped her hand, kissed it, and exclaimed:

"Why, Gretchen, it is wonderful to see you again."

The woman was stupefied. She gasped, smiled, and looked all about her. Our faces were impassive. Luckner rattled on.

Later he joined us.

"Did you really recall meeting her?" I asked.

He tamped his pipe down, and looked up, clicked the cry of the sea gull, and said: "I can't remember ever seeing that woman before in my life."

Countess von Luckner, who was younger although grey, a charming woman, able to speak English without an accent, was also at the dinner. I liked the way Luckner paid her constant attention even though she was at the other end of the long table. Every now and then he would ask her about some forgotten point in one of his stories and once he drank to her. Each time he used some term of endearment.

On February 23 the Nazis said that 109,028 tons of British shipping had been destroyed in the week from February 15 to 21, 65,528 by the navy and 43,500 by the air force. On the 25th the Nazis claimed that a quarter million tons of British shipping had been sunk within the previous few days. German mechanized units were reported operating in North Africa, meeting the British at Agedabia. The attacks on Malta were obviously designed to cover the transport of these units and their equipment, thus diverting the attention of British planes.

On the 28th, 28 British ships, with a total tonnage of 146,000 tons, were declared sunk or lost the previous day, seven of them 350 miles west of Ireland. Almost daily attacks began on British airfields as well as ports. On March 1 it was claimed that

740,000 tons of British shipping had been sunk during February, 550,000 by the navy and 190,000 by the air force. The attacks on merchantmen and on the British Isles continued in March. London was said to have suffered one of its most severe raids on the night of March 9, the Nazis saying that at least six large fires and a number of smaller ones were started in the dock regions, and that there were many violent explosions. On March 14 it was said that Glasgow had been damaged worse than Coventry, and that attacks were made on Liverpool, Hull, Cardiff, and London. Fire in Glasgow from an attack the previous night guided the bombers there, it was asserted. The papers said a hundred planes took part in that attack and that the flames were visible sixty miles away. On March 15 another attack was reported on Glasgow, new ones on Plymouth, London, and Southampton. Planes were reported over Glasgow and Sheffield for six hours. On March 21 it was said the devastation in Plymouth was "so great it was deprived of its character as a naval base."

The reports continued almost daily. On March 22 it was claimed that 224,000 tons of British shipping had been reported sunk within the last forty-eight hours, including 116,000 by Nazi battleships operating in the Atlantic.

At the same time the British were dropping bombs on the Reich, but it did not appear they were doing as much damage. Unlike the Germans, England had not been preparing for war ever since 1933. She was but one of the nations, like ourselves, who had believed Hitler when he promised peace although he was planning for war. She was doing a valiant job under difficult circumstances. Some of the correspondents criticized England for not sending more planes over Germany, but we of the United States, which also was not prepared and was still talking appeasement, were in no position to find fault. We had fortunately begun to aid those who were in the front lines facing the murderous fire, but only because one man in the United States, President Roosevelt, knew that Hitler planned

to take us in our turn, one at a time, according to his schedule. The United States, as the one great remaining democracy and economic power, was necessarily an ultimate objective. It was regrettable that the President, fearful that he might give strength to a doubting opposition, feared to tell all he knew; he realized that many continued to think wishfully and could not be convinced of their folly by words.

During February and March the Nazis continued to prepare their people for the entry of the United States into the war. While the Nazis were banging at England in the hopes of a knockout and also for propaganda, the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* cried that the United States was Britain's last trump card. The *Essener National Zeitung*, liking the card-game metaphors, said that Roosevelt was a poker-player with a poker face seeking to prolong the war, feeling that the hour would finally come when the chips would be changed to cash and Canada would fall into his hands. The *Völkischer Beobachter* began a series of articles on the American situation, and said that Germany had an unassailable position on the Continent. That paper quoted William Batt, deputy chief of the production division of the National Defense Council, as saying that Germany's armament production was greater than that of any other country. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said that Dorothy Thompson, while earning much for herself, was willing to sacrifice American youth on the battlefield. Krause wrote in the *Börsen Zeitung* that Gallup polls showed eighty to ninety per cent of the American people against war and that President Roosevelt was therefore leading his country into the conflict against the wishes of the citizenry. Krause admitted Nazi plans in a later article when he said the United States would "get its answer in due time" and that the Roosevelt "dream will be shattered by the strength and determination of Germany, Italy, and Japan." Schmidt, of the Foreign Office, declared that the United States shipbuilding industry could not give effective aid to Britain before 1942, "and then

it will be too late." He added that "ships built so rapidly cannot be built so well." The Nazis were feeling confident.

The first bombing of Berlin since December 21 came on the night of March 12. Bremen and Hamburg were hit the same night. The Berlin papers said nothing at all about the raid the next morning; the Nazi radio was the first to make a report, which was just two sentences long. In my broadcast the next afternoon I had to confine myself to the communiqués and was not able to make a report on one angle that the Nazis, if they had permitted their brains to function instead of blindly following the rules, should, for their own advantage, have permitted. I had learned that morning that one of the British bombs had hit the United States Consulate in Hamburg, that considerable damage was done, but that no member of the staff had been killed or injured. The Nazis could have made capital of the fact that the British had hit a United States consulate if they had not been so abjectly subservient to their instructions. A few days later their slow minds were ready to admit the bombing and I was told I could report it then. Naturally I refused. It was no longer news, but straight propaganda.

The bombing that night did scattered damage in Berlin and resulted in several scores of casualties, but I was in bed when the alarm sounded and decided to stay there. Barbe and Lanius were caught at the radio station and had to remain all night.

On the night of March 23 the British came to Berlin again, and this time I was caught. My program, a Sunday night spot aired at nine thirty out of Berlin at that time, was over and I had gone to a restaurant a block from the radio station to eat dinner. My work done, I ate leisurely and had not finished when I was informed that planes were approaching Berlin. I hurried from the restaurant to the street, saw a bus bound for the hotel shoot by, and so ran down the stairs into the Kaiserdamm subway station. A moment later the sirens sounded and the gates clanged shut.

Here and there along the platform were other people, a few soldiers, men and women. I paid little attention—merely sat down on a bench and tried to sleep. It was cold and I used the newspapers I had to gain some warmth. An attendant went by. I mentioned the cold clamminess to him.

"*Schrecklich*, terrible," he said, and went on his way.

There was a muffled roar and the subway shook. We all looked toward the exits. Undoubtedly a bomb had fallen near by. I learned the next day it had landed just a block away. The British were trying to bomb the radio station again. They never hit it, although they dropped their charges on all sides, sometimes within a few hundred feet.

The hours passed. Despite the cold I dozed off. About four in the morning I awoke from a troubled sleep. All of the other people in the subway had disappeared. I thought I had missed the all-clear, ran to the gate from which I had entered, but found it still locked. I hastened to the others, but they were all closed. Then, at one end of the platform, I saw a door open to a small wooden building. I walked to it, looked inside, and found it was a shelter. It was filled with all the other people who had been on the subway platform, sitting on benches and resting their heads on wooden tables. What was more, it was a heated room.

I was fuming angry. None of the Nazis had been courteous enough to tell me about the shelter, not even the attendant with whom I had talked. These people thought of no one but themselves. I was there two hours, obliged to lean against the wall because the Germans had all the bench seats. Over by the door a German with a flowing moustache, who thought himself funny, spent the entire time in loud raucous chatter and kept everyone awake.

Some weeks previously Dave Nichol of the *Chicago Daily News* had dropped in to see me in the Adlon. He had just had news, he said, that his wife had a baby in Chicago. He could think of little else since he was so far away. A few days later

he told me he had talked with his wife on the telephone, had a splendid connection, and both were well.

About the same time I had a cable from Ruth telling me that Pat had been very seriously ill, but that she was now better. They had all been stricken with influenza, she said, and the doctor had recommended their moving to an apartment where they would have more air for Pat. The hotel apartment was too confining. Pat scrawled at the end of the letter. It was her letter to Daddy. Ruth sent pictures taken of her and Pat. I put them in the folder with my passport to carry with me all the time.

Listening to the feed-back during a broadcast one night, I heard Bill Dunn in the Philippines. I had seen him last in the Columbia office in New York when I left. The feed-back was one link with New York and those I knew that took on increased value as the months went by. Later, for a regretfully short time, the program included a two-way conversation with Bob Trout in New York. Even the questions had to be censored and relayed to Bob over the short wave before the program, but it was pleasant to talk with someone in the United States.

More correspondents prepared to leave. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oechsner were returning to the United States on April 2; Percy Knauth made plans to go to Switzerland to work for the *New York Times* and to be married; and Barbe was trying to obtain permission from the Nazis to go temporarily to Bulgaria.

Meanwhile I added another assistant. A Jewish girl had been translating special articles for me, and although I was glad to aid her, I found them phrased in such impossible English that they were practically useless. Furthermore it became increasingly dangerous to assist Jewish people within Germany. Brooks Peters of the *Times* recommended another girl, Mary Ann Kullmer, of Indianapolis, who had come to Germany five years before to study music, and who had been playing

the violin and conducting orchestras until the war began. I suggested that Miss Kullmer attempt some of the translations, Barbe proposed that she try to cover some of the press conferences. Since she had no news experience, I did not suppose she could aid with the conferences, but since we still had a man handling them we would miss nothing while she was on trial. It happened, to my surprise, that Miss Kullmer did a better job than the man we had been using and, in fact, furnished us with a report so accurate that the censors began to check that of NBC on the Foreign Office statements with mine. With two capable assistants, I found myself much better able to carry on the Berlin assignment.

Among the escorted trips that I took during this time was one to Aaschenleben, a little town near Leipzig. The Propaganda Ministry arranged it as a means of trying to discredit the ancestors of Wendell Willkie, since they had once lived in Aaschenleben. I went on the trip out of curiosity. Since this one was pure propaganda, I did not, however, report on it. I was principally interested in the character of the little German village and its people, both radically different from Berlin although near it. Aaschenleben appeared to have changed little since the days when Willkie's ancestors lived there. Most of the men still wore the small black flat peaked caps, jackets, and baggy trousers of their forefathers and the women wore aprons and full skirts.

During luncheon in the City Hall at Aaschenleben, one of the former Americans who was writing and working for the Nazis, a woman by the name of Beveridge, almost created a small international incident. I had seen her often at the press conferences, an elderly grey-haired woman who was matronly and attractive. She generally wore several Nazi decorations upon her coat. In Aaschenleben all the American correspondents were at one table. Mrs. Beveridge was with the Germans. Suddenly she arose and proposed a toast to Germany, saying she was speaking as an American.

"The United States," she said in German, "salutes Nazi Germany and fair play. I propose a drink to better relations between my country and yours."

The party rose and drank. We American correspondents remained seated. Two of us began to rise to protest. The others advised caution.

"It will do no good to make a scene," they said. "Our displeasure is evident enough."

The months brought a change in the French Cabinet: Admiral Jean Darlan was made its new head and Laval was ousted. As I reported that, this sentence was censored: "Darlan is said to be well liked in Germany, but Laval is favoured by the Nazis." When the man who was hated by the French and preferred by the Nazis was dropped from the government at Vichy there were many whispers in Germany. It was said that Laval had ceased to be vice premier because he had planned to assassinate Pétain.

The attempted plot came at the time when Hitler offered to send from Vienna to Paris the ashes of *L'Aiglon*, the eaglet, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte by Marie Louise of Austria. Hitler declared with a flourish that the act was "a symbol of goodwill and hope for peace." Laval made arrangements for Hitler, Ribbentrop, Pétain, and himself to go to Paris for the ceremony.

The Germans recalled that Pétain did not make the trip, that Hitler and Ribbentrop were advised by cable that the program had been cancelled, and that Vichy was cut off from all communication with the outside world for twenty-four hours. After that Laval was arrested and it was announced that he had been removed from office. Otto Abetz, the German high commissioner, hastened to Vichy, but could not save Laval. Pétain remained firm. Hitler then intervened; he called Abetz by long distance, and did save Laval's life. It was then arranged, the Germans said, that announcement would be made that the vice premier had been dismissed because Pétain

was angry because Laval had made the arrangements for the ceremony without consulting him. That was the story the world heard, but the haste with which the Nazis hushed up the story, the way in which Schmidt avoided all answers to questions on the subject in the press conferences, and the fact that I was not permitted to make more than passing reference to the situation gave reason to suspect not only Laval but the Nazis themselves. As the man who had initiated plans for collaboration with the Nazis, who hated England and wanted to cooperate with the Nazis and who even appeared hopeful of his being the French Hitler, the Nazis wanted Laval as premier.

I recall the time, just after the fall of France, when swarthy, carelessly dressed Laval, with the butt end of a cigarette in his mouth, and talking in his usual manner, with grunts between phrases, said:

"The British are doomed. By October they will have been licked. They have not acted squarely by us. Neither have the Jews. All these people have done us is great harm. We have been sorely defeated. If we are to recover we must come to an understanding with the Nazis."

That was the tune that this man who wanted to crack the whip over his fellow countrymen bleated continually into the ears of worried, heartsick, aged Pétain.

When the Belgian provinces of Eupen-et-Malmédy and Moresnet were incorporated into the Reich, each was to have a representative in the Reichstag for each 60,000 population, but the people were to have no voice in choosing the men to represent them; Hitler would name them. It made no difference. It was all an empty show, since the Reichstag no longer had a chance to vote on or even to discuss any question. Their main function appeared to be attending and listening to Hitler's speeches.

One of Hitler's speeches was made in Munich on February 24, the anniversary of the birth of the Nazi Party. Mussolini made a speech at the same time. Neither said much. The rhap-

sodic press proclaimed that the talks were like "the purge of a thunderstorm in spring." Hitler's speech included claims of British shipping losses—215,000 tons in the reports for the last two days—and another challenge:

"From March and April on, those gentlemen [in England] will have to be prepared for something very different [from the sinking of ships]. They will see whether we have been asleep during the winter, or whether we have made good use of our time. . . . One thing is certain: Wherever Britain touches the Continent she will immediately have to reckon with us, and wherever British ships appear, our submarines will attack them until the hour of decision comes."

Like a previous Hitler statement, this was an obvious indication that the Nazi Chancellor knew of Britain's plans to aid Greece. He was taking advantage of the fact that Britain would be thus invading Europe to try to tell Greece that Germany, when she moved, would not be attacking her, but England. Germany hoped at that time, despite the fact that one of her allies was fighting Greece, to keep Greece friendly and possibly to prevent her even opposing the Nazi armies as they marched in. Nazi Germany always tried first to conquer a country peacefully. Thus she could always say her aims were peaceful, if the other country would surrender. Nazi Germany was like the robber who generously will not shoot you if you hand over all your possessions quietly.

The Nazi troops were about ready to strike. On February 10 the *Brüsseler Zeitung* reported significantly that twenty-eight trains, fourteen in each direction, on five lines leading to the border of Bulgaria, had been ordered to cease traffic. No reason was given for the action and I was not permitted to state more than the fact.

The Nazis were then hopeful of bringing Yugoslavia into the Axis. On February 14 Hitler and Ribbentrop met with Dr. Dragisha Cvetkovitch, the Yugoslavian Prime Minister, and Cincar-Markovitch, Foreign Minister, at Ober-Salzburg, in a

conference that lasted more than three hours. Despite these activities, Schmidt of the Foreign Office took occasion to point out there had been no change in relations with Greece. Efforts to influence stubborn Turkey continued with the Nazi motion-picture demonstration of their might, *Victory in the West*, shown at a dinner for Rıfık Saydam, the Turkish Prime Minister. The Nazi radio said hopefully: "The Turkish guests were profoundly impressed."

On February 28 there was a rumour that German troops had marched into Bulgaria and I had a tip—that I thought was exclusive—that Bulgaria would sign the Tri-Power Pact at Vienna the next day. Bulgaria did yield to Nazi pressure on March 1, with Bogdan Philov, her Prime Minister, being careful to declare that Bulgaria was determined to continue "and deepen her traditional friendly relations with Russia." Ribbentrop, threatening Yugoslavia, talked of "others who will soon join with us." On March 3 it was officially announced in Berlin that German troops had marched into Bulgaria. DNB said that: "In order to prevent England's threat of spreading the war to the Balkans and to protect Balkan interests, German troops, with the approval of Bulgaria [which had no choice], have crossed the Bulgarian border."

The announcement said the troops would occupy strategic points and take over the communications "to prevent British attempts at sabotage." Just to make this seem more reasonable, the Nazis manufactured stories of British efforts to blow up Bulgarian utility works and even planted explosives in the bags of the British Ambassador, George W. Randall, timed to blow up as he landed in Turkey. This was expected to convince Bulgaria of British perfidy and also to warn Turkey. Turkey, which apparently realized the absurdity of an ambassador's actually carrying explosives, announced she would "continue independent in foreign relations," and on March 5 was reported mobilized.

The verbal attack on Yugoslavia was intensified. The *Völ-*

kischer Beobachter said Bulgaria's compliance "should induce certain hesitating countries to listen to the appeals of the new day." The *Essener National Zeitung* said: "Bulgaria's entry opens new possibilities for an extension of the peace policy to other territories. This is the positive side of the pact; the negative can be deduced from the fate of Greece." For Yugoslavia it was: "Sign or face the consequences." On March 3 the German radio warned Greece that she was lost militarily—the Nazis were on her flank. On March 5 the Berlin papers were filled with pictures of Nazi tank and infantry units moving over bridges and along roads in Bulgaria. Engineers, scouts, armoured units, communication corps, artillery, and planes were in the armies.

The British sought to divert attention by taking prisoner a number of Germans and Norwegians in a surprise attack on an island off the Norwegian coast. On March 7 I read in the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen* that a factory for making whale oil had been burned on Austratoy, and that the Nazis had punished the remaining people on the island by burning the homes of all those who had left and fining the populace 100,000 kronen. I was able to use the item only after a long argument, and the Nazis required that I insert that the punishment had been decreed "according to international law." As long as they could say their action was based on a rule or law, the Nazis thought any crime was justified.

It was interesting that *German Diplomatic and Political Correspondence*, the official publication of the Foreign Office, said the same day that "International law does not oblige Germany to feed civilian populations of occupied countries and does not require Germany to make reparations for damage done in the war. International law even authorizes the German army to take an adequate share of the economic resources of the occupied territory." Thus the Nazis were stating that they were morally upright when they permitted conquered peoples to starve and even robbed these people of their supplies. The

Nazis made starvation one of their weapons, to break the spirit of proud people, and at the same time put a halo over their own heads.

War with food as a weapon was going on constantly all over Europe; it was waged through treaties, which the Nazis considered legal even though they were made at the point of guns. Early in February, as oranges came into the Reich, it was announced that Spain had exported 1,690 tons of oranges during the week, 1,550 of them going to Germany. In Belgium, as an excuse for the seizure of food, the Nazis charged that the people were being asked exorbitant prices. On that basis, the control authorities in Ghent alone seized during the month of January 160,000 pounds of potatoes, 23,000 pounds of barley, 2,000 pounds of wheat, 11,000 pounds of rye, 1,000 pounds of pork, and 2,700 of smoked meat.

In the Netherlands, as the Dutch continued to make trouble for the Nazis, the commander of the German armed forces demanded that all those who possessed arms of any kind surrender them to the Nazi authorities or face penalties, of which the maximum was death. The police force in The Hague was increased by three hundred men. Among the sentences meted out in the Netherlands at this time were five months to a Dutch woman for having written poems insulting the German soldiers and authorities; six months to a teacher for having said that German planes had dropped bombs on the Dutch; and four months to a metal worker for having written a poem making fun of Reichskommissar Seyss-Inquart. Eighteen Dutch citizens were tried and condemned to death as instigators of strikes and demonstrations in the Netherlands. The Dutch were warned against opening windows or doors during a raid because they thus guided the British to their targets. The Netherlands meat ration was cut to seven ounces for ten days, less than a fifth of the German ration for a week. The fact that horse meat was being sold was censored from my script. Food worth 100,000 florins was seized.

Seyss-Inquart, the Reichskommissar, spoke out. He said he hoped the Dutch had learned by recent experiences "how inexorably the German occupational force will safeguard their rights and their mission. . . . Europe will be laid in ruins," he warned, "before Germany will give up this fight."

Nazi officials were given all responsible posts in The Hague, Amsterdam, Zwolle, and Haarlem. All Jewish shops, factories, and other businesses were given Aryan trustees, with the Jews required to pay the cost of the trusteeship, and the trustees having full power to lease or sell. The Nazis put themselves on the board of directors of every important Dutch business, including the largest radio manufacturing company in Europe, Phillips Radio.

The Germans were trying to break the spirit of the Dutch, but all the Dutchmen with whom I talked remained as defiant as ever. Later I heard in Berlin of Dutchmen who stood in the streets as the RAF came over, cheering the British to the echo. Later Germany had trouble with Dutchmen who hid British airmen when they were brought down. In Berlin I knew one Dutchman who delighted in arousing the Germans about him as he talked English with me as loud as possible in the subways in the hope that some German would object.

But the troubles in the Netherlands, Belgium, and Norway—where ten Norwegians were sentenced to death by a Nazi court martial, including one who had a secret radio and was sending messages to England—were digressions from the main road of Nazi movement at the moment. Difficulties in the occupied countries were constant, but the Nazis pushed on. The spotlight was on Yugoslavia and Greece.

On March 8 the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* devoted half its front page to talking about United States aid to Yugoslavia. "Yugoslavia," said the paper, "knows that her politics are determined by her position on the Danube; and with the march of German troops into Bulgaria, Yugoslavia has something else to consider." On March 14, Nazi sources confirmed the

presence of British troops in Greece, but the Nazis were not ready to say whether their troops would march against them. The question was dodged in press conferences. Yugoslavia was interfering with the Nazi schedule.

On March 8 the *D.A.Z* had five articles on the United States on its first three pages, and in a paper like the *D.A.Z.*, which publishes few and lengthy stories, that was almost the whole of these most important pages. One article was on the Lease-Lend Bill, which they tried to minimize. Another made light of the number of destroyers sent to England.

The *Brüsseler Zeitung* continued the attack on Yugoslavia. "There are still people who are undetermined, cowardly and hypocritical, those who have been made silly, and do not realize a Continental bloc is being formed," said the paper. "The generosity of the victors is great, but their patience cannot last forever."

Little Yugoslavia was standing bravely defiant before giant blustering Germany. We in Berlin cheered—among ourselves.

On March 16, the German day of memory for soldiers lost in the first World War, I heard Hitler make another speech, this time in the Zeughaus, or Armoury, where the banners, armour, guns, and other mementoes of centuries of conflict are on exhibition. The Zeughaus is in the Lustgarten, at the eastern end of the Axis. Berlin was decorated everywhere with swastikas for the day, and even the United States Embassy flew the American flag at half mast. Storm Troopers in black, party members in brown, and the police in green lined the streets all the way from the Adlon to the Zeughaus, and crowds milled in the streets behind the ropes that were strung from curb to curb. Inside the hall, on the main floor, were leaders of the army, navy, air force, and party. Men wounded in this war sat in wheel-chairs along the sides. Soldiers bearing the various regimental colours stood alongside and in a half circle to the rear of Hitler on the platform.

My post was in the balcony directly in a line with Herr Hit-

ler. As Hitler talked, I wandered about, found that motion-picture men were busy in the west balcony, and that the radio was picking up the talk near by. I had my camera and tried to include shots at positions directly over Der Führer, but soldiers were on guard there. They were afraid that someone might take advantage of the opportunity to drop a bomb or shoot, even though each of us had to have his credentials examined before he was admitted.

Hitler did not speak in the same fashion as usual on this occasion. He used no gestures and gave his words no emotional stress. Instead, he rested his hands on the sides of the rostrum, read from his manuscript, and hardly lifted his eyes from its pages. At the same time his text did not differ in tenor or content.

"Today German forces stand throughout the world, men and material strengthened to an inconceivable degree, ready to complete joyfully and confidently what was begun in the epochal year 1940," he said. "Behind us lies a winter of work. What remained to be improved has been done. The German army is now the strongest military instrument in our history. In the months of this winter our allies bore the brunt of the whole power of the British attack, but from now on, German forces again will resume their share of the burden. No power and no support coming from any part of the world can change the outcome of this battle in any respect. England will fall. . . . We enter the year 1941 cool and determined to end what started the year before. It is quite immaterial what part of the earth or in which sea or in what air space our German soldiers fight."

After the talk Hitler marched behind goose-stepping columns to the tomb of the unknown soldier, a stone-columned structure open to the sky, where Storm Troopers stood on constant guard and torches burned alongside a black granite slab. The tomb is immediately to the west of the Zeughaus. The crack Berlin military band, which is led by a man who can

goose-step so high he must have been a dancer before the war, played and marched first. I pushed my way into the front line of the crowd to take motion pictures, with one German officer on the curb even obligingly lowering his saluting arm. Hitler passed within a few feet.

For two days afterwards the Berlin papers were still putting Hitler's speech in the main headlines since no new stories had developed. The Berlin radio and press began the practice of quoting from the latest Hitler speech for weeks afterwards. Two days later, when Schmidt was asked what Germany had to say about Britain landing troops in Greece, the fat little spokesman was disturbed. Yugoslavia was still firm.

"When Germany acts she will do so on her own information and not on that furnished by the correspondents," he said.

"What about relations with Greece? Have they changed?" he was asked.

He replied glumly: "I have nothing to say."

Meanwhile the Nazis admitted that the *Bremen* was on fire, that the blaze had broken out on March 16 and was still being fought the next day. It was not said where the *Bremen* was, nor was it admitted that the fire had resulted from a British bombing.

On March 19 Schmidt was asked what Germany had to say about a recent statement by someone in America that the United States was already at war with Germany. The spokesman had not regained his old composure. He replied, snapping:

"Germany herself decides when and with whom she is at war."

I had the tip that day that Yugoslavia would sign the Tri-Power Pact within a week, after all. Germany appeared to be making some progress. Two days later I was able to make the prediction that it would be signed on the following Sunday, March 23. As a threat, *Victory in the West* was shown in Belgrade. On March 23, with the pact still not signed, it was an-

nounced that the German news weekly was now being shown in 250 Yugoslavian theatres. It also was considered propagandist presentation of Nazi might. On Monday, the 24th, Yugoslavia was still holding out, but it was then rumoured the signature would be forthcoming on the following day in Vienna. Yugoslavia did sign that day, but after the signing there were rumours of a military putsch, and on March 29 a new government had taken over. The first Balkan state had dared to defy the Nazis.

I broadcast the details of the protests of the brave Yugoslavs with admiration for the people of that country. We correspondents talked at length about their spirit.

"They are people," it was said, "who would rather fight than anything else. . . . They had such a hatred of the Italians that no Italian was safe within their borders, but now they are turned against another nation, the Nazis. . . . The Yugoslavs admit no people as capable of dictating to them."

The Nazis, as always intent on their idea of "Divide and rule," blamed all the trouble on the Serbs, praising the Croats, hoping to take advantage of the age-old division within the country. Despite the fact that the radio, press, and all other Nazi sources always blamed the Serbs for the defiance, I used the term "Yugoslavs" constantly. The censors were apparently too worried to notice and challenge that.

To the delight of all of us, the Yugoslavs hissed the German Ambassador, one mob burned the Nazi swastika, and lines of people were reported passing a stone on which the swastika was laid to spit upon it. Knowing something of Balkan customs, we presumed, and probably rightly, that the insults given to the swastika included actions that could not be written or broadcast.

Nazi Germany, not ready for war with Yugoslavia, and with her troops on the Bulgarian borders facing Greece, was unprepared to act; she had to continue to threaten. There were rumours that troops were being moved toward the Yugoslav

border, as they were, but that passage was censored from my script.

By March 31, news came that the Germans were being evacuated from Yugoslavia, the first group of 170 reaching the border that day. It was reported that anyone within the country who spoke German was knocked down, that German stores were being demolished by mobs, German farm homes set afire; and one German was said to have been thrown from a train window. The swastika was declared burned into the cheeks of a German peasant. The Yugoslavs were quoted making picturesque statements, such as: "Those dogs soon will have grass in their mouths," and: "Away with you German swine. We want to see blood. We shall torture the *Schwaben*. We shall pave our roads with them!"

Concurrent with this demonstration of defiance of the Nazis, Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka was visiting the Reich. Before his coming was announced, *Der Angriff* proclaimed: "Japan's fleet ready for all threats." *D.A.Z.* printed an article on Guam. The *Börsen Zeitung* called Japan "master of the Pacific. Japan controls the area from northern Korea to Indo-China," the paper said, "and is superior to any adversary that might put itself in her way."

Oshima, the new Ambassador, sturdy, black-haired, round-faced, smiling, was received by Hitler at his mountain retreat. With Japan even then planning war on the United States, Oshima said in an interview published in the *Völkischer Beobachter*: "Japan's aim is the new order in Asia. If the United States tries to oppose Japan in this effort, she will gain nothing by her attitude. Japan at all times has sought an understanding with the United States, but it does not appear that the United States wants to understand her honest peace efforts." (Japan was talking peace in the same manner as her tutor, Germany—peace if Japan was permitted to take what she wanted, when she wanted, and as she wanted.)

Das Reich declared, with a truth we did not then realize,

that "Matsuoka's visit is not a mere polite gesture, but it will gather the maximum strength for the deciding blow." The *V.B.* said it was "a diplomatic move against England and the United States." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* warned that: "A great political offensive has begun and will develop still farther. The Tri-Power Pact brings together the elements of a new *world* order."

On March 21 the decoration of the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden began for Matsuoka's visit. The next day there were flag-staffs every five feet on the roof-tops along the route that Matsuoka would take from the Anhalter Bahnhof to the Bellevue Palace in the Tiergarten. Other flags, some Nazi and some Japanese, and here and there an Italian flag, were between each pair of lamp-posts. Unfinished buildings along the route were boarded up and painted. Flag towers were erected in the Pariser Platz, just east of the Brandenburg Gate. My remark that this was in complete contrast with the preparations for the visit of Molotoff was censored.

The Day of the Army, one of the Winter Help collection periods, intervened. In preparation for that occasion, the Armistice car from Compiègne was set up in the Lustgarten, a fee being charged as people moved on a special platform past the dark-finished car and peered into its windows; German light and heavy tanks, airplanes, anti-aircraft and other guns were stationed in the open place between the Staats Opera and one of the palaces of the kaisers off the Linden, with boys permitted to crawl all over them, turn the cranks, and look into the sights; German army field kitchens were stationed in the park strip on the Linden to serve food; and barracks, drill grounds, naval bases, and airfields all over the Reich were made the scenes of military demonstrations, games, and entertainments in which celebrities of the motion pictures, vaudeville, and opera took part.

I visited one of the barracks in Berlin where rooms were made into cafés representative of Spain, Rumania, Russia, the

Netherlands, Scandinavia, Italy, the Balkans, and even the United States. That interesting fact recalled that the unemotional Germans, unlike the people in the United States, despite the propaganda in the newspapers against the United States, did not react against American citizens and things American—except in isolated cases. The Stars and Stripes were still on the Haus Amerika out by the Adolf Hitler Platz, in the mosaic on the wall of the Braun store on Unter den Linden, a British and an American flag were entwined in a bakery-shop sign on the Friedrichstrasse just off the Linden, and the Stars and Stripes were still on the wall of the Haus Vaterland in the Potsdamerplatz.

The Haus Vaterland, like the barracks, had rooms set aside for different countries. The Wild West Bar had log-cabin walls, pictures of Lincoln and Jefferson over the booths, one of Bill Hart over the bar, and an Anheuser-Busch print of *Custer's Last Stand* beside the bar. Off at one side was a window arranged as if looking over a scene in the West, with hills in the background and a lighted lone cabin in the valley. The big blond waiters, with bandannas around their necks, and wearing cowboy shirts and chaps, were incongruous in their costumes, but by no means as amazing as Germany, ready to war with the United States, completely without emotional reaction to that country.

Outside the door of the Wild West Bar I stopped beside a light-gun machine, by which the operator could aim and shoot at pictures of passing planes. Two young anti-aircraft soldiers were busy there. I watched them. One fired away intently and then stepped back, patted himself on the chest, and boasted of his perfect score.

"Give me my *Ritter Kreuz* (Iron Cross)," he cried.

In Potsdam, on the Day of the Army, soldiers stood on guard at the gates of the Kaserne Barracks in the colourful uniforms of the Kaiser's *Garde de Corps*, and some marched and rode by in these uniforms and those of the Hussars, Uhlans, and

Dragoons. Other people rode through the parks in the carriages and tallyhos of their ancestors. In one barracks there was trick riding on horses and motorcycles, tanks staged a sham battle, children were given rides in army motorcycle sidecars, in armoured trucks, and in tanks, small boys lay behind a machine gun to fire at a suspended model airplane, and German girls spent ten pfennigs to talk on the telephone with an unknown soldier.

That was on March 23. Three days later, Matsuoka arrived shortly after six in the evening at the Anhalter Bahnhof, where the dull smoky walls were draped with banners that hung from the roof, and there were banks of fir and myrtle, hydrangeas, golden rain, and spiræa. The flags of Germany, Japan, and Italy were entwined at one end of the track, and the rising sun of Japan was formed with yellow chrysanthemums in a giant wreath at the exit. The train came in with small metal swastikas on the engine. Representatives of the Nazi ministries, the party, and the armed forces were in line to await Matsuoka. With them were Japanese military, some wearing the swords of the Samurai.

Outside, along the stairway, were Hitler Youth. Along the route of the procession were thousands of other people—the papers said a million—all marched from their jobs to the scene, dismissed for the day, and required to take places in the forced demonstration. I watched them as they marched to their posts, with their foremen and other superiors alongside. During the afternoon I had also seen trucks run up and down the lines, tossing out Japanese and German flags for the crowds to wave. Every here and there was a military band. At other spots loudspeakers carried martial music.

Matsuoka, small, five feet two, thin, his head closely shaven, his features small, his spectacles heavy platinum-rimmed, and wearing a small grey moustache, stepped from the train to shake hands with everyone in the assembly line. He wore a frock coat and carried a top hat in one hand. From the station

he rode to the Wilhelmstrasse and up the center park strip of the Linden to Bellevue Palace, one of the summer palaces of the kaisers.

The German radio broadcast the première, sent to Japan by short wave, of Japanese festival music written by Richard Strauss for the twenty-sixth-hundredth anniversary of the Japanese Empire, and motion pictures showed *The Daughter of the Samurai*, the first film made jointly by the Germans and the Japanese. Matsuoka started on his round of banquets and receptions.

The Berlin papers said Matsuoka's visit was an important new move in the offensive against Great Britain and the United States. *Der Angriff* quoted Matsuoka as saying he was convinced that Britain and the United States would always oppose Japan's ideas for the Far East, and that Japan had therefore joined with Germany. In a radio talk Matsuoka said that Japan was just as anxious as Germany and Italy to carry on to final victory.

Schmidt, questioned as to whether Matsuoka was speaking English, since he knew no German and most of the Germans did not know Japanese, replied: "If two allies can get along better speaking the language of the enemy, then it is all right."

On one of these days Matsuoka visited Hitler, and crowds were gathered outside the Chancellery on the Wilhelmstrasse in another demonstration. Hitler was expected to appear on the balcony with the Nipponese. I had a position on the corner, not far from the balcony, where one German policeman told me he had a brother in Philadelphia. The people were assembled in the open square across the street, fronted by police and Storm Troopers. The afternoon wore on and it grew dark. The crowd grew impatient, began to yell. Finally, after the people had waited five hours, Der Führer deigned to appear; he merely stepped to the balcony and saluted. The people had waited all the afternoon for that.

Preparing for the departure of Matsuoka, *Der Angriff* or-

dered the people to make another appearance. "The Berlin population," it said, "will take their places along the given route toward 16 o'clock to say farewell."

Before leaving, on March 30, Matsuoka was taken to Potsdam. I went over to the Bellevue Palace that morning with Plack to accompany the party. Plack wanted an excuse to go and I was glad of the opportunity to see a Nazi demonstration from the inside. Plack had to obtain special papers to get past the guards into the palace. We walked through the suites, each one decorated to represent a different period and colour scheme, each with at least one bath, a dressing-room, office, or library, and with access to a music-room. The German emperors in their glory were probably no more showy in their magnificence than the Nazis. I had heard that the palace was fitted with an underground air-raid shelter, as sumptuously furnished as the suites, and almost as complete as those for Hitler, Göring, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, and other high members of the gang, but I did not get to see it.

The procession left the place to go out the Axis through the Grunewald, where Nazi secret police in plain clothes stood every few feet and tried to look like ordinary strollers in the park, but made themselves the more conspicuous. It reminded me of the guard for Molotoff. We went into the Garrison Church in Potsdam to see the tomb in which rest the bodies of Frederick the Great and his father, Frederick Wilhelm I, and where Hitler had taken the oath of office. The flags of the *Garde de Corps* were on both sides of the upper face of the tomb, and flags from almost all the wars of the German nation hung from the balconies. After a talk by a Nazi guide, Matsuoka signed his name in sprawling Oriental characters in the guest book and continued on his way. The next stop was at Sans Souci, where we wandered through the palace built by Frederick the Great above the famous colourful terraced gardens, on which windows used to look from the complete length of the palace, but the windows have been covered with con-

crete because of the war. We came first into an entrance hall, marble-floored and pillared. Candles shone from candelabra to light the way. The quarters for the King were on one side, and those for guests on the other. Nothing had been changed through the centuries. We stopped in the music-room to look at the flute that Frederick the Great had played, and in the library to examine the plans he had made for the structure, his will, and a number of his poems. They were all in French.

"Frederick the Great always spoke in French," said Plack.

From there we walked down the steps into the gardens, purposely passing the Oriental tea-room, a circular structure, on which are golden figures of mandarins and men and women in Oriental dress, all life-size; then we stopped at the New Palace, built in 1763-9, looked into some of the two hundred rooms, including the theatre, and sat down for luncheon. I was the only correspondent in the party.

As we ate, a Nazi policeman stuck his head in the door. "I've got a fellow out here who's been wandering around. We caught him as he was going down one of the halls. He says he's a German newspaperman. What will we do with him?" he asked. The man was examined and permitted to remain for the luncheon.

As we rode back in the procession to the railroad station, the crowd dutifully cheered even as the car carrying Plack and me went past. At the station Matsuoka stepped from his automobile and passed before a guard of honour that held its rifles at salute. Plack and I remained behind until the guard had assumed the position of rest. Then we started past, but the guard immediately snapped to salute again. Plack raised his hand in salute. I walked normally, smiling, and decided to put my hands in my pockets. I wondered what the guard thought of the peculiar person who did not acknowledge the salute.

That was funny, but other occurrences of the time were serious. On the morning of March 15 one of my German informants came in to ask whether I knew Dick Hottelet had

been arrested by the Nazi Gestapo. I had been talking with Dick just the night before at the Propaganda Ministry conference. He had always been bitterly anti-Nazi and caustic about the Germans, and we were laughing about the conference which was almost always devoid of news. The Nazis had decided not to inform the American press any more of fore-alarms, and I told Dick that if the radio continued to tell me, as I certainly hoped, I would be glad to tip him off.

Dick was a tall, slender fellow of twenty-three, blond, and, with his glasses, studious-looking. He was born in Brooklyn, had come to Germany to study philosophy, and joined the United Press, for which he was a by-line writer.

The news came as an obvious shock. I investigated, to learn that the Gestapo had come at seven in the morning into the apartment where he lived with Joe Grigg, took Dick away, and began an immediate search of his quarters. The police then went to the offices of the United Press on Unter den Linden and searched the desks and files of Hottelet, Oechsner, and Grigg. They took nothing.

That night the papers carried a picture of Dick without his glasses, apparently one that had been taken at the police station. They all carried the same brief statement, issued by DNB: "The American journalist, Richard Hottelet, who represented an American news agency, was arrested in Berlin this morning on a charge of espionage for an enemy power."

We learned that he was confined in Alexanderplatz prison, and tried to see him, but could not. The censors refused to permit me to say: "His colleagues and officials of the United States Embassy have been denied a chance to visit him." Four long days afterwards I was able to say that officials of the United States Embassy would be able to talk with Hottelet next day. None of us was ever permitted to see him.

Obviously, Dick had been arrested in reprisal for arrests of Germans in the United States, with two other American correspondents, Jay Allen in France and another man in Scan-

dinavia, taken into custody at the same time, for the same reason. We realized that any of us, instead of these three, might have been the victims. It merely happened that the Nazis picked on men against whom, if they wished, they would be able, before their own peculiar courts, to prove what they could make look like a case. Jay Allen had crossed over the border between occupied and unoccupied France, and Dick, according to what we could deduce, had been writing to a girl in England. It was possible that he had used roundabout means of getting letters to her. It was innocent enough, but the Nazis could make it look like espionage. Any one of us, in the mere business of reporting in a country like Nazi Germany, could be made to appear spies. We were worried about Dick.

A few days later the United States seized German, Italian, and Danish vessels in her harbours. The Nazis made no comment for several days, probably because Central and South American powers had done the same thing, and they did not want to offend them. About a Roosevelt speech, Schmidt merely quoted an old German saying: "Don't become angry, merely be astounded." The *Völkischer Beobachter* began to prepare the people for the announcement of the ship-seizures; they said on April 3, four days after they had occurred, that the United States "is about to confiscate all European ships in American ports." *German Diplomatic and Political Correspondence*, which did not reach the people, said it was "an American gangster coup, an American Wild West trick, a disregard of international law."

That same day we learned that eight American citizens were taken into custody by the Gestapo, questioned about residence, age, parents, and other such details, and, except for one, released almost immediately. Among those arrested were Arthur E. Dunning, president of the German-American Chamber of Commerce, who had been in Germany for thirty years, and the Reverend Stewart Herman. Most were students. One was a Negro in Germany studying music. Dickson was held all

night, from six thirty to four in the morning. We thought that Dickson, who was inclined to worry, would suffer from the experience, but we found instead that he was exuberantly talkative about it. All the arrests were obvious reprisals.

The Adlon Hotel began to demand the payment of my bill every day. I protested that I had not arranged for the money in that fashion and that such a request was not justified since Shirer and I had successively lived in the hotel for years.

"Yes, Mr. Flannery," said the manager, "but you know how it is. We may be at war with the United States any day, or something may happen to you. We must ask that you pay every day."

I refused, but found that the clerks at the desk stopped me to ask about the bill every time I passed.

With the general situation ominous, CBS in New York asked me to go to Switzerland to talk with them. I prepared to leave on Saturday, April 5. A few days before, I had sent a birthday wire to little Pat. She was just two years old.

Chapter XI

NOMINALLY FREE SWITZERLAND

WHENEVER possible I travelled by plane in Europe. It took all day to go to Munich from Berlin by train, a mere few hours by plane. Going to Switzerland from Munich, a plane carried me as far as Zürich, with the ride over the last stretch of mountains bumpy but picturesque. Only one other person travelled with me out of Munich, a Swiss consular official.

Obtaining a visa to Switzerland within a few days was not easy. It was first necessary to obtain an exit visa from the Germans and on this occasion, since I said I was going there for a rest, I got that quickly. Obtaining an entrance visa from the Swiss was more difficult. The usual procedure was to apply to the Consulate on Unter den Linden, convince the authorities there that I had an important reason for visiting the country, and then wait ten days or more for the Swiss police to check your references. I went instead to the Swiss Embassy, which I got into with difficulty, only to be referred to the Consulate. After much argument I learned that a letter from the United States Embassy would facilitate matters. I therefore decided to obtain one from the highest authority, Morris, the chargé d'affaires. After that I had the visa within a few hours. Lanius, trying to go to Switzerland at the same time, did not have such good luck.

After wartime Germany, Switzerland was a glorious relief.

There was a feeling of freedom even to step within that little Republic for a few days. After checking in at the hotel, I wandered down the banks of the Lake of Zürich, looking out over the water shared by swans and wild ducks, steamers, sailboats, and rowboats. I walked leisurely, watching several men using a crane to drop a yacht into the water, and stopping often to look off at the distant mountains.

The signs of war were there. Troops marched through the streets every now and then, air-raid precaution squads were everywhere, and a body of uniformed girls swung past with Swiss banners flying in the breeze. Almost every available vacant lot and even part of the parks had been planted with vegetables. Automobiles were few—less than a tenth, I was told, of what there used to be—but there were more American ones. A late-model Ford went by. Many operated on substitute fuels, and even those people who were able to procure gasoline were furnished only about three gallons a month.

After my stroll I went to the hotel bar and was delighted to see American cigarettes, French liqueurs, American whisky, and Scotch. When I first arrived in Europe most of the bars, including those in Germany, had Canadian Club, but by the first of the year 1941 the only whisky in the Reich was German, and that was, to me, undrinkably bad. Most of the Germans drank a white fluid that looked like gin and that I thought tasted like gasoline. At the Swiss bar I found Havana cigars and American pipe tobacco. It was good just to look at them.

For dinner I no longer had to have food cards for each item. Instead, those who ate in restaurants were furnished cards with coupons, one to be used for breakfast, one or two for luncheon, and two for dinner. I found that I could have my choice of coffee, tea, or chocolate. My first dinner in Switzerland was therefore a feast.

Those who did not eat in restaurants had food cards for coffee, meat, butter, sugar, cheese, milk, and grains. Leather and textiles also were rationed.

After dinner, smoking a Corona, I wandered into a city that almost made me blink since it was not blacked out until ten o'clock. Lights in signs and store windows, after months of blackouts, seemed glaring. I went past theatres that displayed posters advertising United States motion pictures, featuring Wallace Beery, Carole Lombard, and James Stewart. I picked up newspapers that printed news, that carried all the communiqués, British, Greek, Italian, and German, side by side; that had stories from Vichy, Washington, London, Moscow, and other world centres, as sent by British Reuter's, German DNB, and an American news agency. They were printed in French and German.

The people of Zürich spoke a German dialect, but those of Berne, I was to find, preferred to speak French. Although I could read the newspapers in French almost as easily as if they were in English, I spoke that language only after carefully studying each sentence beforehand. Thus I would carefully phrase my question in French, receive my answer, and then sometimes make the mistake of putting my next sentence in German.

The next day in Zürich was Sunday, April 6. It was an occasion to order ham and eggs and coffee, but while I waited for the order I found real honey on the table and began to eat that with bread. The breakfast was almost too much as a result. I went to Mass at Zürich's Notre Dame. It was Palm Sunday. Outside, as I walked with the people, who were carrying pine branches in lieu of palm because of the war, I noted crowds gathering on the corners. I joined one out of curiosity, and pushed through to find a woman selling papers, single-sheet extras. In big headlines they proclaimed that the Nazis had marched into Yugoslavia and Greece.

With that news, I took the first train to Berne. We had no radio facilities in Zürich, but could send from Berne. Furthermore, Betty Sargent, who had been assigned by Bill Shirer to act as a clearing agent for our activities in an otherwise Nazi-

dominated Europe, was there. I phoned that I was coming and asked her to cable Columbia. Most of the people about me on the train were Swiss, but two Germans sat across the aisle, and the couple in the seat facing me were Yugoslavian, or were at least talking the Serbo-Croatian language. He was Swiss and she was a Serb, and they were both flying from the threatened country. I could not understand the tongue, but did catch phrases about Yugoslavia and America. I sat there writing a letter to Ruth.

"The day is overcast and raining," I said. "We are now riding along a placid little stream over which white birds are flying. Off in the distance are green fields fronted with stubby hedges, and in them are green-shuttered white houses. The territory is growing more hilly and wooded. Here and there the hills reach into the sky as mist-shrouded snow-capped mountains. Between the mountains are newly ploughed fields, grass that is green with the freshness of spring, budding trees, and blossoms of white, blue, and yellow flowers. Some of the gardens have been planted on hillsides that are almost vertical."

In Berne I stopped at the Bristol, a small hotel near the centre of the interesting old city, where the buildings looked as if they had not changed in centuries, where the fountains every few blocks and the gaudily painted statue of a grotesque Pied Piper outside the hotel were in character, and the modern buses, street cars, and an occasional store front seemed out of place. Betty Sargent told me I was to begin broadcasting immediately, the next day, that she had made all arrangements, and that the studio was just around the corner.

The coming of the new campaign had changed my plans to go on to Geneva. Instead of seeing much of Switzerland, I was instead obliged to carry on as usual, but it was interesting to work in that country and good to be able to be of service as the war moved to a new front. It was hard to become accustomed to the freedom of Switzerland after being in Nazi Germany. I found that I could once more make appointments and

gather news without restriction. The Yugoslav military attaché was my best source of information. He was glad to talk and to explain the Yugoslavian situation in detail on maps in his office. He ordered tea when I arrived, and we sat down at least twice a day to talk over the moves in the war.

Censorship also was comparatively pleasant in Switzerland. The radio there had but one censor, who read my script in five or ten minutes, never changed a word, and then sat back to chat until broadcast time. The system for going on the air, however, I found was not as good as in Berlin, where I could hear the cues with the ear phones, or started at a definite time. I went on in Switzerland at a cue, but I could not hear it. There were no ear phones in the Berne studio. The engineer in the control-room had to hear the cues and then signal me with a red warning light and a green one to begin. That was worrisome when the time I was supposed to start talking had passed, since I could not be assured, by myself, through hearing the cue.

The atmosphere in Berne led me, I am afraid, into wishful thinking. Because I was glad to get away from the Nazis I did not get in touch with any of their sources in Berne and therefore obtained a one-sided picture. I actually thought that Yugoslavia with her mountains would be able to stop the Nazis, and that, finally, the Nazi blitzkriegs would be halted. The Yugoslavs would not try to hold the northern plains, even though they were covered with rich wheatfields, because they were not militarily defensible. They would also withdraw from Belgrade, which was not more than thirty miles from the Rumanian border; but the Yugoslav regulars would take their positions in the mountains, where mechanized units and large forces could not penetrate over the narrow trails. It would be, I thought, at least a long, hard campaign.

The first reports I had in Berne were that the Yugoslav troops were meeting with success along the Adriatic and might be able to make contact there with the Greeks. There was even a rumour that British troops had landed there. The Yugoslavs

had moved their capital to Vranje in the mountain sector, and had sunk concrete barges in the narrow, sixty-foot Iron Gate channel near Rumania. They were moving toward the mountains, but we in Berne were hopeful. It was pleasant to be able at least to try to present the situation as we then thought it actually was.

While in Berne, I discussed the fact that Switzerland had remained outside the shadow of the Nazi Reich, and learned that this was because the Nazis found the country more useful if it was nominally free. With Switzerland supposedly independent, the Nazis had a means of financial contact with the rest of the world. Also, they were able to get all they needed from Switzerland. They did not have to war for it. Switzerland was dependent on the Axis, surrounded by the Axis on every border but the west, with no seaport except Italian Genoa, no river transport but the German Rhine, and unable to get coal except from the Nazis, no iron or steel except from the Axis, and no oil except from Axis-controlled Rumania. Her factories were therefore busy manufacturing German arms, and she was obliged to sign a trade treaty with Germany for other goods needed by the Reich. Switzerland, even though nominally free, was almost as much within the Axis as, for instance, Hungary.

Meanwhile the Swiss individually held fast to their semblance of independence. They did not like the Germans and resented them, stubbornly continued to be neutral in their press and on their radio despite Nazi threats, and were ready to fight to the last man if the Nazis dared to try to move their troops over the borders. They were planning for self-sufficiency by 1943, every man had to serve at least a year in the army, and it was said that the mountain passes would be dynamited without a moment's hesitation if the Nazis moved toward them. All was in readiness for that possibility. Each Swiss was conscious of the oath that was first sworn thirteen hundred years ago: "We will be free as our fathers were free." The spirit of free-

dom was in the air, but the fact was that the Nazi tentacles had already spread within the little land. They merely had not gripped—yet.

Paul White told me, when I called New York on the telephone, that there was no need for any of us to worry about what would happen if the United States went into the war. Arrangements were under way, he said, with the State Department, to see that all we correspondents and press representatives got out with the diplomats. I called Ruth on her birthday, April 9, and told her that. The connection was good and we both felt it easier to talk from Switzerland. Pat was all right, Ruth said. She had found a new doctor for her and there was the chance of more air and exercise in the new apartment. Ruth said she had bought furniture for the place, was sorry that I could not have helped select it, and hoped I would approve. Her taste, I knew, was perfect. I only hoped I would be back soon to see them both.

The day before I left Berne, Paul cabled:

UPLINE MAN TAKE YOUR PLACE BERNE.

For a moment I was stumped. There were few Americans in Berne, or in Europe, for that matter, who were capable newsmen and who were not already engaged with a newspaper or agency. Finally I recalled Percy Knauth, who had aided us as Anderson in Berlin. I called Percy, found him receptive, but uncertain. He was with the *Times* and liked his post. I talked of Berne as the most important post on the Continent, one neutral spot that might be called upon to cover any other point in Europe for us. It did have the disadvantage that you could not check the claims of other countries from there and had to try to determine the truth from official statements, but it was the most logical clearing station on the Continent. Just before I had to leave, Percy agreed.

I started back to Berlin carrying with me a Hermes Baby typewriter, a Swiss make, lighter than any other manufactured

and thus the best for anyone who had to travel much by plane. I went into the air-line office in Zürich, had my baggage weighed in, and was asked about the machine.

"Yes, I bought it in Berne," I said. "I have been wanting one for some time. I could not get one in Berlin."

"Sorry, but you can't take it out of the country."

I argued.

"All right," said the official, "I'm just warning you. I won't act. We'll leave it to the customs men at the airport."

On the way to the bus that would carry me to the airport, the boy who carried my bags advised me. "If they ask you about it there," he said, "just tell them you've had it for some time. Don't say you've just bought it."

At the airport the officials—the same who had been on duty when I arrived a few days before—did not even notice the typewriter. We greeted one another like old friends.

I went on to Berlin.

Chapter XII

CLOTHES, CLEANLINESS, CENSORS, AND A CAMPAIGN

As I flew in over Berlin, and rode in the limousine from the airport to the Lufthansa office on the Friedrichstrasse and from the office to the Adlon, the German capital looked about the same as usual. When I greeted Barbe at the hotel, I was therefore surprised to hear him ask:

"How did you like the raid we had last night?"

I knew nothing about it. The papers in Germany never report news that quickly, and people even in an adjoining city, far more one as far away as Munich, never hear of the war happenings in the rest of the Reich. Nazi censorship and fear of the Gestapo see to that.

I put down my bags.

"Was it very bad?" I asked.

Barbe was beaming all over as the purveyor of unexpected news.

"The British planes were all over this place last night, especially around this hotel of ours," he said, "and they knocked the devil out of Unter den Linden. They hit the State Library down there, one of the old palaces, Göring's State Opera House, and other buildings up and down for several blocks on each side. The Opera House is gutted. The fire was so bright

that you could read a newspaper by it."

The story was especially surprising since I was, at the moment, within a few blocks of the buildings hit. Business was going on as usual near by. I set out to look at the sight. The roof of the State Library and part of an upper story were gone. A bomb also had gone into the adjoining building. More of the damage in both was evident on the Dorotheenstrasse at the rear. A bomb had hit the old palace from which one of the kaisers had looked out upon the parades in the Lustgarten, and there was scattered damage here and there elsewhere along the Linden, but the worst was in the State Opera House.

The stout brick exterior walls were still standing, but the auditorium was reduced to charred timbers and twisted girders. When I went into the structure I saw how directly and repeatedly it had been hit. One of the High Command officials told me that thirty incendiary bombs, probably in packs, had been dropped on the building as the planes swung over it in successive waves. The imperial box at the rear of the auditorium had collapsed, with the great golden eagle of the kaisers, mounted on heavy red velvet, for the back drop of the box, lying drenched, discoloured, and partly burned under the ruins. The auditorium looked as if it had been a raging furnace. There was less damage in the section beyond the stage since the heavy steel curtain had been dropped and shielded most of that. The cloth curtains, scenery, wings, and superstructure had been ignited by the heat and destroyed, but the floor boards, except for blackened parts of the surface, were unscathed.

I was reminded of the time late in December when the RAF dropped bombs another block to the east, hitting the Imperial Cathedral and two museums near by. The Nazis said, of course, that the British purposely bombed these buildings. They could not be blamed if they had, after all the damage to London that the Nazis had effected. But it was not consistent

for the Nazis to argue that the British were such poor shots when trying to hit military objectives and such good ones when aiming at structures such as those hit on the Linden. As a matter of fact, I feel certain the British were actually trying to hit the Wilhelmstrasse, on which is Goebbels's town house, the Propaganda Ministry, the Foreign Office, and Herr Hitler's Chancellery. That was just a few blocks away, and the RAF was closer this time than it had been in December.

The bombing had its effect on another member of the Axis. The Italian Opera Company were to have begun a series of performances in the Göring opera house the next week. They were routed instead to the German Opera House, farther west along the Linden, out near the Knie. I met some of them in the subways, confused and excited.

The following Sunday was Easter Sunday, and it appeared as if all Berlin had decided to take the traditional stroll toward the State Opera House. It was so crowded behind the ropes there that all foot traffic had to move one way. Some of the Easter Sunday crowd also was in the park of Sans Souci at Potsdam peering from beyond ropes toward the New Palace, penetrated by a bomb that had apparently damaged the dining-salon and the theatre of the old Prussian kings that I had seen not many weeks before. Two railroad stations, the Enem Bahnhof and the Bahnhof Wildpark, are near by. If there was any damage to industrial or transportation objectives, the German people were not allowed to see that; they were permitted to see sights like those at Sans Souci and along the Linden instead.

I observed no fine new clothes in the Berlin and Potsdam Easter Sunday parades. The people wore the same old clothes and so did the correspondents. At least I did. I had been warned and so came to Germany with three suits, two of them new, two pairs of shoes, and what I hoped would be enough underwear, shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, and ties—most of them new so that they would last as long as possible. I had bought

nothing except a pair of gloves, a pair of rubbers or overshoes, and a hat. For the first two I had to obtain a *Bezugschein*, or permit, from the press offices at the Propaganda Ministry, since none of the foreign correspondents was given a clothing card like the German people. I found the gloves without difficulty at Braun's, next to the Adlon, but it took me three weeks to find a pair of overshoes. I had them about a week before the trip to Garmisch, and then left them on the train that took us to Munich. I did not try to buy another pair after that. It was not worth the trouble.

New soles were needed for my shoes several times. Foreign correspondents were able to get real leather, although we had to wait six weeks before the work was done. It cost me twelve marks and eighty pfennigs, or about five dollars and twelve cents, to have my shoes soled and heeled. The Germans could not obtain real leather and had to be satisfied with a substitute material that would wear through in a month. Most women decided on wooden soles, which did not wear out and which could be obtained without a *Bezugschein* until the summer of 1941, when they, too, were not sold without a permit. The wooden soles were generally not in one unbendable piece. Instead they were cut in strips and attached to a tough material, so that there were several pieces for the sole, another for the instep, and another for the heel. Those worn in the summer often had but one piece for the sole, but they were made like sandals, with a strap back over the ankle so that the foot could bend naturally, although the shoe itself clopped along. It took some time to get used to these shoes, but I soon saw them everywhere.

Except for that period when wooden-soled shoes did not require a *Bezugschein*, no new shoes could be bought without application at the district office, where you declared you had only two pairs of shoes and proved, by showing one pair, that it was beyond the possibility of repair. The Gestapo visited homes every now and then to make certain that no one, espe-

cially women, had more than two pairs of shoes. If more were found, they were seized and the owner was liable to a fine.

Dry cleaning of clothes was practically impossible for the Germans and available, only now and then, for others. When I first landed in Berlin and was told I could not have my suit cleaned, after having had one cleaned each week in the United States, I thought it would be impossible to wear clothes without offending. However, after I had been there a few months, one of the porters told me he could arrange to have some clothes cleaned for me, although they might not be back for a month. I took the chance with one suit, which was returned within a week. The opportunity came only now and again, but one of the porters, after liberal tipping, advised me each time it was possible. I never learned whether the process was legal or not. I didn't care so long as I had a suit cleaned occasionally.

Once I made the mistake of sending a hat to the cleaner's. I say "mistake" because the thing came back apparently washed, instead of dry cleaned, and therefore little more than an unshapen mess. What was more, the lining had been removed, the hat band had been taken off and each came back separately. I looked at the pieces in amazement, and had to go out and buy a new hat.

Buying a hat in an American style is impossible in Germany. Until a month before I left, you did not need a *Bezugsschein* to buy one, and there were numerous hat stores, where the average price for a fair hat was twenty marks, or about eight dollars. Some could be bought for less, but not much. The price of women's hats was rising so high that the Reichs Commissioner of Prices warned shopkeepers. Men's hats generally had brims too narrow for Americans. If you asked for a wider brim, you were invariably shown one suitable only for a cowboy. After shopping for several days I obtained what I considered a decent compromise. By that time, I suppose, I was becoming used to German styles in hats. At any rate, I

remember that when my boat was docking as I returned to the United States, all the news photographers insisted that I have my picture taken without my hat; that when I came down the gangplank Ruth said she hardly knew me because of the hat; and that when I went into a New York store to get a new one, on my second day back, all the clerks came over to look at my hat and laugh.

Each German was given a clothing card. The one for the first year of the war included coupons totalling 100 points, with so many to be clipped off for each rationed item. There were 150 points on the cards for the second and 120 for the third year of the war, but the number required for each article of clothing was so changed that one bought about the same on each card. The number on the 150 basis was sufficient unless one required major items, such as a suit, which was 80 points on a man's card, or a wool dress, which was 56 on that of a woman. When 80 points were used, a man would have enough left for no more than two shirts, a suit of summer underwear, and two pairs of socks. A man who needed a new overcoat could obtain one by delivering his old coat to the dealer to prove that it could no longer be used. If he wanted to obtain an overcoat without sacrificing the old one, he lost 120 of the 150 points.

The schedule of points required for clothing on the 150 basis indicates how carefully everyone had to plan his clothing needs for the year. Here are the items on the men's list with the points required for each:

Suit	80
Trousers	28
Vest (heavy)	42
Vest (light)	28
Sweater	21
Sweater (armless)	16
Raincoat	25
Top coat	65

Overcoat	120
Gloves	5
Shirt	20, 22, 24
Polo shirt	12 - 15
Nightshirt	19 - 30
Undershirt	11 - 14
Pajamas	29 - 45
Underwear (light)	14 - 18
Socks	4 - 8
Bathing suit	12 - 15
Bathing gown	30
Handkerchief	1
Collar	1
Tie	1

In buying a suit, the ordinary German bought a ready-made one, but these were badly fitted, and almost always had seats far too ample. Because of the way they were made and the material, they would not keep a press and wore out quickly. None were all wool and most were of synthetic materials processed from wood, milk, and other substances. Every German who could afford it bought a tailored suit, paying at least 300 marks, or about \$120. Before the war, a tailored suit in Germany could be bought for 120 marks, or less than \$50. Those who had enough money and were influential were able to obtain real wool from the limited stocks on hand. Shirts cost from 10 to 25 marks, or from \$4 to \$10. Some Germans valued the clothing cards so lightly that one chauffeur at the radio station offered to give me his card if I would sell him a couple of my suits.

The women's card was more complicated because of the various materials. Most women wore rayon, lisle, or cotton stockings, and none in the summer. Some had silk, either brought back from the occupied countries by their soldier husbands, brothers, or sweethearts or obtained from a store where the woman was well known. A woman was permitted

four pairs a year, at four points a pair. If she wanted more, she had to sacrifice eight points for each additional pair. The complexities of the points on a woman's card are indicated by the fact that a wool dress required 56 points, one of artificial silk 25, and one of any other material 36. Simplified, the required points were as follows:

Gown	23	-	42
Suit	25	-	56
Skirt	10	-	18
Sweater	9	-	19
Vestee	18	-	23
Raincoat			25
Summer coat	45	-	50
Winter coat			100
Apron	10	-	12
Scarf	4	-	8
Shirt	7	-	12
Nightgown	16	-	22
Petticoat	7	-	14
Brassière	10	-	14
Stockings			4
Bathing suit	12	-	15
Underclothes	8	-	14
Step-ins			10
Girdles			8
Bathing gown			30
Handkerchief			1

Children under seventeen could obtain an additional clothing card because of the fact that they outgrew their clothes. These cards provided 50 more points for boys and 40 more for girls.

Linen, towels, and other such household items were obtained on presentation of the clothing card to the district office if need could be proved. If so, a *Bezugschein* was issued. Couples planning to be married could obtain two pairs of

sheets, pillow cases, towels, and other linens after the banns had been announced and the wedding date set. If they needed more, they could get them only as presents from relatives who were well supplied before the war. Expectant mothers might obtain necessary linens, and a clothing card was issued to babies as soon as they were one year old. Carpets and furniture were not rationed, but were almost unobtainable, except for newly wed couples. This was part of the plan to promote marriages and the production of children.

Laundry work, done well enough, could be had if you lived in a place like the Adlon or one of the better pensions. The goods were returned in about a week. The prices, however, were outrageous. I paid 1 mark 80, or about 75 cents, for each shirt. Those who had to patronize the laundries directly always had to wait longer and often could obtain no satisfaction, even in words, for work poorly done or items damaged. Like the Berliners generally, the laundry proprietors operated on the theory that the customer was never right, and since most of them treated their patrons in the same fashion, they did not expect to lose any business thereby.

The ordinary German housewife was able to get only 250 grams, or about a half pound, of soap powder for washing a month. A woman with a family of five therefore usually had to let the washing accumulate for a month, which was difficult to do because it was almost impossible to get a sufficient stock of clothes. Toilet soap was rationed; each person could obtain five fifty-gram cakes for four months, or about two ounces a month. Each of these cakes was about the weight and size of Guest Ivory. The standard-sized cake of Ivory weighs about ten ounces. Once you got the soap, you found it worse than the gritty kind used in shops to wash off grease. It was of a dull grey colour, harsh, and made a thick scum on the water. I was glad that I had a supply in my overcoat pockets when I arrived, and I watched it as carefully as gold.

The Nazis taught the people how to be economical with

soap. I remember one story of a test in which it was found that the man who wet his hands thoroughly before using soap used less than one who picked up the soap and wet both at the same time. Almost everyone had a grilled block on which to keep soap so that it would not be wasted by standing in water in a soap tray.

One cake of shaving soap had to last for four months.

None of the hotels in continental Europe supplied soap; you had to bring your own. Hot water was available for baths at any time in the Adlon and others of the best hotels throughout the Reich, but only for two or three days a week anywhere else, in order to save fuel. That was one of the reasons I hesitated to leave the Adlon, although it was becoming more and more difficult there. Not only was payment of my account daily demanded because it was felt the United States might be in the war any day, but often it took at least ten minutes to rouse the telephone operator and on frequent occasions people who called me were told I was out although I was in my room at the time. Pensions furnished hot water for a bath only late Thursday, Friday, and part of Saturday, which generally meant one bath a week.

I found a pension on the Kurfürstendamm where I had a room twice as large as at the Adlon for half as much, including maid service, towels, linens, and telephone. It was located nearer the radio station, too, and had five windows all along the front. It was supposed to cost eight marks, or about three dollars, a day, but actually cost more because of the additional charges for tips and almost countless other items. I did not object, however, because the pension furnished much more than it was required to by law. The Reich Commissioner for Prices set prices for pensions in five groups according to the size of the rooms and the furniture in them. Under these regulations, a good room should not have cost more than eighteen marks a week, or the amount I paid a day, with the inevitable extras, at the Adlon. They required furnishing maid service

and heat, shining or cleaning one pair of shoes a day, the preparation of coffee, tea, or other morning drink, changing sheets and pillow cases once a month and a towel once a week. At the Pension Medenwaldt on the Kurfürstendamm I obtained a change of bed linen about once a week, and face towels several times a week. The Medenwaldt was probably able to do that because officers were among the guests there all the time. The regulations specified that no more than sixty pfennigs could be charged for a warm bath, though the Medenwaldt charged more. A pension differed from an ordinary rooming house in that it provided these additional services. Many persons had no baths at all in their houses and had to patronize the numerous public baths. Berlin, with its government offices and foreign workers, was so crowded that it was almost impossible for the ordinary person to find even a room, and so expensive that many, despite the time and cost of transportation, lived outside the city.

When I came back to Berlin from Switzerland I found that a number of correspondents, alarmed by the uncertain situation, were trying to obtain visas to leave. These included Brooks Peters, the Lairds, and Dave Nichol, who was ordered to close the Berlin office of the *Chicago Daily News* and go to Switzerland. They all found that the Nazis, hoping to hold correspondents as prisoners for exchange in case of war, delayed granting the visas for months, just in case. It also had been decided to transfer Barbe to Rome to take the place of Cecil Brown, who had been banned from the air there. I also was hoping to return home and had asked Paul White, when I talked with him from Berne, about doing so in May. I hoped to get Farnsworth Fowle from Sofia to take my place, but would probably need another man, too. Fowle, twenty-six, a Rhodes scholar, who had worked for *Time* in the Balkans, would have been a good man, but I found before long that I could not get him. The Nazis denied him a visa.

"I might as well be frank," said Lilyenfeldt. "There is no

reason we should do anything for you. You and your country are doing nothing for us."

We also were affected by articles written in the United States by returned correspondents. The first ones written by Bill Shirer in *Life* caused no difficulties, because they were factual. The Nazis apparently had no objection to such stories. Further, they knew Bill's opinions before he left. There was particular reaction, however, to the series that Wally Deuel wrote for the *Chicago Daily News*, partly because Wally had unearthed the stories of the ways in which the Nazis were killing off the Poles and partly, too, because the Nazis had previously said that Wally was one of the best correspondents in Berlin.

One new man arrived, Bill Courtney of *Collier's*. This blond Irishman lived next door to me at the Adlon for several days before I learned where he was staying.

The Yugoslav campaign looked much different from Berlin. On April 12 the Nazis claimed that fourteen Serbian divisions, about 200,000 men, had been overcome, that the Yugoslav army of the north was in a state of dissolution, the fall of Belgrade was expected soon, and Italian and German troops had begun to move into the mountain regions. The High Command said that transport trains, railway stations, and troop concentrations were being blasted, that hangars and barracks had been demolished and aircraft on the ground destroyed.

Meanwhile bombings continued in England, with a shipyard, large power works, and barracks at Bristol declared the main objectives the night before.

President Roosevelt announced that the Red Sea was open to United States shipping.

The next day single-sheet extras of the papers appeared on the streets. The *Völkischer Beobachter* carried a headline in red declaring: "Belgrade Fallen." Underneath in black it said: "Bardia on East Coast of Cyrenaica Occupied." Subheadlines

said: "22 Generals, 300 Officers, 12,000 Men Taken Prisoner near Agram. German U-Boat Sinks 15 Armed Merchantmen. Surrounding of Tobruk Completed." A picture of Belgrade occupied a quarter of the front page. On the second page there were more headlines: "Boy King Peter's Capital City Burns. The Army Hits. The First Bombs Fall." The story included no details about the bombing of Belgrade and claimed, in the unchanging Nazi pattern, that the entry into Croatia was a triumphal procession.

That day the Japanese-Russian non-aggression pact was announced, in which each agreed to respect the territorial integrity of the other and, if either was attacked by a third party, to maintain its neutrality. None of us could understand the treaty. It appeared to be in line with the Tri-Power Pact and most of us accepted it so then, although it did seem strange since there was more and more talk of a Nazi war with Russia. I had an inside tip that the war had been planned to begin within the month, but that the Yugoslav trouble had interfered with the time schedule. (This, of course, could not be broadcast, although I tried to hint at it in sentences phrased in almost every possible fashion. My tip was authentic; it came from the High Command.) The Japanese treaty with Soviet Russia may have been planned to give the Russians a false sense of security, or it may have been that the Russians, anticipating the coming attack, thought it might help to prevent armies attacking them from both sides at once, since each agreed, in case it was attacked by a third party, to maintain its neutrality. Frankly, I was mystified at the time.

On April 15 the Nazis forecast the end of the Yugoslav campaign within a few days. It was claimed that German and Italian troops were pursuing and encircling the remnants of the Yugoslav army between Sarajevo and Mostar, that Yugoslav columns in troop concentrations and on the march were being bombed, and that the new state of Croatia had been recognized. In Greece, the Nazis declared that they had pene-

trated as far southwest of Salonika as the river Aliakon, that the British were evacuating Greece, and that their ships in the harbour of Piræus at Athens had been bombed. The papers were filled with gibes at the British, who were called cowardly betrayers.

On the following day it was claimed that the war in Yugoslavia was practically over and that a climax had been reached in the Grecian campaign. The Yugoslav second army was reported to have capitulated at Sarajevo, the Yugoslav government leader General Duschan Simovich, was said to be in Athens, and mopping-up operations had begun. In Greece, it was claimed that contact had been established with the British and Greeks near Mount Olympus, that four large transports had been sunk in the Piræus and seventeen others damaged.

That night I had an unusually good story on the Grecian campaign. I had called the Propaganda Ministry press-information office as usual and found a new man on the job, Arnold Ziegfeld, a relative of Flo Ziegfeld. I had met him some nights before at dinner in the Ausland Press Club on the Leipzigerstrasse. All reports on the campaigns were cleared through the press-information office and it was the custom for those on duty to relay the pertinent data to us. Ziegfeld, who had not handled such an assignment before, did an unusual thing. He read the information and then analysed it. We talked for some time, with a map before me, and I learned that the Nazis were advancing into Greece in three columns, that this column was here and that there, and that the next likely objective of each was so and so. It was the most complete story about the action I had been able to obtain. I took my script back to the censors that night feeling that for once I had something worth while.

But I ran into a cyclone of fury. Krauss passed on his part of the script quickly, since there was little in it but military action, and left early with a queer smile on his face as he said

good-night. The Foreign Office censor also stopped to say good-night. Then a call came on the phone:

"Captain Kunsti wants to see you in the censors' office right away."

As I walked through the outer office, Fräulein Neumann spoke with concern.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked.

I said I knew of no trouble.

Captain Kunsti inside was pacing the floor. I closed the door. He glared at me.

"Where did you get this information on the German troops?" he demanded.

I told him: "The Propaganda Ministry. Ziegfeld was on tonight and did a good job."

Kunsti spluttered. He was so angry he could not speak a word of English and could hardly form German words. He began to cross his pencil through every paragraph I had written on the Greek campaign. I stopped him.

"You can't do that. That comes from one of your own offices," I cried.

"No one should have given you such information," he insisted.

He went to the phone, called the High Command, then came back.

"None of it can pass," he said.

We argued. I succeeded in getting him to sit down to go over it word by word. He was adamant at first. I spoke my mind on Nazi Germany and its so-called efficient organization, and asked him why information from one of his own government departments should be censored. He was up and pacing back and forth again. I induced him to sit down once more. I saved part of the first sentence, by pointing out that the communiqué said the troops were near Mount Olympus. He permitted "near Olympus," but crossed out: "have reached Katerina, east of Olympus." I saved part of the statement on the second

column, but again had to omit its exact location. I was not permitted to mention the third column at all. On that I had even conjectured on the likely position of the advance panzer units. Information about places bombed, after I cited authority in the Nazi radio reports, also was preserved. But the story was ruined.

When we had finished, Kunsti was red in the face and puffing. I asked him to sign his name in approval and then, since I would have to deal with him later, I shook hands.

"No hard feelings," I said, "but you know what I think of such stupid handling."

Kunsti murmured something unintelligible, affected a smile, and left.

Diettrich was still in Rumania. A short, slight man with black hair and an over-nice, condescending manner, a former school-teacher, was in charge. His name was Walther. He called me in the next morning.

"Where did you get that story on the Greek campaign?" he asked.

I never liked Walther. He was a smug prig.

"From Ziegfeld at the Propaganda Ministry," I said.

Walther drummed his pencil on the desk. His face wore the half-smile that was the utmost he permitted himself. His voice took on a triumphant air.

"Ziegfeld does not remember talking with you," he said.

Walther's attitude enraged me. I moved toward him.

"So I'm the next victim," I said. "Dick Hottelet was framed and now it's my turn, eh? You damn Nazis know you can make a case against any one of us you wish, and so you've arranged one against me." I hesitated, as Walther said nothing. "Well," I asked, "what's next?"

Walther bit his lip and drummed his pencil faster.

"I don't know what's next yet," he said. "We will let you know. It looks bad for you."

I swung on my heel and left.

My script for the day still had to be written. It was hard to concentrate. There was something on the Yugoslav generals conferring about surrender. Schmidt at the Foreign Office conference had said that those who asked questions about German-Russian relations were trying to make something out of nothing.

"Relations are clear, intact, and continuing," he said.

The papers continued to make fun of the British. Goebbels bragged in the *Völkischer Beobachter* that the Nazis were unbeatable. The *Börsen Zeitung* called James Roosevelt "the somewhat spoiled offspring in a cute uniform."

Afterwards, at the hotel, I called Ziegfeld.

He was apparently worried.

"I'll be right over," he said.

Ziegfeld told me he thought he was giving the information to someone else and reminded me that he had said something about giving previous information to my "bureau." I said the word "bureau," as used on the Continent, also meant "office," and that I had thought nothing of it. He disclosed that he was in trouble, seemingly worse than I was, and wanted a letter written. That, he said, would help, he hoped. I wrote the letter. It follows:

Berlin, Germany
April 19, 1941

Mr. Arnold Ziegfeld
Propaganda Ministry
Berlin, Germany

Dear Mr. Ziegfeld:

Reference has been made to our telephone conversation, in a call made by me from the office of the Kurzwellessender on the night of April 16, including information for my broadcast for the Columbia Broadcasting System on that night.

It will be recalled that at the beginning of the conversation I remarked on being surprised to find you in the Information Department and that you prefaced your remarks with a reference to having given previous material to my "bureau." Since Columbia

is not, in a strict sense, a bureau, it may be assumed that you believed you were talking to someone other than myself.

In regard to the material used in the broadcast, it should be stated that I made use not only of your information on events, but also of the High Command communiqué for the day and the maps at the Rundfunk so that I was able to present the matter not in the very same form as you gave it. The movement in three columns was thus assumed from maps and from the places where the fighting was reported.

This letter will, I hope, make the whole matter clear.

Sincerely and respectfully yours,

Harry W. Flannery

Berlin Representative

The Columbia Broadcasting System

Ziegfeld's attitude indicated that he, at least, did not plan to frame me. It appeared that he had merely been guilty of using his brains in analysing the information and that I was thereby suspect. I was glad to co-operate to save him and found that it also meant that nothing happened to me as a result of this incident.

On April 18 at noon the fighting was declared at an end in Yugoslavia, with the entire force said to have surrendered unconditionally. The Nazis said nothing of the men in the mountains. Portsmouth was the main objective in Britain. The RAF raided northwestern and central Germany, but my sentence: "The attack on Berlin was particularly severe," was censored. Portugal was the subject of Nazi press censure for speculating on the possibility of a British victory.

On April 19 the Nazi swastika was reported flying from the famed mount of the gods, Olympus. I asked Fräulein Brechvold in Diettrich's office whether Zeus was to be made Gauleiter of Olympus. The British and Greeks were declared to be in retreat in the Larissa area. The High Command claimed that eight British ships had been sunk in the Ægean off Chalkis.

Apparently timed as a warning to Athens, damage in Dunkirk was announced. It was said that of 157 streets, 97 were

badly damaged, 21 completely demolished, and in 24 others, although some buildings were left standing, none was habitable. In Malo-les-Bains, 600 of 2,900 flats were reported destroyed completely, 700 partially. In Rosenberg, of 3,966 houses, 816 were said to have been entirely demolished, 1,666 partly. The report went on to mention other towns and cities in the region.

Hitler was fifty-two years old on April 20. All the Nazi periodicals dutifully carried his picture on their front pages. The swastika flew from practically every building. No store missed putting a photograph, painting, or bust of Der Führer, surrounded by flowers, in its windows. The motion-picture theatres erected a bust of Hitler in the centre of their lobbies, put spotlighted swastika banners on each side and a blanket of flowers at the foot. Among the gifts to Hitler were four hundred pounds of coffee, three hundred of tea, fifty of cocoa, some of them announced as coming from the United States. That meant that many Germans had sacrificed their own small allotments of coffee, tea, and cocoa to give to Der Führer, who could get all he wanted. I hoped that the United States, or the British, as the goods went through Bermuda, had a list of those Nazis in the United States who had made presents to this man. They should at least be watched.

Out by the radio station where three houses had been blasted from their foundations by the British bombers a few nights before and where tiles were off the roofs and windows for blocks around, crowds took advantage of the holiday to look at the devastation. I saw a man who had the real holiday spirit there. He was selling balloons.

It was said that the Greek campaign would be over in a few more days, that the British and Greeks were in open flight, and that Nazi bombers and Stukas were bombing the rear of the communication lines and harassing the fleeing troops, especially on the road leading south from Larissa to Athens and on one south from Janina to Arta west of the Pindus. Attacks con-

tinued on transports in the Ægean.

On April 21 the first detachments of the British were said to be evacuating Greece. Five transports were declared sunk, two others rendered motionless, and two damaged, off Athens.

British troops had landed at Basra, the Persian Gulf port in southeast Iraq. The Nazis had nothing to say about that. Schmidt said hopefully that Spain might be the next to join the Triplice. He indicated that the Nazis were planning to use food as a weapon against the starving Spaniards, hoping thus to appeal to Franco, as it was declared that the food situation there could be improved by the Nazis. The Nazis were willing to aid only if Spain agreed to be one more of their slave states.

The Grecian campaign continued until the end of the month. On April 23 it was said the Albanian phase was over, that the Greek Epirus and Macedonian armies had surrendered, with 250,000 men taken prisoner, and that all Greek forces north of Thermopylæ also had capitulated. The British stand at Thermopylæ had stopped the Nazis. Their troops, however, succeeded in moving to the rear of the British units as they landed on the island of Eubœa, off the east coast of Greece, and forced their way on to the mainland at Chalkis.

The fighting was severe. Nazi planes were again the reason for a British defeat. One pilot, according to a PK report, told of wrecked trucks, burned-out tanks, and abandoned field positions below him, of how he swooped to within thirty feet of the ground and, coming upon men unprotected by planes or anti-aircraft guns, effected a confusion of tanks and horses and demoralization of the soldiers by his explosives, unhindered. He told of machine-gunning all that escaped his bombs, and said that after a third and fourth attack, all was a raging inferno.

The bombing of transports in the Ægean was presented in the same frightful fashion. The *Brüsseler Zeitung* said that "thousands of British corpses are washed up on the shores every day." A Nazi military spokesman claimed that the British lost more tonnage in Greece than at Dunkirk, with 360,000 tons

sunk, 100,000 more than at Dunkirk, and that 98 additional transports were so badly damaged they could not be used for months.

On April 24 the armistice for the Greek armies was signed at Salonika. The Nazis were still trying to take the Greeks into their camp. To that end, they said that the Greek soldiers would be released as soon as hostilities ceased, and the Greek officers permitted to retain their sidearms, and they praised the Greeks for their bravery. On April 27, at nine twenty-five in the morning, Athens fell and the Nazi swastika flew from the Acropolis. Parachute troops occupied Corinth, and Hitler's élite troops crossed the Gulf of Patras to the peninsula of the Peloponnesus. The select blue-eyed blonds were sent in after the hardest fighting was over, to win the final easier glory. The British were declared leaving in all kinds of vessels—sailing boats, cutters, and fishing smacks—amid the burst of bombs and the murderous crackle of machine guns. The *Völkischer Beobachter* said: "The fall of Athens is the symbolic closing of a dark chapter of British and American politics." Schmidt said Turkey must now make up her mind what she was going to do.

During this period the censors refused to permit me to tell of a man executed in Ghent, Belgium, on charges of cutting telephone wires used by the German army and shooting at the Nazi soldiers as they came to arrest him. The Nazi judge was reported in the *Brüsseler Zeitung* to have considered the crime so heinous that he gave the man two sentences of death.

The Nazis also would not let me say, as the Berlin papers did, that a number of Jews were sentenced for buying quantities of food at exorbitant prices, paying 3½ to 9 marks a pound, or \$3.60, for butter; 6 marks for sausages; 23 marks, or more than \$9 a pound, for coffee; and that they had succeeded in obtaining two hundred pounds of butter alone. It was obvious that the Nazis did not want it known that there were Germans who were willing to help the Jews for a price, and that no punish

ment had been inflicted on those who were obviously the actually guilty ones, those who had sold the goods at such prices.

Shiratori, a former Japanese Ambassador, wrote in the *Börsen Zeitung* that: "It is now of decisive importance to know on which side stands Asia, rich in raw materials and peoples. Germany and Italy hope for Japan's success in the Asiatic regions."

The United States delivery of destroyers to Britain and American aid with convoys were the object of constant attacks in the press. "To get a few old ships Britain has had to deliver to America one of her best dominions, Canada," said the *Börsen Zeitung*. Cordell Hull, Dorothy Thompson, Colonel Bill Donovan, and Mayor La Guardia were vilified. The *Nachtausgabe* called Roosevelt "a criminal liar," and said that a recent speech of Secretary of the Navy Knox was "even crazier."

With the Greek war practically over, I tried once more to get a sentence past the censors about German and Russian relations, but failed again.

In the final days of April, as Barbe prepared to go to Rome, he was put off the air. Since this was done merely because he had been quoted by the BBC, it appeared that the Propaganda Ministry was really trying to annoy me. At any rate, I had been quoted often by the BBC, and Barbe also had been quoted before. It was not unusual, nor our fault. Once the scripts had passed the censors, the responsibility actually was theirs. But they had the power. They could be illogical if they chose. They knew that by kicking Barbe off the air, I would have to carry on alone, making both daily broadcasts. It seemed of a piece with the denial of an entrance visa to Fowle. Laird volunteered to help, but his script was so cut by the censors and the arguments over it were so violent that he vowed he would never try again. The day before Barbe was to leave for Rome, the Nazis agreed that he might broadcast again, but there was time for

him to handle only one program before leaving.

I had two strokes of good fortune, despite the Nazis. One was the result of Lanius's going to the Balkans; he had an assistant and could get away and I was momentarily disappointed that I could not go, too. But while Lanius was on his way back by automobile, like all the newspaper correspondents, I talked with one American who had hurried back by plane. As a result I was able to tell, as if I had made the trip, of tanks and trucks all along the roadsides in Greece, some overturned in the ditches, some upright, a few intact, many burned, many despoiled of their equipment. In France, after the campaign there, one saw the signs of a retreating army along roads that ran straight for scores of miles past wide green fields. In Greece the roads were narrow, twisting and turning, sometimes in the plains, sometimes dusty ways over the mountains.

In Greece, in those days just after the war, the most striking sight was not these inanimate wrecks, but the human victims of the conflict, the endless lines of Greek soldiers wandering in the fields by the roadsides, along the mountain passes, and through the villages, the disarmed members of a beaten army trying to get back home. They were dragging their weary bodies in all directions, for some with the army in the north lived in the south, and some with the army in Albania lived in the Peloponnesus. One man in Larissa said he had been walking for twenty-two days from the Albanian front and still had more long days ahead.

Now and then one of that army was clean-shaven and alert, but mostly they were a ragged crew, with no more than one in a hundred wearing a good pair of shoes, many with their feet even bundled in rags. Now and again you saw an officer astride a donkey or a wounded man on one of the little beasts, led by a companion. For the most part the clothing was the original olive-drab woollen of the mountains, welcome on the heights, but perspiringly hot on the plains. On the mountains at night

not one man in ten had a blanket, few even had a short reefer overcoat for protection against the chill that came when night fell.

Food was another problem for the penniless men. Hundreds of the trudging thousands were to be seen in almost every village, sitting around the public square, devouring what little the villagers could spare them. In the towns men heard all kinds of rumours. There were the tales that the trains would soon resume service and carry them on their way and that the Germans had organized trucks to transport them home. These stories were given credence since some German soldiers did pick up a few men in their motorcycle sidecars and occasionally gave others room in trucks. Some of the poor Greek soldiers listened to the rumours and waited, but had to struggle on again when their hopes were gone.

Larissa was reported to have suffered most. Part of the city was levelled by artillery fire and bombers, and other parts were devastated by an earthquake. It was hard to tell, strangely enough, what had been destroyed by man and what by nature. Outside, on the plains, a big tank battle had taken place. In Athens the masts, the smoke-stacks and part of some of the hulls of British transports were still visible above the water in the harbour of Piræus. In the streets of Athens, Nazi soldiers guarded the Acropolis, but Greeks were still patrolling before the palace. As in France, the roadways, which the Nazis wanted for the movement of their troops, were practically undamaged, despite the ruins about them.

The picture of Greece after the Nazi blitzkrieg was much like that of France. Later I was to learn more of the scene where had fallen the latest victims of Nazi might.

Chapter XIII

THE NAZI SPOILS SYSTEM, AND HITLER SPEAKING AGAIN

NAZI Germany has but one political party, but that does not mean it is free from the costs of the spoils system. I do not refer to the kind of machinations by which the Nazis bought all Jewish holdings in Germany and occupied Europe at their own prices, by which they voted themselves control on the boards of all important corporations and Hermann Göring became probably the most wealthy man in the world. I mean the process by which a new faction coming into power ousted all old experienced employees and replaced them with its own. Although everyone in Germany was supposed to be a Nazi or nothing, there were constant fights between the ministries, especially between the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office, and the military group and the party, and further divisions even within departments. Some said that Hitler believed these fights were healthful; they gave the people a means of criticism and selfish scheming that did not seriously affect the party itself.

Harald Diettrich was a victim of the spoils system in one of the most stupid manœuvres I had ever seen carried out by the Nazis. I have said that Diettrich was one of the most able radio technicians I have ever known. He also was crafty and

in many respects one of the most valuable men in the Nazi service. It may have been that he was not a sincere Nazi. It was hard to determine that because so many were Nazis only because it profited them to be so. He did have the habit, unhealthful in Germany, of saying what he thought about situations and people, and he made enemies as a result. Some of these may have been out to get him, but felt they had to go about it smoothly.

In any case, once Diettrich was sent to Rumania to make the radio there a part of the Nazi system, he never came back. While Lanius was in the Balkans, I was told that Diettrich had been given a new post, as chief of the Nazi radio in the occupied countries, and that the Nazi radio in Berlin had a new head, a stout, smug German named Winkelnkemper. Everything was to be reorganized, I was told. Winkelnkemper moved to a larger building in the next block, and a man named Schotte was installed in Diettrich's former office as head of what might be called the North American section. All of the traitors to England and the United States would then be moved next door to Lanius, Dickson, and me. A man named Cleinow had some kind of intermediary position over Schotte.

One of the girls in Diettrich's office gave me the information first. She was then concerned about it because of Diettrich. Later I found that two of the girls had reason to be sorry personally since they were to be dismissed to make room for some of Winkelnkemper's faction. Winkelnkemper decided to retain one of the girls, the most attractive, but not the most experienced, as his own secretary, and finally kept one of the others for the old office. Characteristically, he dismissed the two who were trained in more languages and who were unusually capable girls generally, and kept one girl who knew almost no language but German, although she had a stuttering smattering of English and could read an occasional word of Italian. She was completely inefficient.

That was what happened in one office only. The same kind

of changes were made in every department over which Winkelnkemper had influence. He had obviously gone to Goebbels, since the Propaganda Ministry ran the Nazi radio, flattered him, and finally put himself in a position to ask for the post of intendant for himself. Winkelnkemper magnanimously recommended that Diettrich be made head of the radio in the occupied countries (and kept there, he hoped), and he would take over in Berlin, make all the improvements he had noted—in fact, generally reorganize the whole set-up.

Winkelnkemper proved the first day that he knew nothing of management and in the days to come demonstrated also that he knew nothing about radio. In fact, as a result of one blunder later, when he put me off the air, I wondered whether he knew anything about anything.

On the evening of the day the change was effected, I went to the radio station to broadcast, only to find that every office in the building was locked, including my own, that there were no typewriters or stationery to be had anywhere else in the building, and that the files of the Nazi radio, which we always checked because of late communiqués and other items, were also unavailable. I found Dickson there to broadcast for Mutual, wondering what was to be done. I located a telephone and called Winkelnkemper, Cleinow, Schotte, and every other official for the radio that I could think of and asked them if it had been decided to discontinue our broadcasts and, if not, why the building was dark, all the offices closed, and no arrangements made for broadcasting. My German was surprisingly fluent that night. I was still calling one of them when Schotte came in, began to unlock offices, and fluttered around asking what he could do.

The fact that none of them knew anything about radio or about the routine that had been followed in operating the station resulted in a temporary advantage for me. The Nazi radio bulletins were no longer coming through to us, and I found the point at which the flow had halted. I went there be

fore each broadcast to read them over for what information I needed, but decided not to aid the usurping managers by telling them about it, and also I continued my calls for late news. With Lanius in the Balkans, Knauth was on the job. Knauth, who was older, was familiar with Germany and the Germans, a scholar who had been a banker and not a newspaperman, and so did not note that during all this period I was twelve to twenty-four hours ahead of him with all important news, and that he was giving the communiqués from the day before, out of the newspapers, while I had those of the current day. When Lanius returned, he immediately noted the fact and soon learned how to keep himself abreast.

Generally the change was disagreeable. It was no longer permitted to call the United States from the phone in Diettrich's office, although I disregarded that order when the Russian campaign began. Everyone then was too excited to notice it.

May 1 was still the day of labour in Nazi Germany, but it was stripped of all its Communist aspects. All stores were closed, there were no mail deliveries, and transportation was on the same schedules as on Sundays and other holidays. There were few taxicabs to be had. I almost missed my broadcast because of that, since I waited fifteen minutes for a bus and then had to take a subway that went by a circuitous route to the station. May Day in 1941 in Germany was not, however, the occasion it had been in previous years. Germany used to mark the day with parades of workers and employers, who were required to march, in every city. In Berlin hundreds of thousands would then be assembled at some place large enough, such as the Olympic Stadium, the Templehof, or the Lustgarten, for an address by Hitler.

The only May Day address in 1941 by a Nazi leader was made in the Messerschmitt plane factory at Augsburg by Rudolf Hess, the deputy of the Führer.

"I call upon you in the name of the Führer to greater achievements in the production battle of German factories for the

year 1941-2," said Hess over the radio. "From now on until next May I am sure our production will not be less. We are near a military decision in this war and the German worker will aid in its realization."

Despite all the Nazi boasts about labour conditions in the Reich, the average German worker was paid small wages. Attention was called to the fact that wages had increased seven to ten per cent since the beginning of the war, but nothing was said about the accompanying fact that the costs of living had advanced even more, or that the average wage, according to official figures, was only about 30 marks, or \$12, a week. Wages for unskilled workers varied from 50 to 70 pfennigs, or 20 to 32 cents, an hour, and skilled workers sometimes received a mark or more an hour. A foreman earned 350 to 400 marks, or as much as \$160, a month. According to the tax figures, but a small percentage of the Germans earned more than 3,000 marks, or \$1,200, a year.

Everyone who is able to work can get a job in Germany, even though he may not earn much at it. Hitler has made much of the fact that Germany had six and a half million unemployed when he came into power, and that there are none now; but he does not mention that a public-works program building 4,800 miles of highways connecting all the important cities for transport of military supplies, erecting barracks, building air-fields and armament factories, provided the first jobs, and that the conscription of men for the army and armament, plane, tank, and other war production has since provided an artificial, wasteful boom.

The scope of the Nazi military program became so vast in time, as everyone knows, that there was a desperate shortage of labour. For one thing, the Nazis had to forget their thesis that woman's place is in the home; in the summer of 1941 it was estimated that 8,400,000 women were working on farms, in factories and offices, and as maidservants, not including those who had taken over the jobs of husbands gone to the front. At

the same time all women became liable for conscription to work for a year in industry unless they obtained other jobs themselves or had children who required their care. Thus a society woman with no dependent children might be forced to work as a servant unless she obtained other employment before being assigned to a job. Women were to be seen at work everywhere, carrying the mail, driving trucks, collecting fares on the street cars and buses, even helping with freight on the railway-station platforms.

More than 480,000 persons were shifted to war industries from other occupations in 1940, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* reported. This followed a check of all industries hiring more than two hundred persons. Stores were cautioned against employing more people than absolutely necessary, especially in certain departments, such as selling pictures, hosiery, and books, for instance. In the same year 175,000 additional unskilled workers were trained.

More than two million more were brought from other parts of Europe to the Reich. The Nazis claimed that the work of foreigners was voluntary, but jobless men in the occupied countries were told they could obtain food cards for their families only if they went to work in the Reich. Thus the foreign workman was offered the choice between starvation and slavery. The censors insisted that it be said the choice was, nevertheless, free. Some of the foreign workers were employed in the more responsible factory jobs, but only because the need was great. The Nazi practise, at first, was to put the foreigners to work cleaning and repairing the streets and in heavy industrial and construction jobs. Millions of prisoners are now used in the labour projects for which foreign workers were engaged. Prisoners also are used to repair bomb damage and in farm work.

Additional workers were obtained from the year of labour service required of every young German man and woman, with the former assigned to factories, farms, and camps, and the

girls to housework, camps, or other duties. This service was extended to the occupied countries, including the Netherlands on March 1. There young women between seventeen and twenty-five, for instance, were sent to camps for six months, where they were provided food and clothing and paid twenty cents a day. Younger children were asked to work on the farms. Early in May the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* said: "It is expected that thousands of Dutch children will take advantage of their vacations this year to help the farmers. Each child must stay on a German farm for a year, during which he will be paid wages of from 10 to 15 marks [from \$4 to \$6] a month."

How many millions of Germans were thus released for the army it is difficult to estimate.

At the same time no one was permitted to leave his job nor could he be dismissed from it, especially in the building and metal industries, engineering trades, offices, farms, and factories. Permission to leave a job had to be obtained from the Labour Exchange Office, and no one was allowed to accept higher pay even if he did take another post. Wages and salaries were fixed by law and no employer was permitted to exceed them or to offer inducements in any other way. Bonuses were not to exceed wages for a week. The situation is illustrated by the instance of maidservants, who might not be paid more than 22 to 45 marks, or \$9 to \$18, a month, and might not receive gifts exceeding wages for two months.

No family was permitted to have a maid unless there were two or more children in the family or the wife or mother was ill. This was the law, although I have been in homes where there were no children and no illness, and a maid was employed. The influential wealthy were able to wink at the law in Nazi Germany, as anywhere else.

The laws preventing hiring and firing may have stabilized employment, but also they made less efficient service the rule since there was no incentive to individual initiative, and poor

and surly workers were protected in their jobs. Most of my contacts with such employees in Germany were with waiters. I have had a waiter bring me the wrong wine and, when I asked for what I had ordered, taste what was on the table and tell me it was good enough. I have gone into a restaurant merely to hear a special High Command communiqué on the radio there and given an order out of courtesy, only to have the waiter turn off the radio and say: "The radio may be turned on only for the regular communiqué at two o'clock."

Waiters habitually rushed by and ignored the calls of customers. They knew they could not be dismissed, and service generally depended on the character of the individual. The waiters in Berlin were typical of other workers. As a result, life that brought one in contact with workers was continually marked by unpleasantness. I have seen a German woman crying after being roared at by a post-office clerk merely because she had neglected to bring one of her many identification papers, and a German housewife in tears at a grocery store where she was registered and which she had to patronize. She had delayed a few minutes to look over the stock. A clerk came up. "Well," he said, "make up your mind. We have other people to take care of."

The Nazi government tried to make workers in factories more content by building community rooms where they could spend their leisure time listening to the radio, playing chess, and reading books and papers, by promoting sports and the *Kraft durch Freude* or Strength through Joy excursions. The KdF took workers in groups on tours of Germany, on steamer trips on the rivers, and to sports, vaudeville, concerts, operas, and dramatic performances. The activities were planned to help make workers feel they were receiving some return for their contributions to the German Labour Front, which took the place of the unions in Germany when Hitler came into power. The Nazi kind of union did nothing to better wages, which were frozen, or hours. At the beginning of the war all

overtime payments were outlawed, although some industries later resumed them. Even women, however, could work as much as fifty-six hours a week before overtime was considered. Those who worked on salaries, in offices, worked almost any number of hours without extra payment. Some of the office girls at the radio station remained overnight, getting what sleep they could on a cot at the office after the rest of the staff were gone.

The German Labour Front, headed by Dr. Ley, had a fund estimated at 250,000,000 marks, or \$100,000,000, when it was taken over by the Nazis, and, with more than 20,000,000 members, received monthly contributions of 50,000,000 marks, or \$20,000,000. Some of this stupendous sum was spent in building resorts, liners, community houses, and other projects for the workers, for travel and entertainment, but it is obvious there was a gigantic surplus, part of which, escaping Ley, may have gone into the war fund. Each worker had his regular Labour Front contribution to make, and other contributions for old age, unemployment, and sickness insurance, an income tax, a citizenship tax, and if he made more than 2,400 marks a year, a war tax, which was fifty per cent of the income tax. Winter Help contributions also were deducted from the pay envelopes in most industries and businesses. When it was all over, many a German worker had reason to feel he should be receiving aid from the Winter Help instead of contributing to it.

On May 1, I saw the first signs in German saloons and restaurants of a beer shortage. During the early part of the war the quality of the beer suffered, since the percentage of malt was reduced, but when it was found that the beer could not then be stored without spoiling, the strength was increased, but the supplies cut. As a result signs began to appear saying:

"Owing to the curtailment in the supply of beer, it will be sold only between 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. and from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m."

Later I was to find I could not buy beer even from a restaurant—on the Kurfürstendamm—that was run by a brewery. The Eden barman told me its supplies of all drinks were based on a percentage of the hotel consumption in 1938, and, with Berlin overrun with officials, he said the Eden bar was unable to serve much after the early evening hours. Champagne, which cost little in Germany, could not be sold by the Eden after ten o'clock at night. Many who knew nothing about wines were drinking them, so that some of the finest vintages were becoming unobtainable. The famous Kempinski restaurant on the Kurfürstendamm began the policy of selling *Spätlese*, *Auslese*, and *Trochenbeerenauslese* vintages only to known customers. Generally, the select wines, liquors, and liqueurs were sent to the fronts, principally to the aviators. The Adlon soon became the only hotel in Berlin where beer could be bought at all times. That was probably planned to impress official visitors, most of whom stopped at the Adlon.

Cigarettes also became harder to buy; more shops carried the sign: "*Heute Tabakken Ausverkauft*" ("tobacco supplies sold out today") and longer lines formed outside the shops during the hours when they were open. The papers began to publish articles blaming the people for the situation. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said that some people bought at every store they passed and hoarded cigarettes; that more cigarettes were being made in Germany than before the war, but that the number of smokers had increased, not only because of the normal rise in population, but also because of foreign workers and prisoners. The supplies of Bulgaria and Turkey were now at the disposal of Germany, said *D.A.Z.*, and the situation should improve. Instead it became worse, the allotment of five cigarettes per person decreased to three, and outside of Berlin, Hamburg, and a few other cities women were forbidden cigarettes altogether.

During those last days of April and the first days of May the RAF came over Berlin regularly. Some of the time I watched

the raids from the radio station and occasionally I had to remain there all night. Since the raid might be over at any minute, I usually began the long sessions by trying to read. There, of all places, I read for the first time Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*, Vincent Sheean's *Personal History*, in which I especially enjoyed the story of the spy that followed him in Spain, and Edgar Mowrer's *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. On a few occasions I made the mistake of taking Mowrer's book with me to the press conferences, where I am certain some of the officials would not have welcomed it. During some of the raids I was at the pension. It was fortunate that I was living on the Kurfürstendamm instead of at the Adlon on the Linden, from which I should not have been able to arrive at the radio station before the alarm on a few nights. Several times a raid was in progress during a broadcast and I had to use the lip microphone, which was not sensitive to any sound within a radius of more than an inch.

After one of the raids during this period Dr. Goebbels disclosed his anger with the newspapers in the United States by writing: "What right has the American press, when they tell of the terrible destruction which the German reciprocal attacks on London or Bristol or Plymouth have wrought, to ask whether the Germans in a similar situation would be able to hold out?" Then he went on: "We know of one simple man in Berlin who, after working all night during an air raid on the city, upon going home in the morning, found his home destroyed, his wife and five children dead. Not a word of complaint was forthcoming."

Dr. Goebbels intended that story as an illustration of the way in which Nazis were able to bear up under raids, but he succeeded rather in making it appear that the German of whom he spoke was stupefied with the tragedy that met his eyes, as he must have been. The poor man was probably struck dumb. Goebbels, though he may be a master of propaganda from the standpoint of logic and sometimes sophistical reason-

ing, had merely demonstrated once more that he had no knowledge of human nature. He lacked the human touch himself so much that he could not understand it.

One night, May 6, I was cut off the air in the middle of a broadcast. I was talking when Celli nudged me.

"Hey, Flannery," he said, "you're not on the air."

I thought Celli didn't know what he was talking about, motioned him to be still, and continued broadcasting.

"No, no," he said, "Flannery, I'm telling you—you aren't on the air."

Taking no chances, I continued to talk as I picked up the ear phones and heard New York.

"Hello, Flannery," CBS was saying. "Harry W. Flannery in Berlin. This is New York calling. Go ahead, Flannery."

I came in with: "This is Flannery. O.K., New York."

I repeated it again and again, but they continued to call me. Finally I heard the New York announcer say: "We regret that communication with Berlin has been interrupted. We continue with the latest press association dispatches from the German capital."

The cut was naturally annoying. We immediately tried to determine the cause. The German radio said they had done nothing. The German post office, through which the broadcast had to clear, denied having interfered. I sent Ruth a wire so she would not think I had been hit by a bomb. A few days later I learned that someone had merely pulled the wrong plug on the radio switchboard.

The Nazis were trying, in every way possible, to influence Turkey. They carefully placed a guard about the house where the founder of the new Turkey, Kemal Ataturk, was born. A PK reporter wrote, for the edification of the Turkish officials: "Our soldiers, standing before this house in Salonika, don't know all about this great man. But they understand his struggle . . . and they know that Kemal Ataturk was a friend of the new Germany, that he never forgot the comradeship of Turkey

and Germany in the World War.”

The Nazis were also courting Greece. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* declared of the new government in Athens: “Germany is prepared to work with this government, the only legal government of Greece. Greece has turned away from the criminal policies of the old government under the King, and now seems to be willing to join the new European order.” The paper repeated that Germany had not warred against Greece, but against the British in Greece. The same article gave the German strength as 3 to 1 over their opponents on land and 2 to 1 in the air in the recent campaign. For some reason that was censored from my script.

On May 4 Hitler made another speech, this time in the Kroll Opera House, used since the Reichstag fire for the meetings of the voteless Reichstag. Thanks to one of my reliable tipsters, I was able to say in advance that Hitler would make no more than passing reference to the United States. I said he would review the Balkan campaign. That was to be expected, since he reviewed almost all previous campaigns in every speech, but there was so much talk about the United States at the time that it was thought he might speak at length about America.

My seat was in the gallery. The ambassadors were in boxes at the rear centre. I noted that Italy was not represented, for some reason, possibly because none of the Italians cared much to hear how Germany had defeated Greece. Reference to the fact was cut from my script that night. I went down to the lobby, where I passed Göring waiting, a big, bulky, bow-legged man in one of the uniforms that he had designed himself, of powder blue. He had his golden baton behind his back and was twiddling it as he stood there. I went out on the street just as Hitler’s car drove up. I worked my way to the front of the crowd along the sidewalk, next to one of the Storm Troopers. Hitler stepped out and looked about him, raising his arm in salute as he did so. It was the same stiff, awkward half-salute

as usual. Himmler followed him, walking more gingerly. Commands rang out; the honour company snapped to attention and presented arms. Hitler with the head of the Gestapo walked between them, his face expressionless. I hurried back to the auditorium and almost failed to get in again, since I had surrendered my ticket on first entering.

Inside, the scene was much the same as in the Sports Palace. Hitler wore a special field-grey uniform and took his stand before a backdrop on which was embroidered the golden eagle of the Reich, this time on a huge curtain of white, rimmed with brown and surmounted by a black swastika. Seats, with desks before them, were arranged in tiers on the platform, with Goebbels, Himmler, Hess, and other party officials in them, and Göring, as president of the Reichstag, in the highest position at rear centre. Hitler stood to speak in front of Göring's post. Göring made the introduction and then took his seat.

Hitler made few gestures on this occasion. Now and then he used one hand to cut the air, to point a finger, or raised an arm to mark a climax. Occasionally he rested one hand on his hip. Now and then he stepped back with both hands on his hips. After a victorious campaign, he was confident and in good form. He did not become as excited as on other occasions. Göring, above him, sat part of the time with his arms folded, listening intently. He would sometimes nod his head in hearty affirmation and frequently sit back and laugh loudly at what he considered humour, when Hitler called Churchill "the most bloodthirsty amateur strategist the world has ever known," "a fool with his satellites," and "an international incendiary." There were occasions during the long speech when Göring's attention wandered and he began drawing doodads on the pad before him. Applause would awaken him from his mental digressions whereupon he would suddenly drop his pencil and clap his hands harder than anyone else. It was more interesting to watch Göring than Hitler, for the big fat boy was more human. He was popular among the German people, too,

although they knew he was responsible for the blood purges of 1934. Such things were forgotten, more or less, however, in a country where no one in the newspapers, over the radio, from the platform, or otherwise dared recall them.

In his speech, Hitler gave these figures on losses in the Balkan campaign:

The total number of officers and men killed and missing, 1,676. Among the army and the SS: 57 officers and 1,042 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 13 officers and 372 men missing, 181 officers and 3,571 men wounded. In the air force, 10 officers and 42 men killed, 140 officers and men missing.

He said that the British had 60,000 to 70,000 men in Greece, which may have been near the facts, so far as I could learn. He said also that 9,000 officers and men among the British had been taken prisoner. From talks with British prisoners later, that also seemed to check. On such statements, Hitler apparently could be believed. He devoted his talents as a liar to statements of policy, intention, and other ways in which he hoped to gain. He said that 6,198 Serbian officers and 336,864 men and 8,000 Greek officers and 210,000 men had been made prisoner. In addition he claimed the capture of more than half a million rifles, far more than a thousand guns, many thousands of machine guns, anti-aircraft weapons, and trench mortars, numerous vehicles, and large amounts of ammunition and equipment.

"So much blood was saved," he said, "simply because so much hard work was done beforehand."

For the benefit of his unfortunate ally, Hitler said that Italy had not asked for aid, and that the Nazis refrained from going into Turkey "for the purpose of assisting the Italians against Greece." He said all that with a straight face.

He repeated once more the old appeal to Greece: "Even to-day I feel that I must, as I believe in the interests of historical accuracy, distinguish between the Greek people and that thin top layer of corrupt leaders who, inspired by a King who had

no idea of the duties of true leadership, preferred instead to further the aims of British war policies. . . . I must state categorically that this action was not directed against Greece. . . . Nothing is impossible for the German soldier. Historical accuracy, however, obliges me to say that of the opponents who have taken up arms against us, the Greek soldiers have most particularly fought with the greatest courage and contempt of death."

On German policy in the Balkans, Hitler said: "The Reich never pursued any territorial or any other selfish interests in the Balkans. In other words, the Reich has never taken the slightest interest in territorial problems and internal conditions in these states for any selfish reason whatsoever. . . . On the other hand, the Reich has always endeavoured to build and strengthen close economic ties with these states. This, however, not only served the interests of the Reich, but equally the interests of the countries themselves. The Reich has done everything in its power effectively to assist these countries to consolidate their existence and their internal order without taking account of the particular form of government obtaining. . . . Apart from a modest correction of its frontiers, which were infringed as a result of the outcome of the World War, the Reich has no special territorial interests in these parts."

On Turkey, Hitler said, as he also tried to influence that firmly neutral country: "Turkey was our ally in the World War. The unfortunate outcome of that struggle weighed upon that country just as heavily as it did upon us. The great genius who created the new Turkey was the first to set a wonderful example of recovery to our allies, whom fortune had at that time deserted and whom fate had dealt so terrible a blow. Whereas Turkey, thanks to the practical attitude of her leaders, preserved her independence in carrying out her resolutions, Yugoslavia fell a victim to British intrigue."

Among the references to Churchill was this: "The appeal

to forsake me, made to the German nation by this fool and his satellites on May Day, of all days, is only to be explained as symptomatic either of a paralytic disease or of a drunkard's ravings." (That, in the eyes of Hitler, Göring, and the Nazi crew, passed for humour. It was akin to the kind of cartoons that began to appear in the Nazi press at this time, always showing Roosevelt with crutches. To my mind that was an instance of the fact that many of the Nazis continued sadistic even in their "humour.")

The German soldier, said Hitler, "will receive still better weapons this year and next year." The German Reich and its allies "represent power, military, economic, and, above all, moral, which is superior to any possible coalition in the world." This was the nearest Hitler came to referring in this speech to the United States.

As Göring arose to make final remarks, I hurried from the building. Outside, through the Tiergarten, along the Linden, and down the Wilhelmstrasse, crowds were standing in the drizzle, listening to the speech over the loudspeakers. When Göring finished, a band began to play the *Horst Wessel Lied*, and everyone removed his hat and joined in. I continued on my way to the Foreign Office, where I obtained a translated copy of Hitler's speech so that I would be certain of my quotations. It was forty-seven pages long.

The next day the speech occupied five of the six pages in the *Montagpost*, with headlines saying: "Historical Meeting of the Great German Reichstag; the Führer's Great Report on the New Victory March; Nothing Is Impossible for the German Soldier; the Army Even Surpassed Itself." Said the *Zwölf Uhr Blatt*: "This year will be the greatest in our rise." Underlined in red, the *Völkischer Beobachter* shouted: "Cutting Settlement of the Führer with the World Incendiary, Churchill."

One of the papers contrasted the gathering with a meeting of the British Parliament. "The form is the same," it said, "but

the procedure is different. When Winston Churchill speaks before the lower house, unending debate takes place. The delegates present their demands large and small. A contest between powers begins. This play in Parliament in the name of and paid for by the people doesn't exist any more in Germany. When the Reichstag meets, that fact alone is of great importance."

All it did was meet and listen. The people no longer had a voice. The only one who dared to speak was Hitler.

Schmidt, asked whether Hitler's statement that the German soldier would receive better weapons "this year and next year" meant that Germany no longer expected to win the war in 1941, said:

"American and British sources have said that Germany has to win this year or she never can. If the war lasts longer, Germany is prepared. The important point is that Germany will win. It is secondary whether that victory comes sooner or later."

Chapter XIV

THE HESS CASE, AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THE REICH

RUDOLF HESS, stern-faced, heavy, black-browed deputy of Der Führer and next in line after Göring to succeed Hitler if he died, flew from Germany to England early in May.

The German people learned of the famous flight on May 13, when the papers of the Reich, with no variation even in headlines, carried the same story:

“Rudolf Hess Meets with Accident.

“Party Member Hess, because of an illness of many years’ standing, which was becoming worse, and who had been forbidden by Der Führer to do any flying, went against this order and obtained a plane. On Saturday May 10, at six o’clock, he left Augsburg in the plane and has not been heard from since. A letter which he left behind shows from its confusedness the unfortunate traces of a mental derangement and one may fear that Party Member Hess has been a sacrifice to a fixed idea. Hitler has ordered the immediate arrest of Hess’s adjutants, who alone knew of the flight and of the fact that such flights had been forbidden by Der Führer, but who nevertheless did not prevent it nor report it at once. Because of the facts, the Nazi movement must unfortunately feel that Party Member Hess somewhere on his trip crashed and probably perished.”

Nazi Party Correspondence announced that the title of deputy leader no longer existed and that the former office had been replaced by that of party chancellor, to which had been named Reichs Leader Martin Bormann.

Those were the first announcements on a day in which all Germany, official and private, was in excited confusion. Everyone was talking and speculating on the one subject. No one except the officials and the correspondents heard the later reports on the BBC that Hess had landed in England. I was not even permitted to mention that in my scripts or that there was any mystery in connection with the Hess incident in Germany. One of the press-conference spokesmen said that Hess suffered from a stomach ailment and that his work had been done for some time by his chief assistant, Bormann. The spokesman said that Hess suffered from the hallucination that by sacrificing himself he could bring about peace. The official version was taking form.

Just in case Hess might make a statement, the Nazi radio hastily declared that anything that England reported Hess as saying could not be accepted as true. The radio said there was no doubt but that Hess's illness was the result of the war, that he was suffering from lung and stomach trouble, and, it was added, he was once suffering so much he could not appear in person for a speech and had to have it recorded. His mental illness was said to have been the result of his physical agony. It was declared he had not consulted recognized physicians, but went instead to astrologers and healers (the latter word, translated literally, would be "magnetizers").

Then came the official statement on the Hess case, again carried under identical headlines and unchanged in any word from the DNB release:

"Enlightenment on the Hess Case.

"As far as it is possible to tell from the papers left behind by Party Member Hess, it seems that he lived in a state of hallucination, as a result of which he felt that by getting in

touch with some English people with whom he was acquainted he could bring about an understanding between England and Germany. It is really true that Hess, according to a report from London, jumped from the plane near the town to which he was trying to go. He was found there, it seems, injured.

"Rudolf Hess, it is known to all party members, suffered severely from ailments of the stomach and lungs, and recently had recourse to such aid as that given by astrologers, magnetizers, and the like. How much guilt these people have in the case, in affecting his mental derangement, we will attempt to learn.

"The whole affair proves, as has already been said, that he suffered from a fixed idea, a hallucination. He knew better than anyone else of the many honest peace proposals of Der Führer. It seems that he believed that through a personal sacrifice it would be possible to prevent developments which, in his eyes, would lead to the complete destruction of the British Empire. Hess, however, had no idea how he could carry his plan through or what the consequences would be.

"The National Socialist Party regrets that this idealist fell as a sacrifice to his hallucinations. This, however, has no effect on the continuance of the war forced upon Germany. The war will be carried on until, as Der Führer in his last speech said, the British rulers fall or are ready for peace."

Meanwhile Hitler called an immediate conference of all party leaders and gauleiters. Dr. Karl Haushofer, head of the Geopolitic Institute, Willi Messerschmitt, Mrs. Hess, and others were arrested, although I was not permitted to mention this on the air. The Nazis, at the time, were not certain just what had happened. They knew that Hess had been one of the main proponents of the Haushofer theories, that he had been educated in England and had many friends there, and that he had never favoured the treaty with Russia. Like many other Nazis, including Hitler, he had not believed that England would ever war with Germany. He felt there were no two

peoples speaking different languages who were more alike and that the two together might well rule the world. He was possessed with the idea that peace somehow might be effected between the two nations, and when the war against Russia was proposed he felt his opportunity had come to act. He went to England hoping that he would be able to tell them:

"We are now going to fight our common enemy, Communist Russia. Now is the time for you to make peace with us and even aid us in the fight on Russia."

Hitler and the other Nazi leaders knew of Hess's ideas. That was why they spoke of a "fixed idea, a hallucination." I understand that the plan to call it insanity was Hitler's. Some of the other Nazi leaders considered that an error, but they did not dare to tell Hitler so. The German people wondered about the explanation, logically asking, if Hess had been insane all this time, why he had been permitted to continue as Hitler's deputy. Some carried the thought farther and asked, if Hess was crazy, how about the other party leaders?

No new statements appeared in the papers the next day. Late that night I was told that official sources said that the Hess letters showed that he went to England to tell the Duke of Hamilton and other friends he had met during the Olympic games in Berlin that England would be destroyed and that Germany would win the war. That was the characteristic Nazi way of distortion. Germany did not dare tell the truth and so tried to make propaganda, as in the official statement, of the idea that Britain would be defeated. Hess, with his connections in England, may have feared that, but his real mission was in regard to the coming campaign against Russia. That was still an official secret and could not be mentioned. During this time, as if it had nothing to do with the Hess case, Schmidt declared that German-Russian relations were friendly. The official statement continued, with some truth: "It was his hope, Hess said, that peace might be arranged and he might return with a peace proposal. The letters show that Hess was true to

Der Führer. Aside from his hallucinations, Rudolf Hess was a good Nazi."

By this time the Nazis knew the complete story and released Haushofer, Messerschmitt, Mrs. Hess, and all the others arrested. Schmidt made this known, at the same time denying that they had been taken into custody at all. There was an apparent continued inquiry among astrologers and magnetizers. It was announced on May 15 that an astrologer who had been appearing at the Winter Garden in Berlin had cancelled his performances. The item said that astrologers and palm-readers might no longer appear in Germany. Press-conference spokesmen said that Hitler did not intend to make any statement on the Hess case "at this time." He made none later. The case was, in fact, never again mentioned in the Nazi press, and by the time I left Germany I had almost forgotten about it.

Some people believed that Hess fled from Germany because he expected to be purged. That idea originated outside Germany and was a natural supposition because of conditions within the country. There was no troublesome disagreement, however, between Hess and Hitler, Himmler, or any other leader. Hess did not agree with them on the Russian treaty, but that was not a difference of opinion of much weight. He had continued, as it was said, "a good Nazi," and had made his last speech just a few days previously, on May Day. It might be said that if he had disagreed with the Nazis and fled from their wrath, he would have talked, once he arrived in England, and been quoted by the British. The mere fact that he was not quoted indicated that that idea was mistaken. It did happen that the British Ambassador to Moscow, Sir Stafford Cripps, immediately thereafter returned to London, and that helped confirm the other opinion, which I found to be that of most of those in Germany who should know and who were not afraid to dispute part of the official statement. It should also be stated, for the record, that Hess was not sent as an emissary of Hitler. That accounted for the actual confu-

sion when Hess disappeared. If the venture had been planned by the Nazis they also would have mapped out all the propaganda details, ready for whatever course the affair took. As it was, they were as much surprised as the rest of the world.

Belgium was in the news during the early part of May. After someone had set fire to a munitions dump in Belgium, the city of Liège and all near-by communities were assessed a fine (the Nazis called it a contribution) of 500,000 francs. At the same time everyone was ordered to remain in his home between nine in the evening and five in the morning, all coffee houses and restaurants were ordered closed at eight thirty, and all permits for travel were made invalid and could be renewed only by application to the Nazi occupation authorities. New rations also were announced for Belgium, where the meat ration was cut to two pounds a month, including the bones and fat, or half that of Germany; 6,750 grams, or about 15 pounds, of bread a month were allowed; 5,100 grams, or about 11 pounds, of flour; 100 grams of *ersatz* coffee; 1/2 pound of margarine or butter; 1/4 pound of sugar; 30 pounds of potatoes; 1/10 pound of rice, peas, lentils, or similar vegetables; a pound of marmalade, and 1/2 pound of syrup or artificial honey.

Speeches in the United States by Roosevelt, Stimson, and Knox were the object of comment in the Nazi press—"Democratic Loud-Mouthed Chatterboxes and Know-It-Alls" (the literal German translation is "Know-It-Betters"), said the tabloid *Zwölf Uhr Blatt*. The Nazi papers even indicated their editorial comment in their main headlines. Generally the comments were so much alike that I gave them only passing attention in the broadcasts. Furthermore, they were all phrased as propaganda. The point was that the Nazi press was preparing the German people for war with the United States.

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said on May 8: "Influential people in official Washington say that much will happen within the next few weeks." That was not explained, but it

made some of us think that Germany was planning to involve the United States in war very soon. That same day Schmidt said he had no comment to make on the arrest of a number of German sailors and journalists in the United States since the official report had not been received. Almost every issue of every Nazi paper began to carry at least one daily article on the United States. *D.A.Z.* headlined some of the comments on the speeches: "America against Europe." To make the German people believe there was no free speech in the United States, the *Völkischer Beobachter* said on May 10: "Any expression of opinion contrary to that of Roosevelt is quickly hushed, by forceful means if necessary." The *V.B.* did not give its readers credit for wondering about this statement in connection with their continued quotations from Wheeler, Lindbergh, and other isolationists in the United States.

On May 10, just as I was ready to go on the air, I received an official statement saying that the Red Sea was not a neutral zone, as defined by the United States, but a German war zone and therefore might be mined or subject to any other action against a vessel there that might be carrying contraband. The Nazis did not mention that their vessels could not get into the sea and that it was difficult of access even for their planes. Nevertheless, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* headlined the story: "Undeclared War." A few days later the *Zamzam* was sunk in the Atlantic by a German submarine. Americans were on board. With the United States using armed convoys, Nazi Admiral Raeder said that the use of armed convoys by any nation might be considered an act of war by that nation. The statement was considered important enough to be commented upon in two press conferences on one day and to be featured in all the German newspapers.

The *V.B.* carried a biography of Colonel Knox in which he was called "a man from the Wild West" and "a bull in a china shop." When the *New York Times* told of prisoners in the Atlanta federal penitentiary asking to aid in armament-

making and hanging pictures of Hitler on the walls of their cells with such captions underneath as: "We want to help beat Hitler," the *V.B.* carried the headline: "Roosevelt Makes Convicts Active against Hitler. Murderers and Thieves Arm-in-Arm with the President." One sentence in this infuriating—and amusing—distortion was: "Germany is fighting against the organized underworld, which under cover of freedom and democracy has revolted against Nazi breeding, discipline, and order."

On May 24, the *V.B.* carried the ridiculous old story that President Roosevelt was of Jewish ancestry. It quoted the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* of some date in 1935, which had based its reasoning on President Roosevelt's reply to a question as to whether he was of Jewish ancestry. The President was said to have declared: "Three hundred years ago my ancestors came from the Netherlands to America. The question as to whether my ancestors were Jews, Catholics, or Protestants doesn't bother me in the least." The *V.B.* said that Roosevelt thus evaded the question—there was obviously no reason why he should bother to answer such a one—and that he had thus been frivolous and typically Jewish. The article went on to say that the President's mother was of Jewish descent, apparently because her name was Sarah; that she was descended from an Italian family named Illan, later changed to Delano, and that Eleanor Roosevelt's mother also was Jewish. The story made me so angry I could not forbear thrusting it before Krauss and others.

"You know what my reaction to such a story is?" I asked. "It is ridiculous in the first place because it does not make the slightest bit of difference whether a man is Jewish, Catholic, Protestant or Buddhist. Further, it would make me support Roosevelt even if I were not for him in the first place. You people over here are making more and more of us firm Roosevelt men. When I came over, I wasn't certain whether I was for Willkie or Roosevelt. Now I know."

On May 24 the *Nachtausgabe* made the first comment in advance on a Roosevelt speech I had ever seen in the Nazi press. Sometimes they did not even say anything after it had been made. On this occasion the Berlin paper said: "All speeches from war-mongers in the United States leave us indifferent, and that goes for Roosevelt's address next Tuesday, too." The mere fact that the *Nachtausgabe* said that, and that other papers were paying so much attention to Roosevelt's speeches and actions, indicated they were not indifferent. After the talk one of the comments on the German radio in connection with the President's mention of freedom of the seas was: "Germany neither can nor will permit this type of dictatorship by the United States or any other nation." The Nazis wanted to do the dictating themselves. The tabloid *Nachtausgabe* huffed and it puffed: "If anyone makes an attempt to become involved in war with us, then he will have to take the consequences."

Das Reich carried a full page of cartoons on the United States, including one of a lynching, which it presented as typical of the country. Nazi Germany certainly could cast no stones. Another cartoon showed a criminal about to talk over the radio on European morals. It was interesting to note that all the papers carried a story about a food convention in the United States at which some speaker had said that 45,000,000 Americans were undernourished. *Zwölf Uhr Blatt* put that under the headline: "Undernourished America. 45,000,000 People Live in Distress. 75% Not Properly Nourished. Ten Million Jobless—Farmers Leave their Fields." Poor America!

Raids on the British Isles continued, with Plymouth and Newcastle reported on May 6 as objectives, Glasgow and Newcastle the next day, and London on May 11 said to have "experienced one of the most severe raids of the war. Several hundred bombers were over the city for six hours. Successive waves roared over, with the damage principally at the bend of the Thames, between Waterloo Bridge and the Victoria

docks." A later report said the Nazis were over London from midnight until dawn, that hundreds of tons of explosive bombs and more than a hundred thousand incendiaries were dropped. It was declared that the smoke from fires was so thick that operations were hindered. Plymouth also was attacked again. Germany claimed raids on shipping as well, off the coast and in the North Atlantic. On May 13 Great Yarmouth and Plymouth were named as the objects of attack and it was said that forty-five airfields were bombed.

Attacks on Germany were just as constant. May 11 was the fourth night in succession that the RAF roared over. Berlin, Mannheim, and Hamburg were the main objectives one of these nights, with the casualty list high in the German capital for the night of May 10. Fires at industrial plants were admitted that night in Mannheim, and on May 13 more fires in factories were acknowledged in Cologne and Mannheim. A few days later the Nazis said that the British had damaged a railroad right of way at Cologne. People coming into Berlin from Hamburg and Mannheim said the damage there was heavy.

The story was told that Hitler had asked Göring to fly him over London and show him the damage there. Göring agreed and the two took off from Tempelhof in Berlin, shot up over the clouds, and went on and on. In time they came down from the clouds and Hitler looked over the side of the plane. Below were smoking ruins, block after block destroyed, with people picking their way through the debris.

"Hermann," Hitler was declared to have said, "that's terrible. That's frightful! Why, those poor, poor people! I had no idea London was hit so badly as this."

Göring then glanced over the side.

"Oh," he said, "that, Adolf, isn't London. That's Hamburg."

We in Berlin also were becoming used to alarms again. Demonstrations on the proper way to fight incendiaries were to be seen on street corners, where the general crew wore masks,

and those fighting the fire had on coveralls and helmets. One of the group filled buckets with water, another manned a pump, and a third, with a board as a shield, turned a hose on the fire. Posters appeared showing a woman fighting an incendiary bomb, and a boy at the door bringing her a bucket of water. One of the papers suggested that a washtub lid could be used as a shield in fighting the bombs and recommended that one be added to the buckets of water, sand, broom, and shovel on each apartment landing. The people were told that the sand should be in ten-pound bags. Articles on proper air-raid precautions were carried in the press. The people read that the temperature in shelters should be about sixty degrees and that, for comfort, it was advisable to cover the floors and walls with old rugs or paper. The populace was reminded that no insurance damages for death or injury would be paid unless the victim had taken refuge in a shelter, and everyone was advised to have a box containing all valuable papers handy to carry with him into the cellar. German editors were taken on a tour of anti-aircraft emplacements so they could write stories about the protection. One of the articles mentioned that because of the noise of the guns, officers gave their commands over microphones carried around their necks.

There was a warning that almost any crime committed in a blackout meant beheading. In Leipzig two were sentenced to death because of burglaries. In Berlin one man was executed for snatching a woman's purse, and another for the theft of a ton of coal, all during blackouts. A Berliner who had left his house with a light lit had to pay the cost of the call for the fire department which broke into his place and a fine in addition. A poster warning people to "*Verdunkle*"—"Blackout"—showed the skeleton of Death riding in a plane and tossing a bomb at a building where a light still showed.

On May 24 the Nazis reported that they had sunk the 42,000-ton battle cruiser *Hood*, the world's largest. A special *Sondermeldung*, with fanfares and roll of drums, announced that the

35,000-ton *Bismarck* had scored a direct hit on the *Hood's* powder magazine, as a result of which she had blown up. Proud of the exploit, the Nazis announced the next day that Admiral Lütjens, the commander of the *Bismarck*, had accounted for 116,000 tons of British shipping in March. On May 25 the German radio claimed that Britain had only two more battle cruisers, the *Repulse* and the *Renown*. Two days later the jubilant song of the Nazis became a mournful dirge as it was reported that the *Bismarck* had been in battle with British naval units since nine o'clock the previous night. Later reports that day said that the *Bismarck* had been sunk four hundred miles off Brest. After the attack on the *Hood*, the British had set out after the Nazi raider and sent her to the bottom.

"The *Bismarck*, which sank the *Hood* and damaged the *King George V*," said the Nazi press, "went down with her brave crew before three British warships, one aircraft carrier, and a number of cruisers and destroyers." The German radio said the story was worthy of the most glorious traditions of the German navy in the first World War. Even the High Command became dramatic: The *Bismarck* received a hit forward which reduced her speed during the first encounter with the British armed forces, it said, then had her speed further reduced during an attack by British aircraft Saturday, and "last night about nine was again hit twice by torpedo-carrying aircraft and her screws and rudder were smashed. She continued to fight despite her helpless condition until she went down at noon today before the British." It was reported that Admiral Lütjens's last message was: "*Bismarck* unable to manoeuvre. We will fight to the last man. Long live Der Führer!"

Even though Nazi Germany disregarded many of the special holidays observed in other countries, she continued to observe Mother's Day, but had her own ideas about the way to do so. The Nazis did not make it the kind of day on which children lovingly remembered their mothers, but one on which the

State lauded the women who produced the most children. On Mother's Day the gangsters who ran Nazi Germany again demonstrated their complete lack of humanity, their inability to understand the finer sensibilities, their crude coarse kinship with the worst racketeer elements the United States has ever experienced. The difference was that our gangsters ruled over the underworld in a section of a city, while those in Germany strode their swaggering way over the necks of a whole country and threatened to extend their territory over a continent and a world.

According to the Nazi pattern, it was announced on May 18 that three thousand German women who were "children-rich" would be decorated with the Honour Cross on Mother's Day. Taking another occasion to deify the Nazi Capone, the *Börsen Zeitung* declared in connection with Mother's Day: "The Germans after centuries of error on the true meaning of life have been given its true meaning by Adolf Hitler, the greatest man in our history."

The very same week the Nazi press announced Rat-Fighting Day. *Der Angriff*, commenting on the day, with the undeveloped mentality to be expected in Nazi Germany, said (to translate literally):

"Imagine coming into your dining-room and seeing two rats on the table eating your piece of bread. Can't that happen? Of course it can if we don't fight rats regularly. That's the reason we are having Rat-Fighting Day in Germany again.

"Rat poison comes in either liquid or solid form and those who prepare the bread or potato with the poison must be warned against having smokers' fingers since the rats have very sensitive noses and won't eat it when prepared with tobacco fingers. The police will carefully examine all preparations of rat poison."

Rat-Fighting Day in Germany was a good idea, but the people set traps for the wrong rats.

Snow White was shown in Germany for the first time on

Friday night, May 9, but the German people did not have the opportunity to see it. The Disney film was shown at the Ausland Club at the Propaganda Ministry for the correspondents and Nazi officials. *Gone with the Wind* had been presented before the same audience several times, and every few months one of the best films produced in the United States was given at the club. The Nazis seized the reels in occupied countries and brought them to Berlin, where no American films were shown to the public. The Nazis did not dare permit the people to see the productions since they were superior to those made in Germany. Colour pictures especially were banned since the Nazis did not want the populace to know they were possible. Dr. Goebbels had decreed that German films might not exceed 7,500 feet in length, to run about an hour, and that none should exceed set sums in cost. The only exceptions were some of the propaganda films.

As a matter of fact, the Nazi film-producers tried to introduce propaganda into every film. A simple one about a horse entered in the Olympics, for instance, was given a patriotic angle. It was called: *Ride for Germany*. Tobis Cinema, one of the largest producers, sent me a publicity release in which the propagandist theme was admitted. It said: "The films must uphold German policies and actions of today. Thus history is used to maintain a united Germany and present the current political attitude. *Ohm Kruger* [a film on the Boer War, starring Emil Jannings] shoots at England with words and pictures. It strikes at the plutocrats in the person of Cecil Rhodes." Reference was made in the release to another Nazi film, *Bismarck*. The biographical type was popular; Schubert, Schiller, and others were the subjects of musical films. One picture, with an obvious theme, was on the Rothschilds, and one on view when I arrived in Germany was entitled *Jud Süß (Jew Süß)*. War pictures glorified the mountain troops, the raiders, the airmen, and other branches of the service. One on submarines, called *U-Boats Westward*, ended with one of the crew dying.

Over that scene were superimposed the announcer's words: "Sacrifice is necessary for victory. Germany fights on toward victory!"

The news weeklies were propaganda from beginning to end. They began with a picture of the German Imperial eagle, in front of which was the swastika, and a rousing military musical background, and were devoted to the campaigns, pictures of the Nazi leaders, and the presentation of awards to workers, mothers, and soldiers. Some of the shots taken by the PK men in actual battles were well done. One shown early in May was of Nazi bombers attacking British tanks in the North African desert. The tanks were first seen in formation and then began to scatter as the bombs spirted the sand into fountains below. Several tanks were immobilized quickly, while the rest broke formation and fled like ants in a disturbed ant-hill. The camera concentrated on one of the tanks, around which bombs were seen to fall as it darted this way and then that. Finally one hit its mark and the scene ended with a black cloud of smoke rising from the stricken battle-wagon.

For transition in campaign pictures, the Nazis used shots of marching boots, the wheels of motorized cars and tanks, the prows of warships cutting the waves, and the periscope wake of a submarine, with appropriate martial music. When pictures of British prisoners were taken, the cameraman always focused on Negro colonial troops and Jews. When the Russian campaign began, pictures were taken only of those prisoners who looked most like morons, despite the fact that in the later stages of the fighting this was no compliment to the Nazis. The Nazis did not adopt the fabled reasoning of the Japanese General who was asked which he considered the best army in the world.

"The Japanese," he said.

"And which is the next best?" continued his interrogator, expecting the General to say: "The German." Instead, he replied without hesitation:

"The Chinese."

All pictures of the dead and wounded were of the enemy, never of the Germans, but some of these were so horrible that many German women, picturing their own men in the same scenes, could not look at them and stopped going to the theatres. It was hard to understand why these scenes became progressively more frightful, especially during the Russian campaign, unless it was that the Nazis thought they would help make the people harder. They were some of the most revolting pictures I had ever seen.

During the Russian campaign naked little babies, emaciated so that they were little more than skin and bones except for their stomachs, which had been distended by starvation, were shown with flies crawling all over their little bodies. The Nazi announcer said they were Russian babies under the Soviet regime, but it was whispered that the pictures were not of Russian children at all, but might have been Polish infants starved by the Nazis.

An occasional Italian or Spanish picture was shown in the interests of the Axis, but the most frequent appeal in that respect was in vaudeville, where the performers were supposedly representative of various countries. La Scala had the best vaudeville in the Reich, and I once saw a girl there who was supposed to be an American. She was a tap-dancer, and one of the least adept I have ever seen, but since Germans somehow cannot tap at all, her performance was well received. The most popular musical comedy was *The Merry Widow*, and several theatres in Berlin presented this type of entertainment all the time. The legitimate theatre offered comedies most of the time, and although there was supposed to be no star system, one or two actors always played the leading roles. One comedy, on the Kurfürstendamm in the summer of 1941, starring Greta Weisser, included among its characters a Mr. King from Chicago. He was a wealthy man suffering from stomach ailment, who furnished much amusement to the Germans by mixing

his English and German, saying: "*Mein stomach ist schlecht. She is furchtbar.*"

There were fewer stars system in the theatres outside Berlin. Every city of any size in Germany had at least one theatre with its own company, in addition to its own opera. Wagner was naturally the most popular opera-composer, and Goethe's *Faust* attracted such large crowds in the summer and fall of 1941 that it was almost impossible to obtain tickets. Barbe and I went to see a new opera, *Andreas Wolfgang*, one afternoon. He said it was the best he had seen since Wagner. That performance began at a quarter to five in the afternoon. The time of performances varied with the season, the idea being that all must be over before bombers were likely to come over. Shakespeare was being played somewhere all the time; *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *King Lear*, and *Julius Cæsar* were the most popular of his plays. The Nazis called Shakespeare "one of our classic authors." Although only Axis Aryan writers were represented, including among the opera-composers Verdi, Puccini, Mozart, and Rossini, the Nazis, through some quirk of reasoning, also presented Bernard Shaw.

Special attention had to be paid to the audience's reaction to some of the lines. I recall one play given in Leipzig in which a doorman failed to answer the door and was upbraided by a visitor.

"Man," he said, "why do you not open this door quickly?"

"Man? Don't call me man. I, sir, am an official."

When the audience laughed and applauded so hard and loudly that it stopped the show, the Nazis thought the people might be seeing a distinction between a man and an official and were insulted. They censored the lines.

Göring, whose wife was a former actress, Emmy Sonnemann, sponsored the State opera. Goebbels supervised the motion pictures and decided that he should personally select the new actresses. Girls were often pointed out to me in the Adlon as Goebbels's most recent find. Everyone was quick to volunteer

the information that Goebbels took advantage of young women with theatrical ambitions. He was one of the most disliked of all the Nazi officials.

Even though entertainment was controlled by the Nazis, as a means of helping maintain morale, some of the recognized artists dared to say publicly what they thought of the regime. A few scientists at the universities also were outspoken. It was always a question, however, how long they might continue their criticism in a country that made criticism a crime. People in Nazi Germany often disappeared.

Chapter XV

THE NAZIS TAKE CRETE

CRETE, as the first place in history where an attempt was made to capture an island from the air, was particularly important since it was viewed as a practice ground for an all-out move against the British Isles.

The campaign against Crete, aimed first at the airfields and at shipping off the coast, actually began on May 6, although none of the correspondents knew anything about it then. I had quoted from the *Pariser Zeitung* on May 10 that "Malta has been eliminated as an important British base. [The almost daily attacks on that stronghold had then been under way for some time.] In the next few days Crete will share the fate of Malta." That was a direct statement, but since the Nazi boxing technique was to feint here, there, and everywhere, no one could be certain which blow would carry through.

The first announcement of any action against Crete was made on May 14. It was then said there had been bombings of two airfields and in Suda Bay at Crete. The attack had then been under way for eight days. It was not until the 18th and 19th that the Nazis began to find their blows taking effect. The first report, on May 19, was that a vessel of the *York* class and two destroyers had been badly damaged and two freighters sunk. The next day it was repeated that there had been attacks on shipping, with Stukas swooping down over the bay, and on

the airfields, where the few Hurricanes and Brewster Buffaloes the RAF had there were destroyed on the ground. Although the High Command did not make an announcement until two days later, the bomber attack in Suda Bay and elsewhere off Crete was reported to have sunk four British cruisers and several destroyers and to have badly damaged a British battleship and two destroyers.

As the battle between the ships of the air and of the sea went on, the High Command claimed that two battleships, five cruisers, and a destroyer had received direct hits, four being set afire and one cruiser left motionless, with a heavy list. The report continued the next day, when it was said five British torpedo boats and three destroyers had been sunk in Stuka attacks in the eastern Mediterranean, and that two more destroyers had been sighted in flames in another part of that sea. Altogether, it was said later, there had been sunk in the waters around Crete seven cruisers, eight destroyers, a submarine, and five motor torpedo boats. In addition, a battleship and a number of cruisers and destroyers were badly damaged by direct bomb hits, it was claimed. Eight British warships, three cruisers, two destroyers, two submarines, and an aircraft carrier were reported to be at Gibraltar for repairs.

From Berlin we had no way to determine the actual British losses, but it was evident that in the first blows of the Crete campaign the Nazis had used air power to win a first and important round against sea power.

That part of the Nazi plan for the invasion of Crete went according to schedule. The parachute invasion was not accomplished with the speed outlined in the program. Although the British sea and air arms had been crippled, the Nazis found that the ground troops fought on with unexpected tenacity and success. According to the Nazi plans, the conquest of Crete from the air was to have been accomplished in one fell swoop, on May 20, but the fight raged for nine days instead.

Only one of the Nazi news sources even hinted at the inva-

sion on the first day, because it had not progressed according to plan. A military spokesman at the Propaganda Ministry conference did not know what to reply to a question about the Reuter's report that 1,500 Nazi parachute troops had landed on Crete. He did not deny it nor confirm it. *Dienst aus Deutschland*, a news hand-out, made comments. It said: "This news throws light on an awaited military movement. Crete may become for the English a losing venture similar to that at Narvik a year ago. The air attacks on airdromes on Crete and on planes on the ground are a sign that the fight in the eastern Mediterranean has passed into a new stage." The next day the German High Command confirmed the report that German parachute troops had landed in Crete, but for the several days following the censors again refused to permit me to mention the parachute troops. Lanius and I had a number of arguments with them about it. The High Command decided to extend the stories of the naval battles over several days.

Meanwhile the papers, acting according to schedule, published articles about Crete, illustrated with maps of the island. The *Börsen Zeitung* called the island a large airplane carrier lying at the entrance to the Ægean. The *Angriff* carried a full page on Crete. *Das Reich* had a map on which was marked the distances to Athens, Malta, Alexandria, and Tobruk. On May 24, four days after the action began, the High Command said that strategic positions had been occupied by parachute troops, supported by fighter, interceptor, bomber, and Stuka squadrons. It was said then that the Nazis had the western part of the island firmly in their hands. Progress finally was beginning to be made.

By Sunday, May 25, the story was beginning to unfold. The Nazis regained confidence in the venture. They told how German planes of all types took part in the attack on anti-aircraft and machine-gun emplacements, communication centres and lines, barracks, camps, and road junctions, and how the troops themselves were machine-gunned and bombed. It was said

that Nazi fighters had even effectively attacked tanks, their cannon piercing the steel sides and setting the tanks afire. It was claimed prematurely that the British had abandoned all airfields on the island. The main British positions were on the airfields, and the last was not abandoned until May 29.

The *Völkischer Beobachter* was enthusiastic. It said that an entirely new chapter in war history had begun, that for the first time parachute troops had made a mass attack on an island, more than sixty miles from the nearest land base, an island that had been one of the main British land and sea bases in the Mediterranean. The *V.B.* claimed that the British and Greeks had left nothing undone to strengthen the defence of the island.

A PK writer in *Der Montag* on May 26 was the first to disclose that uninterrupted attacks against Crete had been carried on for fourteen days before the invasion. He said that Nazi planes, taking off from airfields in Greece, concentrated on the ports and airfields, especially in low diving attacks. In a description of this action the PK man said that a huge map of Crete was set up between the cypress and orange trees on the edge of each airfield and was studied constantly by the officers and men so that they became more and more familiar with the island, especially since the study was accompanied by daily flights to the objectives. The men learned to know every hill, every valley, every road, village, airfield, port, storehouse, anti-aircraft position, and every other point of importance. The officers gathered the men around the map each day so that the knowledge might be pooled. They pointed to the red and blue circles that marked the most important positions. The Nazis were not only making preliminary raids on Crete, to pave the way for the invasion, but also learning much to aid them when they finally stepped on the soil there. As the lecture was given, the report continued, the drone of flying planes was heard overhead. The first squadron was in the air. A few minutes later more men were off, until the skies were filled with ma-

chines leaving to carry out their assignments for the day.

Other PK reports pictured the invasion. Piecing some of these together to make a composite picture, I read how, after preliminary onslaughts by bombers and fighters, the parachute troops set off in Junker 52's in the sultry heavy dawn of May 20. While the bombers were dumping their explosives, the Stukas were screaming down with their charges, and the fighters were raking the ground below with their machine guns, the doors of the Junkers opened. At one time there were hundreds of men in the air, and within seconds the earth was dotted with little white spots as the men landed. The PK reporter did not say so, but some of the men carried down by the parachutes did not move again. The fire on the parachute troops was heavy, beyond all Nazi imagination. The British, I learned later, fired on the helpless targets as they came down as if they were ducks in a shooting gallery, and although the men were but seconds in the air, the toll was frightfully heavy. When the men landed the intense fire continued and they could not carry out their instructions. The murderous artillery fire kept many hugging the ground helplessly and it was not until night that some dared move to assemble their weapons and take their positions.

The Nazis did not talk about the severity of the fighting on Crete, but it was evident from the fact that the struggle continued for days and days. On May 26 the High Command said that the parachute troops in Crete had been reinforced, and that they were advancing from the west, leaving behind them smoke from a burning armament depot, a large British encampment, planes, and hangars. The attack on vessels off Crete continued. At this time it was said that a destroyer was blown in two by a blast and that another of the same flotilla turned keel-upwards and remained in that position some time before sinking. The masts of four British transports were reported protruding from the water in Suda Bay. King George of Greece, it was reported, had fled to the mountains, where he

spent a night in a shepherd's cave; the next day he climbed another mountain and then boarded a ship for Egypt.

On May 27 it was said that twenty transport planes were landed in Crete almost every hour, carrying troops and supplies. It was announced that Max Schmeling was among the parachute troops who had landed on Crete, making his first combat jump there after nine months of training. On May 28, four British vessels, with a total tonnage of 14,500 tons, were claimed sunk by German bombers off Crete. It was said the fighting was hand-to-hand in some places, that numerous prisoners had been taken and large quantities of arms, munitions, and food supplies seized. On the same day all British naval vessels were reported to have withdrawn from around Crete. The fight was almost at an end.

The next day the German radio said the fight for Crete had been decided, that the British were in full retreat, resistance had collapsed everywhere, and evacuation was under way from southern ports in every available kind of vessel, including fishing boats. An authorized military spokesman said that evacuation was difficult since the northern coast was under constant heavy bombardment from the air and the southern coast was mountainous and without important harbours. A few British planes were reported in the final action, since two Bristol-Blenheims were declared destroyed in air battles and two fighters blasted on the ground. With the fighting almost over, an Italian force was said to have landed on the southeast coast. A PK reporter said that Canea was a dead city in which not one house remained entire and that cut and shot telephone wires drooped between the devastated structures. The censors insisted that I insert in my broadcast that the Nazi destruction in Canea was necessary because the British fired from every house and garden there. That was in the PK report, but I had planned to omit it. On June 1 it was said that the evacuation scene in the southern part of the island was one of panic, that 10,000

prisoners had been taken, and that mopping-up operations were under way.

During these last few days the Nazis officially denied the reported death of Schmeling, said that he had been separated from his unit, was ill and in a Greek hospital, where his condition was favourable. Mutilation of captured Germans and the use of German uniforms and the Nazi flag, taken from prisoners, to trap and kill other Nazis were charged. The Berlin reports made it appear as if the British were guilty in both instances. Later, while the Nazi press was repeating these charges, I learned the truth from German soldiers who had been on Crete.

After the campaign was over, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declared that the battle had been decided from the air, in spite of the British statement that an island could not be taken from an enemy without superior naval power. The Frankfurt paper, which was more factual, despite the Nazis, than any other publication in the Reich, went on to say that no one in Germany should underrate the British—that her fleet still remained of vast importance, especially near the British coast and in those regions that could not be reached by planes. England had many powerful ships, the paper said, manned by brave men and led by experienced officers. It added that the British in Crete “fought with determination and without thought of their own danger.”

During the Crete campaign I read a number of German books on aviation and parachute troops and talked with those who could give me more information. That study demonstrated more than anything else the fact that Nazi Germany had been preparing for war from the moment that Hitler assumed power. Because the Versailles Treaty had required Germany to surrender her World War planes and had forbidden the use of materials for plane-construction, the Nazis were unable to begin building an air force immediately, but their

future airmen learned valuable fundamentals. With gliders, the Germans learned more about air currents and the basic principles of flying than they would have through the use of planes with motors. Soon, under the pretext of establishing passenger lines and the use of sport planes, Germans were at the stick in real machines, advanced one more step toward their goal. In 1935 Hitler openly announced the establishment of a Nazi military air force. Germany thus began her plans for war in the air four years before the conflict actually began and had just so much advantage over the world against which she was to war.

In building an air force, as in everything else, the Nazis enlisted the aid of propaganda, telling the Germans they were not only born soldiers but a nation of fliers. Although the Nazis seldom published personality stories about people in the news, as do the newspapers in the United States, they made exceptions of the exploits of aviators. I recall one article in the *Völkischer Beobachter* that told of the career of Ernst Udet, beginning with his efforts as a youth of eighteen to enlist in the World War air corps, and ending with his having shot down sixty-two planes as a member of the famed Richthofen squadron. Through the press, over the radio, in posters, magazines, books, and with other mediums, nothing was left undone to make Germans air-conscious. The training of future fliers began with boys of eleven, when as members of the Hitler Youth they were required to build and fly model planes. Those with special ability were given continued training.

Only those especially fit mentally and physically might enter the air service, since it was declared that flying makes more demands on the body and mind than any other type of service. Physically, it was required that a man be at least five feet eight inches tall, that he be not overweight, nor require glasses for perfect vision, and have demonstrated athletic prowess by winning a gymnastics or sports award. It was explained that no man wearing glasses was accepted since fliers in fog, rain, and

snow have to remove them and then cannot see as well, a fact of especial importance in landing. Tests show whether a man can maintain balance in any position and despite dips, rolls, and turns, whether he can become quickly orientated in difficulties, remain calm, think and act quickly, and maintain a definite feeling of responsibility for his own safety, his plane, his fellows, and the interests of his country. Each also must of course be mechanically apt. Men between eighteen and twenty-three were preferred; according to one German authority, fliers are at their best between eighteen and twenty-five, but some older men, tested in fighting, are the best of all.

Germany tried to give her aviators long and thorough training. That was the principle followed before the war began and in its early period, but losses in fighting later undoubtedly made it necessary to speed up the process. It was the theory that every man in the air service should first receive the regular training of a soldier during two years of compulsory service and then be given four years or more of special training. It is obvious that this could not continue after the war became more difficult for Germany, but it is estimated that she trained more than a million pilots.

Sports were emphasized, beginning with group exercises, gymnastics, and swimming, and continuing with dashes, jumps, putting the shot, boxing, and fencing. Specific training depended on whether the soldier hoped to become a pilot, mechanic, observer, radio operator, or ground man; the fliers, especially the pilots, were given the severest and longest periods of training.

Each German bomber carries a crew of four or five: the pilot; the observer, who receives the flying orders and is in command; the radio operator and the mechanic, both of whom man the guns during a fight in the air. When there is a fifth man, he is an aid to the observer. Dive bombers have crews of two: the pilot and the radio operator. As pointed out in my interview with one of the men who had attacked the *Illustrious*,

bombers are assigned to targets of wide expanse—airfields, factories, and the like—while dive bombers attack smaller targets, such as tanks and bridges, with the whole plane aiming at the prey like a diving hawk. One of the German books, *Flier, Anti-Aircraft Man, and Cannonier*, said that fighters, important in protecting other planes and in defending enemy territory, must be men who can act without command, and that they are almost the only soldiers in modern war who take part in personal combat. Some of the photographs in the book showed aviators flying upside down within fifteen feet of the ground, planes in flying units of nine, six forward and three following, and a bomb that was as tall as a man, weighing 250 kilos, or about 500 pounds.

Walter Gericke's book, *Soldiers Fallen from Heaven*, said that parachute troopers, like aviators, received the regular training of a soldier before they were sent to special schools and camps. They had to make enough flights to become accustomed to being in the air; this experience was largely acquired at the same time as they were taught to see with the eyes of a flier, differentiating between heights and depths, between solid and infirm soil, to judge altitudes and speeds. In these flights the parachute trooper was flown all over Germany, from the mountains in the south to the Baltic in the north.

At the same time the trooper took gymnastic exercises that included falling, beginning with dropping to a soft mat, then jumping over two men and then as many as five kneeling before him, leaping forwards and backwards from a ladder and from ropes suspended over the ground. While on the rope, the trooper learned to jump from varying heights, to maintain his position as an instructor swung him, and to put his back to the wind as fans from varying directions were turned on him. When the command to jump came, he must then leap no matter what his position at the time, trying to land on his feet with both knees bent. If he failed to land on his feet, the trooper must regain them as quickly as possible. Much attention was

paid to proper landing because the least injury makes it more difficult for the man to carry out his assignment.

After these preliminary jumps the trooper progressed to making them from a plane on the ground, assuming the same positions he would later take in the air. With the command: "*Fertig machen*"—"Make ready"—all troopers in the plane rise from their seats. The first attaches his rip-cord to the plane hook or cable. The next command is: "*Fertig zum Absprung*"—"Make ready to jump." The first man takes his position in the door of the plane with his head and the rest of the upper part of his body bent forward. Then comes the sound of a horn as the signal to jump. Pushing with his feet, the first man leaves the plane with his arms spread as in a swan dive.

Each man was required to go through this exercise until it was automatic. But before he went aloft he had to go through another drill. In this he lay on the ground with his parachute attached in the path of the wind from the motor of a plane on the ground, so that he was dragged by the parachute. He was then taught how to stop the forward drag by rolling over from his back and pulling in the chute. When that became routine, the trooper was assigned his own parachute, on the theory that he would keep it in perfect condition at all times, he learned how to adjust it properly and was then ready for his first leap from a plane in the air.

Once the men were again in their seats, there was the command to stand, then for the first man to attach his rip-cord, "*Achtung, fertig zum Absprung*"—"Attention! Make ready to jump." The wind-stream hit his head and body, and then, as the horn sounded, he pressed firmly with his left foot, threw out his hands, and flew from the machine. The rip-cord tightened and jerked the trooper, there was a pull, and a chute opened, the man floated downward, the plane disappeared to one side. At first each man felt as if he could not breathe, that he could not get any air; he snapped like a fish for his breath, gained it, and then sought to bring himself down in the proper

place. The earth rushed upward, the trained parachutist touched the soil and automatically went through his routine, landed feet first, unfastened his parachute, and reported. Equipment, such as hand grenades, flame-throwers, machine guns, and other weapons, came down on other chutes, with each man assigned to take care of certain pieces.

Before the campaign was over, I had made arrangements to set out for Crete by plane, as the only correspondent going on this trip. Lanius hoped to go, too, when he heard of the plans, but he had no assistant at the time and I had found an able one in Howard K. Smith, formerly with the United Press in London and Berlin. Howard was from the South, where he had been a student and high-hurdle man at Louisiana State and had won a Rhodes scholarship. He was young, in his middle twenties, slight, of medium height, dark, and with a slight Southern accent. He was a good reporter and wrote well, and although his first broadcasts were stiff, I found that he was able to carry on himself after a few visits to the radio station.

Howard's first effort at the station alone was unfortunate, however, although he thought it was worse than it was. As a Southerner he was easy-going and leisurely, and as a newspaper man on foreign assignment and not a broadcaster, he had not become a slave to the clock. On this first day, therefore, he wrote his broadcast, put it through the censors, and then sat down to read it over. He was not aware of the time and the fact that he should, at the moment, have been on the air.

I met Howard and Lanius at the Adlon that afternoon.

"I've messed it up," said Howard. "I've failed on my first broadcast. What will they say in New York?"

I assured him that everything was all right and that every broadcaster was bound to miss at least one broadcast. His miss was behind him. At any rate, unlike Barbe, he had not gone on the wrong chain. We drank to his next broadcast.

With Howard on the job, beginning regularly on June 1, I

also began to feel I might be able to get home soon. I wired Paul White about the possibility of bringing Leigh White to Berlin to work with Howard, and thus make my return possible. I would see Leigh in Athens, where he was in a hospital, after being injured in a machine-gunned troop train in Greece.

The situation was beginning to look more hopeful. Even the weather seemed to improve. After constant rains and even snow in the early part of May, the sun began to shine again. Poppies and violets grew in the green lawns and lilacs were in bloom in the Tiergarten and at Sans Souci in Potsdam. The people began to frequent the tennis courts, where I noticed that most Germans did not play the game, but were content, in their unimaginative way, merely to bat the ball back and forth for exercise. They went to the beaches, at Müggelsee, Tegel, Oberspree, and Wannsee, swam under stunting bombers from near-by airfields, rode in canoes and rowboats, and on steamers that began regular schedules between Wannsee, Pfaueninsel, and Potsdam. The Berlin zoo began its Sunday schedule with a concert at six in the morning; crowds flocked to the three racetracks near Berlin, and began to sit in the sun at the café tables along the Linden and the Kurfürstendamm.

On one of these Sunday mornings I went to a chapel on the Schlüterstrasse, recommended by Max Jordan. It was within easy walking distance of my pension. On my first visit there I had attended the wrong service. The chapel was located on the first floor of one of the apartment buildings and if I had not had the street number, I should have missed it. Inside, I turned to the left off the hall, noticed an altar in a room so small that no more than a dozen people could enter, and a choir of five in the adjoining room. It appeared that the priest was saying Mass and I stopped.

First I wondered about the hymns sung by the choir. They were an unusual group, one of them in a German soldier's uniform although he looked Polish, a man with a dark mustache and a scar on his cheek; another little fellow with huge walrus-

like moustaches, enormous eyebrows, staring eyes, and an abysmal bass; two women in house dresses, and one ordinary man. They were not singing German or Latin. It sounded Slavic. The melodies were hauntingly mournful. I had never heard hymns like them before. I made an effort to hear the low words of the priest and found they also were in a Slavic tongue. Although the service was the Mass, it was not, I realized, a Roman Catholic Mass. Afterwards I asked the man with the moustaches about it.

"It is a Russian Orthodox Mass," he said, "and the language is Russian."

On the succeeding Sundays I found the right chapel, farther inside the apartment building. It, too, was unusual, as the priest stood behind a brick altar facing the congregation; he said his part of the Mass aloud, and was answered by the small congregation. I was hearing a recitative Mass for the first time and liking it better because those who attend take a more active, personal part in the ceremony. The small congregation was perfect in the rhythm of its Latin responses. They made me conscious of my failings in pronouncing the language.

A letter from Ruth told me that she had taken Pat to Dowagiac, Michigan, for her first train ride and that Pat had behaved herself well although Ruth had almost worn out her voice reading to her. Letters from Ruth were beginning to arrive more regularly again. I wired her about Howard and my hopes that Leigh White would come to Berlin. Paul wired asking that we use less straight news and more special material. I talked with Howard about returning to my old idea of interviews and the colourful background material that I had used when I first came to Berlin.

Before I left on the trip to Crete, Plack insisted that I see a few night clubs and have dinner with him. On Saturday night, May 31, he took me to the Jockey Bar, where I found pictures of United States motion-picture stars on the wall, including Leslie Howard, who was on the BBC at that time. The orches-

tra played American dance music in modern tempo for what was apparently a sophisticated crowd. The atmosphere was about the same at the Carlton. Both were astonishingly like night clubs in New York except that there was no dancing. None is permitted when a campaign is in progress.

On Sunday night Plack took me to Horcher's, the select restaurant in Berlin to which no one but leading officials of the Reich had entrée since the war began. Anyone else who called for reservations was told all the places were taken. That was partly because Horcher's, even with the war in progress, was given the means of trying to maintain its reputation from the days when no prices were printed on the menus because, it was said, after you had enjoyed the food you would not care what it cost. Horcher's during the war was a place to which Nazi leaders could take their friends and strut. We had hors d'œuvres that included *pâté de foie gras*, pickled herring, and lobster salad. There was fried spring chicken, ice cream with real chocolate sauce, and real coffee. Horcher's also did not count the ration cards as you surrendered them. They put a box on the table and trusted you to be honest. The prices were probably staggering; I did not learn what they were because the bill was not brought to the table.

Monday, June 2, I left Tempelhof airdrome at half past eight in the morning, with a letter from the Foreign Office in my pocket to prevent my being required to surrender my seat en route to some Nazi officer, and with a cable just received from Chicago, wishing me *bon voyage* not only from Ruth, Pat, and Cookie, but also from my mother, my sister Louise, and her little boy, Jim, who were visiting there.

Chapter XVI

GREECE AND CRETE

THE flight to Athens took twelve long hours. The plane stopped at Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Salonika, but I saw little of any of these cities except the airport. Over Belgrade I looked for the effects of Nazi bombing, but could see nothing from the height at which we flew. I saw the Danube below, represented as blue in song and poetry, but looking to me like a muddy stream; interminable rolling hills that grew into grey mountains as we sped over the Gulf of Salonika to Athens. I read an old issue of *Time* that escaped the censors at the borders, tried to determine my position from a German pocket atlas, and slept.

In Belgrade, I met Speck, of INS, bound from Sofia to Berlin to aid Huss. I was on the airport veranda when he landed, walking from the plane with a tall husky girl in slacks. A camera was slung over her shoulder. As he approached, a slight young man with a small moustache, he had the air of an American, and I was not surprised to overhear him speak English. I introduced myself, learned who he was, and found that the girl, who was stopping in Belgrade, was a photographer for a German news agency.

Since I had had nothing to eat all day but a roll with a cup of *ersatz* coffee at the Berlin airport and two oranges I had brought with me, Speck and I set out to find something near the Belgrade field. We located a dirty restaurant across the

street, but were able to get nothing there but a few hunks of black bread and a bottle of wine so vile we could not take more than the first sip. We wandered to the rear of the building, where we came upon ragged men, women, and children lolling on benches and on the dusty ground alongside shacks without window-panes, which, judging from a passing glance, were as filthy as anything I had ever seen. Beyond these buildings were outhouses, with evidence that the people had ignored them. This was Balkan life in its most crude aspects, and my first introduction to it.

At eight thirty in the evening I arrived in Athens, travelling in a limousine from the airport along an interesting curved, narrow roadway, lined with round-topped trees and with some kind of pink-flowered bushes. As we shot along the sun-baked road, with the driver honking almost continuously, peasant men and women moved slowly to the sides of the road. Women wearing shawls and in their bare feet carried baskets of kindling and vegetables on their heads, ragged men rode by on donkeys and driving two-wheeled carts filled with grain and produce. At times, without slackening speed, we dashed around sharp curves where low stone walls fronted steep cliffs. As we entered Athens, Greek and German soldiers began to appear everywhere along the streets. Most of the Greeks were young wounded men in wheel-chairs, an amazing number of them without feet, which had been lost in the freezing mountains as they fought. We seemed able to see the hill of the Acropolis from everywhere inside the city.

My hotel was the Acropole Palace. The Germans had apparently taken over all the hotels and I was assigned to this one. It had been used as an office building by the British and might have been a good hotel once upon a time, but when I arrived, as one of the few guests, there were no rugs on the floors, the washbasin was dirty, the tub stained, and the furniture so dilapidated that I feared to sit on the chairs or put my typewriter on the rickety table. The bed seemed clean enough.

At least there was a place to lie down.

Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti, who were to join me in Athens and who had left before me by automobile, had not yet arrived. The CBS representative in Athens was Betty Wasson. I decided to call her up and was invited to her apartment, where I was to have dinner. Betty was a small blonde girl who had done some excellent work for Columbia, especially in Norway, where she had been the only correspondent to get to the front in the southern sector and learn the truth about the British situation. Leland Stowe was, about the same time, in a sector to the north. She was in Athens when the Germans came in, had previously been on the Greek fronts and had written good reports on that campaign, with Phil Brown going on the air to read what she wrote. That arrangement was made because Betty unfortunately had a small, high voice. Someone had said that her remarkable stories from Norway were weakened by that fact, and although they had been obtained after tramping through the snow for days, they had sounded like bedtime stories.

The following day I went to see Leigh White. He was in a hospital with one leg suspended by weights above him and apparently in frequent pain. Young, blond, a most likable chap, Leigh was almost discouraged after his long confinement and said that it would be at least forty days more, maybe longer, before he could even rise from the bed. His wife was with him on my first visit, a pretty, dark little Spanish girl. On another visit I found Leigh in tears. He said he and his wife had been talking about New York and deciding on the places they wanted to see first.

Later, when I suggested his going to Berlin, Leigh said that was impossible. He hated the Nazis so much, as might have been expected after they had machine-gunned him, that he could not do a good job and would not even consider it. That idea had to be forgotten.

Athens was in a pitiful condition when I arrived. The meat

ration was a hundred grams per person per week, or one fifth as much as the German, and the lowest I had found anywhere on the Continent. What was more, almost no meat, except some lamb, could be found. Fish, because of the loss of fishing boats and the oil that had been dumped on the waters, also was scarce. The bread ration was about a pound a week; potatoes were hard to find and other vegetables were just becoming available, although also in limited quantities. With transportation by rail and truck disrupted by the war, and with the population increased by the arrival of the Germans and thousands of refugees, Athens was not receiving a fraction of the supplies that would have been adequate. The situation had been made worse because the Germans destroyed almost everything as they advanced and also seized all the stores of sugar, wheat, flour, and other foods they could find. When the Nazis assumed power, they had set new ration limits and fixed some of the prices. Meanwhile many of the people were in the first stages of starvation. As usual, those who had money were able to get the best of what there was.

Signs of the Nazi occupation were everywhere. The menus in the restaurants were in Greek and German. The restaurant closing signs were in German. There were banners over the streets showing the direction to the *Soldatenheim*, the soldiers' quarters, and the *Stadtkommandantur*, the office of the commander. Along the streets were even such signs, familiar to one who had been in the Reich, as "*Parken Verboten*." German soldiers directed traffic at some intersections, Greek police at others. Beggars selling nuts and shoelaces mingled with the people drinking *café daki*—a strong black coffee—at the sidewalk café tables. The Nazi swastika flew by the side of the Greek flag on the Acropolis. (There was a curfew at ten p. m., imposed as punishment for some brave Greek's having torn the Nazi flag down one night.)

At that time, despite their hardships, the Greek people were taking advantage of every opportunity to demonstrate

that although their army had capitulated, they had not. They cheered passing trucks filled with British soldiers. Little Greek bootblacks, summoned to shine the shoes of Italian soldiers, approached, spat on the shoes, and ran. Although repeatedly chased from hospital gates by Nazi sentries, the Greeks continually crowded again behind each arriving ambulance. One night, when the Nazi car that brought Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti into Athens, turned in the middle of a block and ran into a bus, badly injuring a woman, it was at first believed, Greeks ran to the scene from all directions to report that they had seen the accident and that the Nazis were at fault. Some of them, in the fervour of the moment, told fantastic versions of the affair.

Meanwhile, in this city of dissension, the Germans often demonstrated their contempt for the Italians. I remember one night when an automobile filled with Italian soldiers collided with one driven by a member of the staff of the United States Embassy. A fight ensued, in which five Italians attacked the lone American. According to the story, the American was handling the struggle successfully and had downed two of the Italians when several German soldiers strolled by, saw the situation, and pitched in, to aid, not their allies, but the American.

"Within a few seconds," the Embassy man told me, "the Italians were once more in retreat."

One night a German officer demonstrated the fact that he had the hated Prussian spirit. Lilyenfeldt, Kunsti, and I were walking home from a broadcast. Lilyenfeldt glanced into an open automobile along the curb. A sleeping driver awoke and demanded to know what he was doing. A stuffy little officer, aroused by the noise, ran on the street and charged up to Lilyenfeldt.

"What are you doing? What are you, a spy? What were you doing in my car?" he cried in a voice that bellowed for blocks. His face was red with anger.

Lilyenfeldt tried to be calm. "I just happened to look inside, as I passed," he said.

Kunsti sailed in then and threatened the officer. All three began to shout and wave their arms. They pulled out credentials, took one another's names, and finally went their ways, still talking at the top of their voices. I stood by, saying nothing, but I had my hand on my passport, wondering what the testy officer would say if he saw it. He did not address a word to me, however. As we walked off, Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti were lost in their thoughts, and to a remark I made about the Prussian spirit said nothing but: "Humph."

The Greeks were supposed to be governing the country, but Tsolacoglu, the Prime Minister, and his Cabinet had to follow the orders of the Nazi authorities, and Nazi local and regional men were in authority over the Greeks in the villages, towns, cities, and districts. The Nazis were in charge of all utilities, including railways, telegraph, telephone, water, electricity, and gas. The radio station also had been taken over by the Nazis and was used to transmit military messages for the troops in Crete, North Africa, and elsewhere. Sandbags were piled at the entrance and all along the walls of an entering tunnel. Armed guards stood at the doors and would admit no one without a special pass.

Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti arrived with two men from the Foreign Office on the evening of my second day in Athens. They were assigned to a hotel that was evidently worse than mine since they moved to the Acropole Palace after one night in theirs. We had dinner on the night of their arrival at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, which had been the headquarters for the British Chief of Staff, and was used by the Nazis for their leading officers. The food there, as might have been expected, was good.

Wednesday, June 4, I made my first broadcast from Athens, the first, too, that had been made by any American from that city since the Nazi occupation. One of the Nazi occupation

staff, a self-important man, sat in as a censor the first night and caused me more trouble than I had ever had in Berlin. He objected to almost everything I said, refused to permit me to mention that the swastika had been torn from the Acropolis, and did not like the way I phrased my story of how the country was being governed. I tried yielding on a few points at first, but finally, after a long, loud argument that was availing me nothing, I refused to broadcast at all. Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti, it must be said, began to support me as the argument progressed, and helped me to save most of the script. It was arranged afterwards that the man would not be called in as censor again.

Those left in charge of the Athens station were not familiar with the routine of broadcasting to the United States and furthermore could not speak English, so I had to do my own monitoring before going on the air there. For ten minutes I repeated over and over again:

"This is Radio Station SVM in Athens, Greece, on the 30.196-metre band, operating on 9.935 kilocycles. Harry W. Flannery will speak for the Columbia Broadcasting System at 22.56.10 until 22.59.05, Greenwich time. The time now is so and so."

It was a blind broadcast on a time cue, with no means of learning whether I was being received or not. In case of failure, Howard also prepared a broadcast in Berlin and stood by ready to go on the air if New York informed him over the ear phones that I was not coming through satisfactorily. One night, while in Athens, I knew I did not go on at all. That night the Nazis had shifted officials at the station, and the new man was not informed of my broadcasts. Like a German, he said it was impossible for me to broadcast since he had no orders, and he even refused to permit me to call any of his superiors. Finally, after long argument, we began to telephone, but I was only beginning to cut through the red tape when the time for the broadcast came and clicked past.

Thursday afternoon, June 5, we drove to Corinth to visit a prison camp, a temporary one where prisoners from Greece and Crete were confined until arrangements could be made to move them to other camps, in the Reich. The road to Corinth was typical of Greece, narrow and twisting, looking out on a sea where there were many rugged islands, some of them so large that their crags faded into the blue distance. Here and there, in these days after the Greek campaign, one saw the mast of a sunken ship, and almost everywhere the waters gained new shades of blue and green from the oil that had been dumped into them during the British retreat. We picked one spot that looked less oily than others for a swim, but found the bottom near the shore covered with small sharp stones, and the water so heavy with oil and salt that it was hardly a refreshing dip.

The camp at Corinth was in a huge sand waste. Here were gathered men of all colours and tongues—Jews and Arabs from Palestine, Negroes from South Africa, natives from Crete and British from New Zealand, Australia, and the British Isles. Twelve thousand five hundred men were reported in the camp when I visited it, with a thousand transferred north that day.

Under other conditions, these men might have presented a stirring scene of British power: British tommies in their khaki, strapping young men from the colonies, and picturesque Negroes squatted before their campfires; but it was a motley crew, many unshaven, most unkempt, and few inspiring, as I saw them. The place had been the site of Greek barracks. There were four buildings in which men might be housed, but two of these were occupied by the Nazis, one was set aside for the few British officers held there, chiefly of the Red Cross, to render what aid might be necessary, and one was a mess hall, that was no more than a huge wooden shed with a dirt floor. One other building was used to store supplies.

Since there was no place in which to house the men, they lived in dugouts they had made in the sands, miserable hovels

over which they had propped their blankets and overcoats to shield themselves from the burning rays of the summer sun. As we walked by, the men popped their heads out of their holes like curious animals disturbed by an unaccustomed noise. Over to one side of the expansive waste was a Greek monument to the Unknown Soldier, but that was almost lost in the sea of coats and blankets. Sanitary facilities were nothing more than holes dug in the sand. As I looked on the scene, several hundred men went by, off to one side, each carrying a towel.

"They are going for their swim," said one of the Nazi officials. "They can go in the water, in their turn, twice a day. You can see some of them going to or from the water almost all day long."

The Nazis tried to sell me two stories about that camp. One was that there was dissension between the English and the Jews. It was said they were in continual fights that had to be stopped by the Nazis. It began, said Lilyenfeldt, when they came into the camp and the Jews, during the night, stole all the blankets. They sold them back, to build shelters, in the following days, but not without fights that still continued, said Lilyenfeldt.

I found no basis for that tale at all. None of the English professed to know anything about it. In fact, when I asked one big Australian how he and the Jews got along, he put his arm around a little Jewish soldier beside him, and said:

"How do we get along? Swell. Why not? Me and my buddy here, for instance, is pals."

Lilyenfeldt also tried to make me believe the rations in the camp were better than the English had received before they were made prisoners.

As we walked around the camp, he asked soldiers about these stories. He went up to one big Englishman.

"And how is the food here?" he asked.

The man was brief. "Lousy," he said.

Lilyenfeldt persisted with another man.

"Isn't the food better here than you had before you were brought here?"

"When we was fightin', you mean? Yeh? Why, man, I never ate such damnable grub in my life."

We passed one soldier hunched on the ground with a can in his hand. He was flecking something from it, locating bits with his spoon and then shooting them out. I asked the man what he was doing.

He continued his job as he said: "The damn lentils has lice in them."

We went to the supply house and talked to the men in charge of the rations. One of them told me that there was plenty of bread in the form of hardtack, 100 grams daily of rice, beans, or lentils, 20 grams, or about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce, of butter, the same of sugar, half as much of salt, 4 grams of tea, 10 grams of curry powder, the same of tomato extract, 80 grams of cheese daily, and 80 grams of fruit every other day. Those who policed the roads and the camp, or did other work, such as taking care of the supplies, received double rations, but there were not enough of these jobs to go around.

I was wandering about talking with more men when Lilyenfeldt came over.

"I have a man here I want you to see," he said.

We went to a large group of British soldiers. One of the other Foreign Office men was in the centre talking with a tall blond prisoner. I was introduced and shook hands.

"This young man," said Lilyenfeldt, "is telling us about a show he is planning for tonight."

I listened as the soldier told me there would be imitations of Sterling Holloway and Betty Boop, and an orchestra that would include Bob Oliver and Lyndon Southworth, who used to be with the BBC in London.

I made some notes and the soldier talked on.

Lilyenfeldt then interjected a question about the rations.

The young man flicked his cigarette.

"They're very good," he said.

"Are they better than you had before you were taken prisoner?"

"Oh, yes, much better," he replied.

The crowd murmured.

Lilyenfeldt went on. "Do you get plenty of cigarettes?" he asked.

"Yes, we have two hours every morning at five when the merchants from town come to the camp and we can buy anything we want."

One of the men in the outer circle raised his voice. "You damn Nazi," he said. "Tryin' to curry favour, that's what you're doin'."

The soldier protested.

Another man spoke out. "You lie," he said, "and you know it."

"Maybe you can get all you want to eat and smoke," cried another; "you've got money."

"Yeh, you've got plenty of fags and I ain't had any since I been in this damn place," said another voice.

The soldier turned to offer a cigarette to the man. The cries grew louder and more numerous. The Nazi guards came up to disperse the gathering. Lilyenfeldt, the Foreign Office man, and I moved away. Lilyenfeldt made no more efforts that day to prove the Nazi propaganda tales he had been putting to an unfortunate test.

Everywhere I put one question of my own:

"What was the cause of the British defeat?"

The answer was everywhere the same: "Lack of planes."

One trim young Scotchman from the officers' quarters said:

"We had the men, we had the tanks, guns, and armoured cars. We had the positions. But we did not have the planes. That was why we called Kalamata Bay Calamity Bay."

That night I interviewed Schmeling in what had been the

American College outside Athens. It had been converted into a hospital by the Nazis. The building was beautifully located on a hill beyond the city. Mountains rose in the rear, and in the valley below were the white buildings of Athens.

The interview was the first with the former world heavy-weight champion since he had been reported killed in Crete. George Weller of the *Chicago Daily News* and Wes Gallagher of the AP told me the following Sunday that they had been trying to see Schmeling ever since he had been reported killed, but the Nazis would not even tell them where he was being held.

I found Schmeling in a ward down one of the corridors on the first floor. Nine other German soldiers were in other beds in the room. Lilyenfeldt, Kunsti, and I were together. We found Schmeling asleep and the doctor who was escorting us suggested that we come back in the morning. I was afraid, however, that I might thus miss the chance to talk with Max, and so sought to gain time. The temperature chart gave me an idea and I asked about it. As I talked, raising my voice slightly, Max stirred, blinked, and opened his eyes.

"*Wie geht's*, Max? How are you feeling?" I asked.

Half asleep and surprised at hearing English, the big, black-browed pugilist stirred and said nothing.

I introduced myself and called up Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti.

"This time," I said, "you can talk freely. I have the censors right with me."

Max smiled. He swung his arm toward the other beds.

"These are some of my comrades here," he said. "Me, I just have a bad stomach, but it made me lose twenty-five pounds."

I told him that many people had wondered about a man of his age being in the parachute corps.

"It is unusual," he said, "but my physical condition makes me younger in body. Also I am somewhat bigger than most of the men, but that is not so important."

"Were you frightened on your first jump?"

"No, I like it. I think it's great sport."

He confirmed the statement that he had made his first combat jump in Crete, and that he was one of those who came down on the first day, May 20.

"First," he said, "there was a barrage by the Stukas, other bombers, and fighters. When we come after the other planes that way, the enemy can't tell that some of the machines carry parachute troops until some of us are in the air. The barrage not only covers our landing, but also helps confuse the enemy. We swoop in pretty low before we jump out, don't open the chutes right away, and, as a result, there's only about twelve seconds in the landing, only about twelve seconds in which we can be shot at. And we were shot at, too. It was a lot different to be coming down and hear bullets whizzing all about you from taking practice jumps on the training field. This was serious business. The other was kind of sport."

Max explained that he belonged to a machine-gun company, whose guns were landed in boxes by other chutes.

"All that each of us carried as we came down," said Schmeling, "was a pistol. After we landed, our first job was to hunt our equipment, set it up, and then get into formation to fight."

Schmeling landed in a vineyard three miles south of Canea and four miles east of strategic Suda Bay. His unit was thus between two of the important airfields, Maleme and Retimo. Their first assignment was to capture a near-by penitentiary building—"the same building," Max interjected, "in which as a temporary hospital I was placed later." Schmeling said the fighting was hard during the first several days, especially since the British had heavier guns and "also since they were good fighters." He paid several tributes to his opponents and said he did not believe the British had committed any of the reported mutilations.

"Some of my comrades who were captured by the English and later released said they were treated very well," Max said.

He told me he was glad to hear my statement that investigation had shown that the natives of Crete and not the British were responsible for the atrocities.

Schmeling's remarks on the way the English had fought and on the responsibility for the atrocities passed the censors in my broadcast that night. For once they were on the scene and hearing what was said. It happened, however, that Schmeling was at the same time being quoted by the Nazi press, although none of its representatives had bothered to talk with him, to the effect that the British were responsible for the mutilations and also that they were cowards. I had seen those stories just before I left Berlin, but Kunsti and Lilyenfeldt had left earlier and did not know of them. A few days after my broadcast, Kunsti therefore felt the wrath of the High Command.

Schmeling told me his illness was apparently due to eating from a bowl of chocolate that had been abandoned by the British.

"I became separated from my unit," he said, "and was lost in the woods for several days. Then I found that chocolate. The milk in it must have been sour. At any rate it brought me down."

The fighter wanted to know about the United States; he said he hoped we were not getting into the war and that it would be all over soon.

"I have a lot of friends over there," he said, "and I'd like to be able to get together with them soon again."

On Saturday, June 7, we finally went to Crete. I had been hoping to get there all week and was becoming worried about it since I had understood, when I left Berlin, that other correspondents also were going there, probably with a Propaganda Ministry escort. Because of my delay, I was afraid they might get to Crete before me. There was no reason for concern, however, since no other correspondents went to Crete or even came to Greece at that time. It had taken me a whole week to cut through the red tape in Athens, but I was still first and

alone. I learned, after I had made my broadcast, that no one actually was supposed to go, that although the Nazi officials in Athens finally gave me permission, the higher authorities in Berlin had not sanctioned the trip. But by that time I had been to Crete and broadcast about it. As in the case of the Schmeling quotations, the disapproval came too late.

We left Athens at five o'clock in the morning, without any breakfast, since breakfast was not being served anywhere so early. Our trip was made in a Junker-52, an old two-motored plane that had been used in the invasion not many days before and that was then serving as a courier machine for mail, supplies, and those officials who had to move back and forth. Parachute troops were with us, sitting alongside, with one man in the gun turret at the rear. Besides me there were a German captain who had taken part in the action and a non-commissioned officer, a scholarly young fellow with glasses, who was assigned to answer my questions. All of us wore life-belts, the kind that strap around the shoulders and under the crotch. The ship was bare except for the munitions chests on which we sat and the guns upon the walls. Over my head, running the full length of the plane, was the steel cable to which the troops attached their rip-cords before they jumped.

"We carried twelve men, twelve parachute troopers, during the invasion," said my informant. "You may have noticed this is an old plane and that we are not flying very high. Junker-52's are like freight trains. They don't have the speed and can't gain the height of some of the other planes, but they get there."

As we later swung through the air and banked for a landing on some of the small fields on Crete, I noted also that the machine was unusually manœuvrable.

We passed over the Piræus, where a few mast-heads of sunken ships were still to be seen, and then over the blue *Ægean*. Islands were everywhere below. Our first sight of Crete was the rocky promontory of Cape Spatha as we neared

the Gulf of Chanion. We came down on Maleme, the airfield farthest west.

"This was the main field in the invasion," the spectacled young man said. "It was the feeder point in the campaign, the place to which we sent all the reinforcements, including the Alpine troops, and near which, in the final days, we were even able to land boats carrying men and supplies."

To the east, as we came down, were the white buildings of Canea in the green hills. Maleme was a large clearing behind which were mountains. As we came down, I noticed scores of German planes on the field. As I looked closely, I saw that many were damaged; some even had shattered wings. I asked if they had crashed.

"No," I was told, "they are all damaged. As you see many burned. There are thirty-six here all together. Most of the damage you see occurred after they had come down. Some had to land. But all the pilots had orders to think most of getting the men down safely, and of getting the planes away afterwards only if they could. Some even had to land on the belly of the machine. The British fire was heavy and we found we could not save many of the planes."

I had my motion-picture camera with me, and had taken a few shots as we travelled. Now I added some of the grounded Nazi planes. On the ground, the spectacled soldier described more of the landings at Maleme and, in reply to a question, said that the Germans had used numerous gliders, since they were thus able to land more parachute troops. As we talked, a number of English prisoners walked by in formation. Later a score of dusky men came out of the hills, followed by Greek police with rifles. Some of the prisoners in the group wore ordinary civilian clothes, others wore turbans, tightly belted blouses, and baggy pantaloons. A number were bearded and old.

"They are natives," said my informant. "They were captured back in the mountains. Many of the natives have been

creeping to the edge of the camps and sniping at us."

I took occasion to ask whether the British or the natives had committed the reported mutilations.

The *Unteroffizier* said, without hesitation, that it had been the people of Crete who had cut off ears and noses, cut out tongues, and castrated Germans who were captured or found dead.

"It's an old Cretan custom in warfare," he added.

Wherever I asked the same question in Crete, the answer was the same. All the soldiers also praised the British for the fight they had made. That voluntary statement was one of the first made when I interviewed soldiers. The German soldiers also said that it was the natives, and not the British, as charged by the Nazi propagandists, who had donned German uniforms taken from captured men and used a German flag to lure the Nazis into traps.

From Maleme, we flew over the rocky brown hills, covered with olive trees and waving fields of oats, and over Canea. As far as I could see from the air, destruction in Canea, despite the PK report, was not complete. The ruins caused by bombing were scattered, and many structures were unharmed. I could not understand why the Nazis had made such a report, unless it was the result of habitually exaggerating the effectiveness of everything they did. I saw at least a dozen sunken ships in Suda Bay. Kunsti pointed to one as the *York*. It was a destroyer.

Retimo, twenty-nine miles from Canea, was the next stop, and the third was Heraklion, spelled Iraklion by the Germans, seventy-one miles from Canea. Maleme, Retimo, and Heraklion were the three important bases, all on the north coast. Each was an air base, protected by fortifications in the hills that surrounded them on three sides. The emplacements were well hidden, especially at Heraklion, where we climbed the hills and, alongside them, also went down into the trenches. One PK man who went to Crete in a Messerschmitt-110 said:

"It wasn't easy to find the enemy positions. We could find

none as we soared over the fields. Not a soul was to be seen even when we grazed the earth in low flight. But then suddenly we were fired upon. That was all we were waiting for. We shot toward the spot, our guns open. Within five minutes we had stopped the enemy fire from that position."

Retimo was such a small field that we had to skim the hills and hit the field almost at the very edge. I saw one small plane on a level place in the hills.

"He had to come down where he could," said one of the parachute troopers, "and he could not take off again up there."

Except for the few clearings used as airfields, Crete appeared to be nothing but hills and mountains.

As we landed at Retimo, parachute troopers who had been busy transporting supplies, or who had been talking in groups, ran over to our plane. A tall blond soldier, who said he had learned English from an Italian girl, was assigned to answer my questions. Many of the others stood around as we talked, partly in English and partly in German. Because of the heat of the sun, we stood under a wing of the plane.

The assignment at Retimo and at Heraklion, I was told, was to take the near-by town and field. Parachute troops were landed on each side of the airfield and in the town. At both places the strength of the British positions and the intensity of their fire forced a retreat after a brief battle on the field, with counter-attacks and retreats continuing until aid could come from Maleme.

"The British at first had the advantage not only of position," said the tall soldier, "but also of heavier guns and numbers. Here at Retimo we were only three hundred against two to three thousand British until more men came from Maleme." (I was later told that the proportion was one battalion to three at Heraklion.) "Our planes were naturally an important help, but they were not enough during those first days. The British continued to fight on until we were reinforced."

I recalled what British prisoners had told me in Corinth:

"The story would have been different if we had had planes to fight off the Stukas, the bombers, and the fighters."

It was the battle of Norway, the Low Countries, France, and Yugoslavia over again.

At Heraklion we sat on the veranda of the headquarters building to talk with the man who was most responsible for parachute troops, who had organized them for the campaigns in Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, France, and Crete, and who also came down with his men—Major Erich Walther. The headquarters building was a small stone residence. As we sat on the veranda at its rear, we faced a large supply shed. Off to one side was a large barracks building. They had all once been used by the Crete army. Before us in the clearing, German soldiers were working on what looked like a wooden cross; others were playing with British tanks, and others were unloading supplies from British trucks, with the licences still unchanged. I noticed that the boxes they unloaded were labeled in English: potatoes, tomato juice, and tea.

The major, who did not speak English, leaned back in his chair and smoked a cigarette as he talked. He invited us to have a bowl of lentils and pork soup, our first food of the day. The major was a slight little man of thirty-seven, with a thin face, small, pointed features, and a head that was getting bald on top. He was a little over five feet seven, and weighed 124. He wore a trench cap, a belted army coat, and pantaloons, and had a Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross around his neck. He said he had won it in the Netherlands campaign.

"So far no one has developed an effective weapon against parachute troops," said the major. "They are the most important development of this war."

Major Walther said the parachute corps had become the most popular branch of the army, and that since there were so many volunteers, the best men in the nation, physically and mentally, could be chosen.

"Our main problem," he said, "is to keep the men from feeling superior to those in other branches of the service."

The major admitted that the German loss of parachute troopers in the air was heavy. He said that was unusual.

"With the aid of the air force, we put seven tanks out of commission here in the first two hours, but we could not take the airfield. The British fire forced us to withdraw. Both of us kept the only well, out on the field, under constant fire. The fighting went on for eight days without result. On that day we were told by the British that we were the only German troops left on the island and that we might as well surrender. It was fortunate that we decided to hold out, and that night, under cover of darkness, some of them withdrew. Most of them left the next day, some going from boats off shore, as our reinforcements began to arrive. We took sixteen light tanks and seven heavy ones, a number of machine guns and mortars."

When I asked the major about himself, he said he lived near Berlin, where he had a wife and two children, a boy of two named Wolff, and a little girl who had been born during the fighting on Crete.

"She came on May 23," he said, "when the battle was hottest. I heard about it on the 27th. A plane dropped the message. Maybe that was one reason we did not give up. I wanted to get home and see that little girl."

The major called to one of the men in the yard below. A young, stout, blond chap came up. He spoke perfect English. I asked him about that.

"Well, you see," he said, "I am English, a Welshman really. I'm an English prisoner here."

"You seem to be free," I said.

"I might as well be," he told me. "There is no way to escape from this place. At night, though, I do sleep in the guard-house."

The prisoner said he had been in service in Egypt before

coming to Crete and that he and five of his fellows had been in swimming when the parachute troops landed.

"That was how we came to be captured," he said. "When the parachute troops began coming down, we ran into the hills, but we could not get back to our own troops, and we had to stay all night between the fire of both of them. In the morning, when it got worse, we decided to give up. We had no clothes, no weapons, nothing, and there was nothing much else to do."

I asked if the Germans had surprised them by coming by parachute.

"No, we expected them, but not just then," he said. "We had been preparing here for three months."

With the major we rode in one of the British trucks to see the fortifications around the field. We passed a Red Cross tent, whereupon the major said that Red Cross units landed with the parachute troops, bringing complete equipment with them.

"During the fight here," he said, "there were armistice periods during which both sides removed their dead and brought in the wounded for treatment. British and German doctors worked together then."

Just before we left, the major declared: "The British talked for some time about the importance of Crete in the battle of the Mediterranean. It seemed to me that they were more interested in holding it than Greece. Holding Greece depended on co-operation with the Yugoslavs, but they were cut off from the British early in the fighting. In Greece the British gambled on success. In Crete they were certain of victory.

"All the British said about the importance of Crete is still true," he went on, "except that it is now important to us instead of them. Its fall means the loss of the Ægean Sea and one of the most important strongholds in the Mediterranean, especially as regards the Near East and the Suez Canal. By capturing Crete the Germans have driven a wedge into the British system of fortifications. And the capture of Crete, from the air,

gave the German General Staff proof that it is possible to take an extremely well-fortified island from the air alone."

"Does that mean you can take the British Isles?" I asked.

The major did not answer that question.

"We shall have to wait and see," he said.

The soldiers, like the High Command, seldom made predictions. They left that to the party leaders—Hitler, Goebbels, and the rest—who knew no bounds in their boastfulness.

From Heraklion, we flew back to Maleme. While we waited for the plane to leave, we climbed one of the hills to the headquarters tent for a drink of water or whatever we could get. I was given a drink of lukewarm tea—English, I was told. As I drank I noted the word "left" instead of the German word *links* on the rear left flap of the tent. The officer in charge closed the book in which he was writing. On its cover, in English, were the words: "Flight Journal." On one of the tables were pieces of candy in English wrappers. It appeared that the Germans did not need to bring in many supplies.

The next day, Sunday, back in Athens, Mrs. White and I went to Mass in a church that had been set aside for the Germans, but in which, even though the announcements and the sermon were in German, we did not see a single Nazi soldier. So far as we could see, all the congregation, except us, was Greek.

At noon I had luncheon with Weller and Gallagher in their apartment. Since they could no longer wire stories from Athens, they, like Betty Wasson, were waiting for their visas so they could leave. My hosts were kind enough to serve boiled rice, which they said was the best thing for me to eat since I had contracted dysentery, probably because I had eaten some of the native Greek food near Corinth. They said the ailment, called "the Balkan blight," was common.

Because I was weak and anxious to be back in Berlin, I tried to arrange for my return by air, but had to go on instead with Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti, by automobile.

Chapter XVII

BOMBED BELGRADE AND SUBSERVIENT HUNGARY

AFTER we left Athens, our first overnight stop was at a former resort hotel, near Lamia. It had been taken over by the Nazis, as an officers' quarters. However, the Nazis who stopped at Lamia must have brought all they needed with them, since, although I slept in a room with the name of some colonel on the door, I had no bedclothes and no towels or anything else except the bed.

We were up at five a. m. to move on, and I was glad to leave. We stopped momentarily at Thermopylæ, named for its thermal springs, and drank some of the water, went past Olympus, glanced at the island off shore which the Nazis had used as a means of moving to the rear of British lines which they could not penetrate, and found the roads frequently lined with abandoned German tanks, some of which had been almost completely blasted. We stopped to look at part of the Metaxas Line, and, as elsewhere near the fortifications in the hills, saw the long rows of concrete pillars that were expected to stop the tanks. As in France, graves of German soldiers, marked by crosses, surmounted by helmets, marked the scenes of the hardest fighting. The roads wound from the shore high into the mountains, and we were frequently delayed by German supply trucks moving south, and German trucks filled

with fighting men moving north.

Our only food was that which we brought with us—a sausage and a loaf of bread. We washed it down with tea; we had been told it was the best drink in the hot Balkan weather. I looked forward to our next stop, Salonika, but found that, at least down by the waterfront, it was dirty and disagreeable. We discovered a place where we were served an omelet and poor wine. The hotel bed was at least a place on which to rest overnight.

Beyond Salonika the country looked better. It became more green. The fields were wide and cultivated. In the fields were peasants dressed in smocks and wearing round peakless caps like the Russians, who pushed wooden ploughs behind oxen. Women with colourful scarves over their heads and with wide flared dresses worked beside them in the fields. The roads were lined with tall, thin trees. Storks flew overhead and nestled in the chimneys of the houses in the villages. We passed covered wagons; peasants, with their legs swinging, riding on donkeys; men working on the roads with wide cloth bands around their waists; and sheep and goats that sometimes blocked our way along the roads. Now and then a narrow-gauge railway track, like that for a miniature line in an American park, ran alongside the highway.

Children stood here and there along the roadside offering to sell eggs and strawberries. To my amusement, they refused to take Nazi occupation marks, insisting on their own coins. Since we had none, Lilyenfeldt and Kunsti offered neckties and what articles of clothing they could spare. The boys and girls drove hard bargains and, since they knew no German, merely shook their heads, "No," until they had made good trades. I was glad of the chance to obtain some variety in our food, but secretly cheered the firmness of the Bulgarian youngsters. They, at least, were not bowing before the Germans.

I recalled Small's story about Lanius's going into a store in the Balkans for cigarettes.

The young man behind the counter did not understand.

"Cigarettes, *cigarillos*, cigarettes, little cigars," said Lanius.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

Lanius pulled a pack from his pocket, pointed to it, and held it before the clerk.

"See," he said, "these things, cigarettes. I want some. Eh?"

The clerk smiled, reached over, took the pack, looked at it.

Lanius beamed.

"Yes, cigarettes," he said. "A pack, please."

The clerk took a cigarette and handed the pack back.

"Thank you," he said.

On Tuesday, June 10, we arrived in Sofia. It was a clean bustling modern city. The Grand Hotel Bulgarie compared with almost any anywhere. I took a warm bath for the first time since leaving Berlin and found a plug for my electric razor for the first time since Athens. I luxuriated in the comforts of the place, but then received a cable from Paul White, forwarded from Berlin. It said:

IMPOSSIBLE CONSIDER YOUR RETURN BEFORE FALL.

I tried to call Howard in Berlin, but could not reach him. As I was placing the call, the operator insisted that I talk in German. The swastika completely overshadowed Bulgaria.

The message from Paul was not encouraging. I thought over the fact that fall continued until December 21. I wondered if I would have to remain in Berlin that long.

For dinner that night I made the mistake of trying a native Bulgarian dish: sour goat milk and soda. It spoiled everything else I tried to eat that night. As we ate, Luben Zonew, director of foreign commerce for Bulgaria, obviously a Nazi stooge, gave me a story about his country which was obvious propaganda. Since there was no time to check it, I did not broadcast his tale. At the same time, some of it was interesting.

"Bulgaria," said Zonew, "was not economically affected by the passage of eight to nine million troops through the coun-

try because we were advised in advance of the numbers and their needs."

That was planned for my use as part of the effort to influence Turkey to "collaborate" with the Axis. Zonew hoped that Turkey would thus feel assured that she had nothing to fear economically if she permitted Nazi troops to march through her country.

"Trade with Germany," he went on, "used to be about seventy-five per cent of our total. It is now almost a hundred per cent. For one thing, tobacco which once went to the United States and England now goes entirely to the Reich."

That also was intended for the ears of Turkey.

We picked up Delaney, the former American, in Sofia. From the moment we set out, this old maid complained unceasingly about the wind, the sun, the occasional rain, the food, and the roads. For my edification, he compared everything disagreeable in the Balkans with what he considered "the heaven" of Germany. His Nazi sojourn, however, had not improved his disposition.

We came into Belgrade at night, so that I could see little of it then. The next morning I looked from my hotel windows. Ahead was the river and railroad yards and no indication of the recent bombings except in the repairs that were in progress on a roof some blocks away. To the left, however, I saw that the corner building across the street had been completely demolished and that only one wall remained of the adjacent structure. To my right, a one-storey building was levelled, and nothing remained of the three-storey edifice next to it but part of the rear wall.

From the hotel I walked up the street to a restaurant. Across the street, workmen were clearing the debris from the wreckage of a building. I walked up and down the main streets and found the situation everywhere the same, with demolished structures in every block, but business continuing as usual in those that remained. The damage in Belgrade was more wide-

spread than I had seen in any other city, but the Nazis would not permit any mention of it in my broadcasts.

That day in Belgrade I talked with two officials. One was the military governor, Major Harald Turner, who insisted that I use his complete title, "chief of the military government administration at the headquarters of the German military commander in Serbia." I did, mentioning that he wanted it used. The other was Milan Acimovic, the Serbian head of state.

Turner was a large blond man, over six feet tall and weighing more than two hundred pounds. He had large, heavy features, with his nose and jaw most prominent. He looked more like the domineering type of Nazi presented in our motion pictures as a typical Nazi officer than any other I had ever met, and as the first military governor in Poland, Luxemburg, Belgium, France, and Greece, before being put in charge in Serbia, he had a record to indicate that Hollywood had cast well. Turner was fifty years old. His hairline was receding, his hair grey, and the locks just over his forehead were combed back in a wavy pompadour. He told me he had a brother in Denver.

I was waiting in the outer office of the Parliament building, in which he had established himself, when his huge voice boomed, calling for a secretary and a calendar pad. A few minutes later, sixteen men, some in German army uniforms, some in the black outfit of the Storm Troopers, and others in civilian clothes, filed out. Turner yelled for me to come in. He was resting one elbow on the arm of his chair, as he motioned me to a seat. I asked about the men I had just seen.

"Those are my committee, the men who work with me, one in charge of food, another of finances, another to see about industrial matters, one about agriculture, another about transportation, and so on. They are my military government," he said.

"They are the men who are running Yugoslavia," I suggested.

"No, no, no," he roared. "No, the officers you have just seen leave here do not make the laws nor execute them. They serve merely in an advisory or supervisory capacity. We just outline the policies."

"And the Yugoslavs have to carry them out," I thought, but did not say so out loud. Turner was continuing as if reciting a speech. It was the same story, with variations, that I had heard in every country in which the Nazi wishes were enforced on a subject people. The difference was that I was hearing it from the man who set the pattern.

"Our business," he said, magnanimously, "is to guarantee an administration in Serbia which is in the interests of German economic and military interests and of the Serbian population as well."

That was a cleverly phrased sentence, and truthful if the final, hastily added words, had been omitted. The thought apparently came to Turner's mind at the same time, for he decided to elaborate on the part he said was being played by the Serbians.

"We are trying, in so far as possible," he said, "to have the affairs of state carried on just as always by the Serbian people. For that reason they have their own committee of state, headed by the Serbian Minister, Acimovic. You must talk with Acimovic."

I said I would. I wanted to see what this Quisling looked like.

Turner continued: "From the very first, the Serbians have had their own police." (The police, as servants of a state, as men whose duty it is to preserve order, always obey orders.) "The way in which these people have co-operated," said Turner, "is positively amazing."

He lit another cigarette and offered me one.

"When we assumed control in Belgrade," he declared, "there was complete disorganization, especially in the capital. Most of the people had fled from the besieged city." (I won-

dered why it had to be besieged since the Yugoslavs, as I understood it, had abandoned Belgrade. The ruin was apparently effected to impress the people with the Nazi might and to gain obedience.) "There was no water, no light. All the bridges over the Danube and the Save—and Belgrade is surrounded by water—had been blown up. The roads were practically ruined. There was plundering by the Serbians and we feared there might be a plague."

The natural question was: "Wasn't all that your fault?" I did not voice the thought. Even if I had, the major would probably not have heard me. He was looking toward the ceiling, carried away by his story.

"But the Serbian police and customs officers were installed again, their weapons were returned to them, they took charge and restored order. German troops came in and helped put the water system, the electricity, the bridges, and so forth back in order—even opened restaurants and cafés, brought in emergency foodstuffs. We vaccinated 220,000 people here, and are still giving out quinine. We had some supplies of water almost immediately. The lights were restored in two days. Twelve thousand of the former 20,000 telephones are now back in use. We built one of the bridges—one of 500 metres, with two arches, one of 85 and another of 95 metres—in two weeks and five days. After three weeks, despite the number of boats sunk in the Danube, traffic was resumed on it. In another four weeks another bridge over the Danube will be completely restored. Crews of men are busy on the roads, and Serbia is now back to normalcy."

Much of that long statement was probably true, with allowance for Nazi exaggeration. I asked about the borders of the country.

"Serbia's borders have not been definitely determined," Turner said, "but with the establishment of Croatia, the occupation of territory as far as the Danube by Hungary, and of other regions by Bulgaria, the area should be about the same

as before the World War, with a population of about 5,800,000."

That was the story as given me by the man who had been assigned to establish the military government in almost every country that had been overrun by the Nazis, a man who knew how to use force to get results, but who had not reckoned with the spirit of the men back in the mountains. Their spirit, too, "was amazing."

Acimovic, the Yugoslav traitor, had been designated Minister of the Interior, and as chairman of the government committee or cabinet he was nominally Prime Minister. I saw him in the old government building diagonally across from the ruins of the royal palace, a sight that should have troubled him every time he stepped from his office. On the wall behind him as we talked was a picture of the former King, the young Peter, and on a bookcase beside my chair was a bust of the boy who had ruled Yugoslavia. Perhaps they were there to help this man feel he was still loyal to the country over which he had become the puppet chief.

Acimovic was forty-four, a large man with a huge head and big features and with closely cropped grey hair. He began by talking about his committee; he said that he had been in government posts for years and was Minister of the Interior two years before. That meant that the Nazis had been able to select a man who could be presumed to know something about the workings of the government in Yugoslavia. He said that Yugoslavia had used her own funds in the work of reconstruction and declared that all salaries and pensions had been paid, without requiring a loan. That was admittedly good work.

"My hours are long," Acimovic continued, to impress me. "They begin at eight in the morning and do not end until nine or ten at night. I have to see many people. They all come and say they want to see the Minister. That is an old custom in my country. And so I see a mother about having her son transferred to another army unit, and people who want jobs for

their relatives and friends. I have very long hours."

Then Acimovic, according to plan, blamed the United States and Great Britain for the war. He suddenly raised his voice and shouted at me.

"Most of the people in Yugoslavia," he said, "did not want the war. It was just a small clique who were egged on by the British and the United States. They are responsible for Yugoslavia's getting into this war. We were ill advised by America once and we don't want anything to do with her any more. We want to solve our own problems in our own way. We are trying to get it all over with and normal conditions restored as soon as possible. That we can do and will do ourselves."

I asked him whether the Nazis were not really running the country now.

He denied that and began to give the same talk about co-operation as Turner had. Acimovic had learned his lesson well.

That interview worried me. The statement concerning the United States was a news story and should have been broadcast, but I knew that I could never present it properly from Germany, or from any Nazi-dominated country. I could quote Acimovic, but I would never be able to make it plain, because of the censorship, that he was speaking as the dummy of the Nazi ventriloquist. I wrote and rewrote the story in the days to come, but never broadcast it.

At dinner Delaney handed a script to Kunsti.

"Have you made your broadcast?" Kunsti asked.

"Yes, just finished," he said. "That's the copy."

Then he turned to me.

"You saw what happened," he said. "Well, you fellows are always saying I have to submit my scripts to the Nazi censors. Now you see for yourself that I've already made the talk before the censors have even seen it."

Delaney's logic was becoming Nazified. It was obvious that the Nazis did not have to censor his scripts; they knew they could trust him as one of themselves. And, what was more, he

did not make a direct broadcast, but a recording that would not go on the air if it was not just what the Nazis ordered.

From Yugoslavia I hoped we would go to Croatia. It would be logical to return to Berlin that way, and when we set out directly for Budapest, I asked about it. Lilyenfeldt said our papers did not include Croatia, and that it was too late to do anything about them. I did not think much about it at the moment, but I wondered afterwards whether the Germans wanted to hide the real conditions in that country. So far as I know, no other correspondent was admitted to Croatia.

There were two cars in the party. Delaney went on from Belgrade with Kunsti and I followed with Lilyenfeldt. On the way we stopped at Szeged, where, without Delaney, I enjoyed the music of Hungary as played by an orchestra with violins and an instrument that is a kind of xylophone and piano. This was in a hotel restaurant where the walls were decorated in the gaudy multi-coloured designs of the country and where the waitresses wore the traditional flaring skirts and picturesque aprons. The next morning, as we stopped in Kecskemét, because of a burned-out bearing, Lilyenfeldt and I strolled through the markets in the square, where we saw displays not only of vegetables and fruits, but also of all kinds of linens, kitchen utensils, clothing, and even suits. By noon we were in Budapest in the Hotel Gellert, where I saw, for the first time since Switzerland, a copy of an American magazine displayed for sale. The hotel news-stand offered a copy of *Life*, on the cover of which, as it happened, was waving the Stars and Stripes.

"We get copies of American magazines every now and then," the girl at the news-stand told me; "not regularly, however, for the war makes it difficult."

As I sat at a table on the hotel veranda and drank real coffee, and could have had real tea or chocolate, I overheard voices speaking English. That was beginning to seem strange. I learned that I could have orange juice, a couple of boiled

eggs, rolls, and coffee for breakfast.

But Hungary, like Switzerland, was rationed. It was not evident in the leading hotels or in some of the restaurants, each of which was mentioned as the favourite of the Prince of Wales—"he used to sit at that table over in the corner"—but the people of Hungary were feeling the pinch of war. Coffee, tea, and chocolate could not be freely bought in the stores; meats, bread, and most of the basic foods were scarce, and clothing was obtainable only with authorization cards. This was not rationing in the strict sense, since anyone could buy all the clothing he wanted within reason, but it was a means of checking unjustified purchases. Authorization books, which were issued only to those who had been in the country three weeks or longer, listed the items purchased, together with the dates.

"That was a little idea we had to prevent German soldiers from buying us out as they passed through," one Hungarian official told me. "With all the German troops going through here to the Balkans and back, our stocks were being badly depleted, and, what was more, our people, alarmed by the situation, also were frightened into unnecessary buying. Men ordered suits by the score, and women dresses in abundance. There was hoarding everywhere, but this scheme ended all that, and kept the goods from the soldiers, too."

Shoes were obtainable only by special permission from the authorities because of the shortage of leather, and, as in Germany, those with cork and wooden soles were being substituted.

Those who lived in the large hotels were, I found, able to buy clothing without having a book of their own. Some of the employees, for a price, were willing to lend their books. Many Germans continued to come to Hungary for their clothes, as a result, and spent pleasant days basking in the sun and in the warm waters of the famous baths, rode into the hills of Buda and looked down upon the Danube and the beautiful old city

in the valley below. Even these excursions, however, were restricted by the careful Hungarians, who would not accept the Nazi foreign marks and limited the amount of exchange that could be obtained.

The scene from the hills of Buda was one to remember. I climbed to the heights of Mount Gellert and from the old fort built there against the Turks, and then armed with anti-aircraft, looked down through the leafy frames of the trees on the dominating royal palace, the House of Parliament, the dome of the Basilica of St. Stephen, and the green gorgeousness of the island of St. Margaret in the Danube. I looked through the arches of the Fishermen's Bastion, built by the fishermen's guilds on another mountain in the days when each guild took its part in fighting against the Turks, and found new vistas of the city of Pest across the river. Near the bastion I went into the Coronation Church, which was once in the hands of the Turks as a mosque, and where, in the galleries for the women above the main floor and in the coloured traceries of the columns, one could still see the influence of the Orient. My self-appointed guide, one of the *Fremdenfolk*, the name given to Germans in other countries, started to speak German, but when he learned my nationality, switched to English. He spoke it like a London cockney. That was amusing since he retained his accent. As I went down the hill from the bastion, I passed one of the original Turkish baths, still in use.

All this and the magnificent houses of the wealthy on the hills of Buda made their natural impression, but I wanted most to see a more simple scene. Over in the city of Pest, near the House of Parliament, in a square called Liberty, is a garden dedicated to the aspirations of the Hungarians, who had once been one of the largest and most powerful people. Books, songs, slogans, and signs all over Budapest urged the restoration of Hungary as she had been in the ninth century and before the Treaty of Trianon. Liberty Square was planned on the same theme. At one side, by the garden, the colours of Hungary fly

at half mast, to be raised to the top of the staff only when the country has regained her old position. Within the shadow of the staff is a garden in which green plants form a map of Hungary as it is. Beyond the green, in brown, are the lost territories. When I saw the floral map, the green had extended northward into the brown as Hungary took advantage of the Nazi dismemberment of Czechoslovakia to annex new land; it had spread with the acquisition of sub-Carpathia and Transylvania from Rumania, and it had moved southward as a result of the Yugoslavian campaign. Territory still remained in reddish-brown flowers, but most of that was within the Reich. Hungarians were not saying anything about that at the time, except that other flowers, beyond the flower map, spelled a sentence:

"We believe in God, in divine justice, in our country, and in the resurrection of Hungary."

That night, Saturday, I heard more about Hungarian hopes as related to Germany, at a cocktail party in a home in Buda. Most of the Hungarians there were related to the late Count Teleki, one was a member of Parliament, and another was trying to build up the small Hungarian air force. Each, when he talked to me, was interested especially in insisting that Hungary was not Nazi, but that her position and size made it necessary for her to "co-operate." They said they had no choice and felt there was no other way to maintain even a semblance of independence. They were anxious for the United States to know that. Several added that they knew the Nazis would fall in time and that the democracies would triumph. When that time came, they said, they hoped their voices would be heard and believed. I suggested that if all the other countries of Europe had banded together, they might have stopped the Nazis.

"Perhaps," one man said, "but it is too late to think of that now. The Nazis alone prepared for war and overcame those who resisted, one at a time. We were not ready."

It was a good argument, and convincing at the time, but as I

observed later, Hungary collaborated with the Nazis almost as completely as the states that had been formally incorporated within the Reich. This was especially evident when the war with Russia began and hundreds of thousands of Hungarian soldiers marched with the Nazis against the Soviet Union. Some of her leaders might have declared that Hungary did not want to aid the Nazis, but there was little external evidence of that.

Sunday morning I heard Mass in the grotto of Mount St. Gellert, where the altar and choir are in the recesses of the rocks, and the Danube flows below. Afterwards we resumed our journey, stopping briefly in Vienna and Prague, which were once gay cities, but which looked sadly grim under the Nazis. I had no chance to talk with the people, but noticed that there were a surprising number of Nazi soldiers quartered among the people in what had been Austria and Czechoslovakia. The Nazis were afraid of their discontent.

We were in Vienna only overnight. As we prepared to leave the hotel, the clerk returned our passports. Delaney and I were at the desk at the same time. I took mine and noticed that Delaney grabbed furtively for his, but not fast enough to prevent my seeing he no longer had a United States passport. Appropriately, he had a German *Fremdenpass*—that given to the friends of the Nazis.

We were back in Berlin on June 17. Two letters from Ruth awaited me. They made the return worth while. One of them brought pictures of Pat, who was growing astonishingly big.

Chapter XVIII

FROZEN FUNDS AND THE WODEHOUSE BANNING

WHEN I returned to Berlin, varied news awaited me.

One was the surprising information that suave Carl Boehmer, chief spokesman for the Propaganda Ministry, had been arrested by the Gestapo and thrown into a concentration camp. The man, who had been disliked even by his Nazi companions, had become drunk at an official party and told the Bulgarian Ambassador that Germany was planning to attack Russia.

"Since the Bulgarian official didn't know about that, he went to Ribbentrop and demanded more information," Howard told me. "Ribbentrop was excited and angry since the bragging Boehmer had disclosed an official secret. He was immediately imprisoned."

I asked Howard if the story had been sent to the United States.

"No," he said, "no one has dared to use it."

Relations between the United States and Germany were more critical than ever before and threatened to become worse. The United States had just frozen the funds of all German nationals in the United States and ordered the closing of all German consulates, Transocean news service, and the German Travel Agency.

The move apparently came as a shock to the Nazis. They were not prepared for it, not ready to take retaliatory steps, not even certain what to say. With the Nazi officials undecided whether it was best to take the same action, Schmidt lost his usual poise and barked at the correspondents in the Foreign Office press conferences. He said: "Proper moves are being considered," and was sharp with those who tried to obtain more specific information. "The necessary steps are being taken," said the Nazi radio. "It is the subject of coming moves," said the spokesman at the Propaganda Ministry. Each was a different way of saying: "We Nazis are puzzled as to just what we should do."

The Nazi press mentioned the action of the United States in issues of June 18, but the official line was not yet determined. Under the circumstances the papers merely stated the fact and added that the German government "has rejected the charges as unfounded and arbitrary and has sharply protested." Each of the stories was but a few lines long and was printed as inconspicuously as possible. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, for instance, carried the item in the lower left-hand column of its second page. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, as usual, was the only publication that made anything like comment. It said: "The agitation in the United States toward entry into the war is growing. For the present the United States hopes that England can hold out until she is better prepared. When the United States reaches her full production capacity, that will have an important effect upon us, but the facilities of the continent of Europe, which are at the disposal of the Axis, also are growing."

A few days later the Nazis, unable to decide on any better way of replying to the action of the United States, ordered the freezing of United States funds in Germany (none could be taken from the country even before the order) and the closing of United States consulates and of the American Express Company offices in Germany and the occupied countries. The

American Express Company was not the same as the German Travel Bureau, but the Nazis had to close something. They did not seem to be able to decide what news office to close since they did not retaliate by closing any.

President Roosevelt meanwhile had made a speech on the sinking of the *Robin Moor*, and the Nazis again were without an answer. As a matter of fact, the sudden activity of the United States came at an awkward time for the Nazis, who were busy planning war with Russia. That had been postponed because of the unexpected Yugoslavian campaign, and, with the summer advancing, they had been concentrating their attention on the east instead of the west. It had always been the Nazi policy to take on one enemy at a time, and the next on the schedule was Russia, not the United States. Even mention on the radio or in the press of the moves of the United States was bound to affect the fanfare planned to open the campaign against Russia. The Nazis felt themselves like a famous opera singer about to make a triumphal entrance, when the voice of a heckler rises from the audience.

The Nazis tried to play down the demonstration against them by the United States, but the people all knew about it and talked of little else. I heard them discuss it in the restaurants and cafés and on the buses. German families in their homes told me it looked really serious this time.

"Well, I guess you'll be leaving us soon," said a German acquaintance as I went to town on a bus.

I went into the Adlon to ask for any possible mail. I passed Ernst Schaal, the head porter. He said good-morning, smiled, and then asked:

"What do you think will be next, Mr. Flannery?"

Outside on the Linden, I met Alex Small.

"We're one step nearer," he said.

With Alex, I went over to see the manager of the Berlin office of the American Express Company. He was looking out of the window with his hands behind his back when we entered.

"I don't understand it," he said. He twisted and untwisted his hands. "It doesn't make sense. Of course I have no orders yet. All I know is what I read in the papers. They say the American chargé d'affaires must order us to close, that our American employees must be dismissed, and that our employees are guilty of doing things they shouldn't do. The papers suggested that they were spies. That doesn't sound sensible. I'm a German and all my employees are German. We're a German firm, a private one. The American chargé d'affaires has nothing to do with us and can't tell us to close, since we are not operated by the American government. We are today American only in our name. I can't dismiss my American employees because I have none. And they wouldn't be spies on their own country. Gentlemen, I've been here thirty-four years and I can't understand this."

It was estimated that there were, at the time, four or five hundred Americans still in Berlin itself, not so many outside of the city. Most of those in Berlin were with the Embassy. There was a comparative handful of newspapermen. They were gradually diminishing in number. While I was in the Balkans, the Lairds had gone and so had Dave Nichol. Others were planning to leave. The officials at the Embassy were sending members of the staff to the United States as rapidly as possible, beginning with the girl clerks, who were being replaced—there was nothing else to do—with German girls. At the time everyone was alarmed. I went to the Consulate to have Portugal and Spain added to the list of countries on my passport. I had visas for almost every country in Europe except these two through which I would have to pass on my way home. That was an oversight that had better be corrected without delay. The woman who took care of it for me talked about the situation.

"I suppose it's worse in my case than in most others," she said. "I'm almost the only one in the Embassy who has her own furniture. But I suppose it isn't so important these days to

save your furniture as your skin."

Schmidt read the new German order at the press conference that night, read it matter-of-factly and without comment or emotion. We gathered afterwards at the Kaiserhof for gin fizzes to talk it over.

"All we can do," said Brooks Peters, "is watch and wait."

But that crisis, like all the others before it, passed, this time because the Nazis, ready for the war with Russia, had already begun to step from the wings and could hesitate no longer. Furthermore, they hoped that their attacking the Communists would make the isolationists in the United States applaud and cheer so loudly that warning voices could not be heard.

Those were the general effects of the situation. The correspondents also felt personal repercussions. Since American funds had been frozen with no exceptions made for those of us who were no longer in Germany by our own choice, many of us were without money. With ten marks at the most, I owed money on the Balkan trip, rent for the period I had been away (though I was glad I was no longer at the Adlon, where the debt would have been greater and my creditors more bothersome), and hundreds of marks for cable tolls, telephone calls, the work of my secretary, tipsters, and such items as laundry. I called on the Embassy for emergency funds, but was told they were without facilities for loans, and I was able to carry on only because some of the other correspondents who had funds were kind enough to permit me to borrow from them. Since they, too, were receiving no money, that was necessarily only a temporary aid and it was advisable to husband every pfennig. So I could not afford to eat in the restaurants, and generally subsisted on a modest breakfast in my room, soup and salad for luncheon, and a dinner in my room composed of variants of lettuce and sausages. I learned more about the German stores in that period than at any other time. Now and then Howard invited me to the apartment he shared with Jack Fleischer of

the UP, and I bought the meat on those occasions.

To make the situation more troublsome, hay fever that had begun to develop in the Balkans progressed to the asthma stage, and I had to sleep sitting up. There also was reason for concern in that the number of our broadcasts were suddenly reduced to three or four a week. Ever since I had come to Berlin, we had had a broadcast every morning, at least one every day. We supposed the light schedule was arranged because the relations between the two countries were strained and the Nazis were trying, harder than ever, to use us as a channel for propaganda whenever they could foist anything on us. We had to be more careful about the information that was given us, especially through tips. I recall one day during this time that one of the informants gave Lanius and me the very same story, word for word. If we had not happened to compare notes that day, we might have used the story. On another day Lanius and Howard told me that Schotte had insisted they use one of his propaganda hand-outs. They naturally refused, despite threats. Schotte tried again later several times, but somehow did not attempt to force such stories upon me.

The respite from daily broadcasts gave me the means of curing my asthma, since it enabled me to spend an occasional day on the beach at Wannsee. When I first came back from the Balkans, I could not climb the stairs nor even walk a few blocks in the sun without wheezing. At the beach I tried to swim, but breathed as loud as a snorting seal, and had to spend the first few times there lying in the sun. That ended the asthma, however, within a few weeks.

Two other concurrent incidents caused concern. One came after I had interviewed Wodehouse, and the other was that Betty Wasson was brought into Berlin as a prisoner of the Gestapo.

The day after I returned from the Balkans, Plack told me that Wodehouse would be at the Adlon in a few days. He re-

fused to say anything more at that time. I watched the hotel and on Friday noon, June 20, one of the waiters called me aside.

"Wodehouse is having luncheon in the dining-room," he said. "He's at one of the rear tables."

I strolled in, looked around, and found a man that fitted Wodehouse's description seated at a table with three other men.

"Mr. Wodehouse, I believe," I said.

He pushed back his chair, wiped his chin with his napkin, and smiled widely, wonderingly.

"Why, yes," he said. "How did you know?"

I introduced myself and told him I wanted to talk with him. We called the waiter and moved to another table. The three other men continued eating. They merely glanced at us as we sat down across the aisle.

"It's ever so pleasant to find someone with whom I can talk English," said Wodehouse. "Those fellows are pleasant enough, but they don't speak a word of English and I can't talk German."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"My guards. I don't like it at all. I am going to complain about it as soon as I can. I never understood I was to be guarded like this. Why, this is worse than being in the camp."

Wodehouse, tall, slender, big-boned, bald-headed except for a fringe of grey, wore brown horn-rimmed glasses on his large nose. His heavily veined face was reddened as if by the sun. He wore a brown tweed coat, a Paisley muffler tied in ascot fashion that almost hid a loud, horizontally striped brown sport shirt. His tan trousers were baggy. He wore brown mole-skin shoes.

Wodehouse told me about his arrival in Berlin that day with several other Englishmen, including a professor named Mackintosh. He did not know much about them.

"We're all here at the hotel. I have a nice place," he said, "a

suite, in fact. Ever since I came in today, my guards and I have been travelling around Berlin, seeing the city. They had never been here before and wanted to see the Olympic stadium and some other things, and so they took me with them."

"Aren't you supposed to be free?"

"Why, yes, that's what I understood," replied Wodehouse. "I really don't know what to make of all this. I am supposed to see a Mr. Slack or Black or something like that here. I met him down at the camp. Maybe he can clear it for me. It's all so vague now."

The guards finished their dinner and called Wodehouse:

"Wir gehen. Kommen Sie mit, bitte."

"I suppose I have to go now," said Wodehouse. "I can't understand the words, but the action is clear."

He shook hands and said he hoped we would meet again.

"This is frightful business, isn't it?" he said. "I feel like a puppy on a chain. It's most distressing."

That afternoon Plack said he could not tell me the Wodehouse story yet, but he assured me that no other correspondents knew about it. It was worrisome to hold a story so long, but since I could not get the story past the censors until one of the Nazi offices gave approval, there was nothing to do but wait.

Tuesday of the following week I had luncheon with Wodehouse and Plack on the terrace at the Adlon. As we ate, Wodehouse talked about his writing, how he liked his codfish, his need of a scratch pad, and said that he was most anxious for newspapers and magazines from the United States, no matter how old they were. While we were eating, a boy carried in a typewriter and set it down on one of the chairs. I recognized him as from the United States Embassy.

"It's for Mr. Wodehouse," said the boy. "It used to belong to Demaree Bess."

That incident worried me, since it meant that others also knew of Wodehouse's release. The Embassy officials who had charge of the English prisoners of war would know about it, if

no others. I had forgotten about that. The story had to be used without further delay. I wrote it for broadcasting that night, but interference blocked reception in the United States. Knowing that Lanius had seen my copy and would use the story the next day, I went to the Adlon that night to write the report in cable form, and then took it to the post office to be put on the wires. It was past three in the morning before I left downtown to go home to bed.

Late the next day a cable came from Paul White asking me to put Wodehouse on the air in an interview. There was no broadcast scheduled for that night and so I planned it for Thursday. I wrote the script and checked it with Wodehouse. Among other questions, I planned to ask him what he thought of the Russian campaign. Wodehouse proposed saying: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." I cautioned him against that.

"That predicts a Nazi victory," I said. "You can't do that."

"Why not?" he asked.

"We're fighting the Nazis. Any such reply would be propaganda or worse, coming from you. You can't say that."

Wodehouse thought a moment.

"Do you know," he said, "I wouldn't have thought of that."

The broadcast, as it went on the air, was as follows:

FLANNERY: What is your status now, Mr. Wodehouse?

WODEHOUSE: Well, I must say I really don't know, Mr. Flannery. I'm still a prisoner, I suppose, more or less. I mean, if I wanted to go to Switzerland or somewhere, I imagine there would be objections. But I'm living here at the Adlon—have a suite up on the third floor, a very nice one, too—and I can come and go as I please.

FLANNERY: Do you mind being a prisoner of war in this fashion, Mr. Wodehouse?

WODEHOUSE: Not a bit. As long as I have a typewriter and plenty of paper and a room to work in, I'm fine.

FLANNERY: I believe you wrote a book while you were in the internment camp.

WODEHOUSE: Yes, the only one in thirty years which I've written by hand and not on the typewriter. It was slow work at first, but I gradually got used to working with a pencil. *Money in the Bank* I called it, and I've just heard that the script has been safely shipped to the United States, which is a load off my mind. After I'd done that one, I wrote a hundred pages of another. I call it *Full Moon*, because my characters are more moonstruck in it even than usual.

FLANNERY: Do the books tell anything about the life of a prisoner of war, Mr. Wodehouse?

WODEHOUSE: Good Lord, no, Mr. Flannery. There are enough other people writing about the war, and my readers, I believe, would rather have something different. But I'll tell you something about the war and my work that's been bothering me a good deal. I'm wondering whether the kind of people and the kind of England I write about will live after the war—whether England wins or not, I mean.

FLANNERY: Your characters will always live, Mr. Wodehouse. Maybe just in a different setting.

WODEHOUSE: That's interesting. I've been wondering.

FLANNERY: What do you think of the new phase of the war—the German-Russian campaign, Mr. Wodehouse?

WODEHOUSE: Well, the thing that strikes me most is how little worked-up the German people get about it. I'd have thought they should have been feverishly excited, but they don't even seem to talk about it. And the guards who were looking after me that Sunday never even so much as bought an extra.

FLANNERY: You had guards, then, Mr. Wodehouse, when you first came to Berlin?

WODEHOUSE: Yes, a couple of chaps who brought me here from the camp. They left the other morning. It was sort of funny, you know. They took me around and showed me Berlin, and they hadn't even seen it before themselves. We went to the

Olympic stadium and down to Potsdam and back on a steamer on the Wannsee. The Wannsee made me feel I was back in the United States. It was just like Lake Hopatcong, or one of those places.

FLANNERY: Did your guards speak English—or did you speak German, Mr. Wodehouse?

WODEHOUSE: No. That was another funny thing.

FLANNERY: How did they show you around, then?

WODEHOUSE: Oh, they just poked me in the ribs and pointed at things. I understood.

FLANNERY: About the camp—the prisoners there were all English, I suppose.

WODEHOUSE: Technically English, yes, but two thirds of them couldn't speak a word of English. They came from all over the place—Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and parts of Germany. They spoke all kinds of languages—people with English passports for one reason or another, I suppose.

FLANNERY: Up here in Berlin do you find that many people speak English?

WODEHOUSE: In the time I've been here, it seems as if everyone does. I've met dozens of people—most of them in the last few days, correspondents from every country in the world, I think. There was one to see me this morning from Iceland, I think it was. Charming fellows, but such an awful lot of them.

FLANNERY: Anything you'd like to say, Mr. Wodehouse, about the United States?

WODEHOUSE: Yes, I'd like to be back there again. You see, I've always thought of the United States as sort of my country—lived there almost all the time since 1909—and I long to get back there once more. But I guess there's nothing I can do about that now, except write stories for you people. I hope you continue to like them. Well, good night, everybody.

Wodehouse was a good radio subject. It appeared, as we neared the end of our broadcast time, that I would have to cut. I therefore jumped several questions; Wodehouse picked up the right answers without hesitation. Then, as I noted we had sufficient time, I returned to the omitted portions. He followed correctly again.

After it was over, each of us picked up an ear phone to hear the rest of the Columbia broadcast. Elmer Davis followed with comment, saying:

Mr. Wodehouse's many friends here in the United States will be glad to know that he is free and that he is apparently comfortable and happy. Mr. Wodehouse seems to be more fortunate than most of the other Englishmen in his internment camp, whose release would perhaps have had less publicity value for the Germans and, of course, he was only in an internment camp to begin with, which is a very different thing from a concentration camp. People who get out of concentration camps, such as Dachau, for instance—well, in the first place, not a great many of them get out, and when they do, they are seldom able to broadcast.

Columbia signed off. I complimented Wodehouse on adjusting himself to the shifts in the script and said he was a good broadcaster. He said nothing. He was lost in thought. As we walked from the booth to leave the building, Wodehouse revealed that he was thinking of Davis's remarks.

"Nasty of him, wasn't it?" he said.

Later, as I sat in Wodehouse's room, he told me that it was true that he was going to broadcast for the Nazis. Part of one of his scripts was in the typewriter before him. The phone rang.

"The Associated Press, yes," answered Wodehouse. "Why am I going to broadcast for the Germans? Well, they asked me; that's all. No, there are no other reasons. Good-bye."

Wodehouse hung up the receiver and sat down looking puzzled.

"Why are they always asking me if I am going to talk on the German radio?" he asked. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

I hesitated and then decided to answer.

"It's none of my business," I said. "You can broadcast for the Nazis if you wish; that's up to you. But none of us Americans would do it. The mere fact of our being on a German radio program, even if we didn't speak, but played a piano or violin, would be propaganda. We would be aiding the Nazis. They would make capital of it."

Wodehouse was not convinced.

"But we are not at war with Germany," he said, considering himself an American. (He had not been in England for seventeen years, but had neglected to apply for United States citizenship. "I just put it off," he said; "it was so much bother.")

I replied to his remark on the war:

"Officially we are not at war with the Nazis, but actually it's about the same."

"But," Wodehouse protested, "my scripts won't be censored. I can't, for the life of me, see what all the fuss is about."

He sat down before his typewriter.

"Do you know," he said after a moment, "they haven't told me what I am to be paid for these broadcasts?"

I wondered at his oversight. It was out of character.

He returned to the subject of broadcasting for the Nazis.

"Do you think these broadcasts will hurt the sale of my books in the United States?" he asked.

I told him they probably would.

Apparently Wodehouse talked with Plack soon afterwards, since Plack then suggested that the idea of broadcasting for the Nazis be dropped in favour of a series over Columbia.

"Did you offer the series to NBC?" I asked.

Plack said that he had and that Lanius had already wired.

"In that case," I said, "I'll send a cable, too."

Paul White naturally was not interested.

By this time the Wodehouse plot was evident. It was one of the best Nazi publicity stunts of the war, the first with a human angle. That was because it was not the work of Dr. Goebbels, but of Hollywood-wise Plack instead. Plack had gone to the camp near Gleiwitz to see Wodehouse, found that the author was completely without political sense, and had an idea. He suggested to Wodehouse that in return for being released from the prison camp he write a series of broadcasts about his experiences; there would be no censorship and he would put them on the air himself. In making that proposal, Plack showed that he knew his man. He knew that Wodehouse made fun of the English in all his stories and that he seldom wrote in any other way, that he was still living in the period about which he wrote and had no conception of Nazism and all it meant. Wodehouse was his own Bertie Wooster.

Plack knew that the stories would tell some unpleasant truths about the Nazis, but that they would all be lightened by the Wodehouse wit. He knew that Wodehouse would not be dangerously critical; he never was. He could be trusted to write an uncensored script, and since he was Wodehouse he would gain an audience for the Nazi programs. Thus people might be lured into hearing the general Nazi propaganda line, but even if they heard no more than Wodehouse, some of the criticism of the Nazis would be averted by Wodehouse himself.

Later, as a development of the idea, Plack presented radio talks by Count von Luckner, and planned to present the former Crown Prince and other such personages who might be expected to attract an audience in the United States.

The Wodehouse Nazi broadcasts began with the story of the capture of himself and his wife near Paris.

"The scene," said Wodehouse, "was not one of vulgar brawling. All that happened so far as I was concerned was that I was strolling along with my wife one morning when she lowered her voice and said: 'Don't look now, but here comes the Ger-

man army.' And there they were, a fine body of men, rather prettily dressed in green and carrying machine guns."

Wodehouse said he had learned but one phrase of German: "*Es ist schönes Wetter*," "It is beautiful weather," and that when the Nazis approached, he greeted them with this.

"But," he said, "they paid not the slightest attention."

Wodehouse's story of his packing before he went to the prison camp made fun of the English. As I recall it, he said that he and the guard did not agree on the way to pack. "Now, my idea," he said, "was to get everything ready, take a nice warm bath, and then sit down to smoke a pipe and think about it."

One episode told of the arrival of the English prisoners at a camp "where the Germans had not prepared for so many guests. All they had was some soup. And they had nothing to serve it in, but we were ingenious. We searched and found some discarded cans. My soup had a flavour different from all the others, for I had found an oil can."

All the broadcasts were in the same vein. I heard only two, even though they were rebroadcast. The furore especially in England was resounding. Wodehouse heard of it and wondered whether the English would still buy his books. In the meantime he had moved from the Adlon to the estate of Major Eric von Barnekow in the Hartz Mountains, and had been joined by his wife. She came to Berlin on Sunday, July 27, travelling from Le Tourquet in France, where she had been interned with the freedom of the district, since the couple had been made prisoners by the Nazis.

Mrs. Wodehouse was as politically naïve as her husband, the kind of woman who was oblivious of her surroundings. She came to Berlin with one of the Foreign Office staff, Charley Schwedler, who had conducted an orchestra in the United States for several years, and who had been attached to the Foreign Office because he was able to write propaganda parodies of some of the popular songs. He had made "All Alone" apply to England after France had fallen and "Stormy Weather" a

song sung by Churchill after submarine raids on British ships. Schwedler and Mrs. Wodehouse were the only civilians in a train full of the military. I can imagine the wonderment of the Nazi officers and soldiers when Mrs. Wodehouse came on board with nineteen trunks and a Pekinese, travelling like a vacationist in normal times, and their further amazement when they heard her speak nothing but English. She knew neither German nor French. According to Schwedler:

"She just talked on and on and didn't pay any attention at all to the Germans around her. I suppose they thought I was her husband, and English, too."

Mrs. Wodehouse, a slight, auburn-haired woman of fifty-two, came into the Adlon smartly dressed in a blue-grey striped tailored suit, a brown felt hat, and brown accessories. She sat in the rear of the Adlon lobby with her Pekinese beside her, waiting for Wodehouse to be driven into town from the estate on which he was living. I sat off to one side. Suddenly she jumped from her chair and darted toward the door.

"Oh, good Lord!" she exclaimed.

The Pekinese pattered along after her.

At the door the Wodehouses met and embraced. The Pekinese wagged its tail furiously. Wodehouse picked it up, carried the dog on one arm, and escorted Mrs. Wodehouse with the other as he entered the hotel lobby, beaming beatifically on all sides.

After the couple had been seated a few minutes, I joined them. On a chair by the table was a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* carrying an article about his prison life. Mrs. Wodehouse did almost all the talking, though he said a word now and then. She was much excited.

"I'm having two cocktails today to celebrate," she said. "It's so long since Plummy and I have seen each other."

"A year ago on the 21st," said Plummy.

Some weeks later I was having luncheon in the Adlon when Wodehouse came by. I asked him to sit down and have a drink.

"And how are you?" I asked.

"I'm beastly tired today," he said. "You see, they had no chauffeur for me today, and I had to come in on the train."

Poor prisoner of war.

"And how is Mrs. Wodehouse?"

"Why, she's well enough, but she's frightfully upset. You see, one of her trunks hasn't arrived and it's the one with the dinner dresses in it. She likes to dress for dinner every night."

That was too bad.

It was after the interview with Wodehouse that I was put off the air. While I was writing my script on the following Saturday, Schotte came in.

"Mr. Cleinow and I would like to see you in his office after your program," he said.

I went in to find them waiting.

Cleinow came directly to the point.

"We have the reports on the comments made by your man Davis about the release of Mr. Wodehouse," he said, "and we are sorry, but you can't broadcast any more."

The audacity of the move astounded me.

"Understand," I said, "I am making no protest; this is your business. But I think it's best that you understand just what you are doing. I know that you, Cleinow, are acting only under orders, that you yourself have nothing to do but follow instructions, but I suggest that you convey a few ideas to your superiors. It appears that someone hasn't done much thinking before he acted."

"First of all, do you realize that in trying to control what we say in the United States you are proving by your own action that the Nazis want to control free speech not only in Germany but also in my country?"

"We want to control only what is said on our program," Cleinow protested.

"You do control that," I said. "You censor the scripts and you have a man to see that I don't deviate from it. You make

recordings to see that I don't even use inflections to cast doubt on what I say. You control everything that goes out of here."

"But Mr. Davis criticized us. We do not want that."

"Mr. Davis is not on your program."

"You talked and he talked; it was all the same program."

It was evident that some of the Nazis running the radio in Berlin did not know much about American radio programs.

"The program, as you should know, includes reports from all world capitals in the news. It brings in not only Berlin, but Rome, London, Tokyo, Cairo. Mr. Davis or someone else follows with an analysis. Do you want to control what is said in London? In Cairo? Everywhere else?"

"No, but we do not want such remarks made about the broadcasts from here."

"That you will not control. Just as London may report as it pleases, while you censor what goes out of here, Mr. Davis or whoever else is on in New York will speak as he wishes. It would be just as logical for you to try to control what the newspapers say in their editorial columns about Nazi Germany, and to ban them whenever they criticize you. Why, there's hardly a day goes by that almost every newspaper in the United States says much more about Germany than we have ever said, and you have not told any of their representatives to stop sending stories."

"That's different," said Cleinow.

I went on: "Further, the radio makes a different kind of comment. Our men are instructed to analyse the news, to explain it. This very program illustrates our efforts to be fair. We present programs not only from London, but from Berlin. We have representatives on both sides, so that the whole story may be told. If you want to eliminate Berlin, that is your business, your loss.

"And if it were not for the fact that we pay for better program facilities, using ATT with a feed-back, you wouldn't have heard what Davis said at all."

"We get reports," said Cleinow.

"Yes, but the fact remains that it was because of our using better facilities that you know about this case. We were trying to do a better job than the other chains. We were doing something extra to assure that the report from here—your country—was heard. You are making a mistake. This is stupid. It's unbelievable. But understand, I enter this merely for the record. I don't want to dignify your action with a protest. I just want you to realize what you are doing."

As I left, I told Cleinow and Schotte, who had said nothing throughout, that I was planning to inform New York, as I must. I wrote a cable immediately and planned a telephone call that night. Bob Wood answered the phone at Columbia. Reception was poor on my side. He could hear me, but I could not understand him. As we began the difficult conversation, I learned that he had not received my cable.

(Some weeks later, when my bills came in, I found that this cable had not been listed. I checked with the post office and learned that it had not been sent. When I tried to learn the reason, I was told that it had been censored "by someone higher up." They would give me no more information. The action, in any case, was just as incomprehensible as the reason given for taking me off the air. The Nazis should have realized what would happen if I were not able to inform New York of the facts. If, for instance, I had relied upon the cable and not telephoned, New York would have had no word from me as I failed to come on the air for subsequent scheduled broadcasts. They would have investigated, possibly through the State Department. The situation would have been made worse. The Nazis did not think things through. It was the same in the war. They reasoned only from one move to the next, and did not seem to foresee the inevitable consequences.)

Although I could understand Bob only with difficulty, he could hear me, and that was all that mattered, in this instance. I had a report to make and I made it. When it was finished, I

was able to deduce that I should stand by and investigate the situation further. A day or so later I learned that Columbia had issued a statement to the effect that it would not submit to dictation from any foreign power. Meanwhile, as the case was carried to Goebbels and over him to Hitler, it became evident, from what Nazi officials told me, that they realized they had made a mistake and were seeking a way to bow out gracefully. But the days went by without my getting any action, and so, according to instructions, I applied for my exit visa. I made my application, according to routine, to the Foreign Office, and waited. With the situation tense, the days passed slowly. Finally, as I was neither restored to the air nor granted my visa, I investigated the latter. I called Lilyenfeldt.

"I have sent it to our office on the Rauchstrasse, as usual," he said.

I went to the Rauchstrasse office and there learned that nothing had been done. I was told that the routine had been changed, that application must be made to the police on the Burgstrasse.

"If that is the case, why wasn't I notified to pick up my passport?" I asked.

The Nazi made the customary German answer.

"I had no orders," he said.

As the investigation went on, Froelich offered a statement criticizing tendentious broadcasts. In reporting on that to New York, I mis-spelled "tendentious." Probably because of the influence of Barney Google and Snuffy Smith and their "bodacious," I spelled it "tendacious." Paul White queried me on that. It gave me reason to smile in the midst of troubles. In answer, Paul then cabled through Switzerland—atmospheric disturbances preventing direct cabling—that I should:

"Please inform Rundfunk CBS willing resume regular schedule broadcasts from Berlin continuing Columbia's policy which bans tendentious or biased comments in the news broadcasts. Columbia must be wholly free to administer this

policy itself without dictation from any foreign government. Columbia has always insisted and will continue to insist that all of its employees who present or analyse the news must not express their own feelings and must remain objective, honest, and fair. Our news analysts are instructed to elucidate and illuminate the news out of common knowledge or special knowledge possessed by them or made available to them by this organization through its news sources. They are instructed to point out the facts on both sides, show contradiction with the known record, and so on. They are told to bear in mind that in a democracy it is important that people not only should know but should understand and their function is to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him.

"Scheduling 22.50.40 22.53.00 Sunday 23.48.15 23.51.00 provided German government understands we not altering our operations in any way. Confirm. Regards."

I thought that a firm and well-phrased statement and presented it to Schotte for transfer to whatever higher authorities would act, but the Nazis did not want to appear as if they were accepting the conditions laid down by Columbia. They wanted to save their face, so they continued to keep me off the air.

Then finally, on Friday morning, July 11, word came that Winkelkemper would like to see me. I went to his office, where I found Schotte and Cleinow. Each looked as stern and serious as judges. They merely said good-morning and handed me a statement in German. It was ridiculous since it made no change in the situation whatsoever and also further disclosed that these three officials of the Nazi short-wave station did not understand American radio operation. The statement said no more than that all broadcasts originating from Germany should be censored—they had been—and that the opening and closing announcements should be made from Berlin. The closing announcement: "This is Harry W. Flannery returning you to Columbia in New York," had always been made in

Berlin. The opening: "We now take you to the German capital, where you will hear Harry W. Flannery. Go ahead, Berlin," was a cue and had to be made in New York.

I pointed that out to Winkelnkemper. He merely grunted. Schotte, in a low voice, said:

"Yes, we know."

Winkelnkemper asked: "Do you accept these requirements?"

The formality, under the circumstances, was funny. I played my part with a serious face.

"Why, certainly," I said, "it is just as it has always been, provided you understand that the opening announcement is a cue and has to be made in New York."

"Yes, we understand all that," said Winkelnkemper. He rose and bid me good-bye. Schotte and Cleinow did the same. The Nazi comic opera had ended.

I went back on the air the next day.

We maintained the same meagre schedule despite the fact that the Russian campaign had begun. Columbia did not bow before the Nazis.

On the day that I was ordered off the air, a call came saying that Betty Wasson, Gallagher, and Weller were being brought into Berlin as prisoners of the Gestapo, and that I could see them at the Adlon Hotel. As a former employee of CBS, Betty was my concern. Lochner agreed to take care of the interests of the other two. At the hotel Betty told me her story:

"We had visas to go back to the United States from Athens by way of Switzerland," she said, "but when we arrived in Belgrade, there was no plane for us. As we waited, the pilot of a small German plane offered to fly us to Vienna, the next stop, and so we piled in. But when we landed at Vienna, we were arrested. It seemed that we had landed on a German airfield in a German military plane without the proper papers. That was suspicious and so the Gestapo took us into custody. We were not permitted to call the United States Embassy or anyone, but

finally, when one of the Gestapo men called Berlin, he was ordered to bring us here. So here we are."

I investigated and found that the situation was not serious, but unfortunate. It would merely take time to obtain the proper papers and send the prisoners on their way.

As Betty waited, an interesting scene occurred in the lobby of the Adlon. The hotel manager, in the same spirit as in making the demands that had led me to leave the place, asked if I was going to take care of Miss Wasson's account there. Since she had not come there by choice and was the unwilling guest of the Gestapo, I told him that neither I nor she would pay it and that it must be collected from the Nazi government, which was responsible for her being there. That evoked an argument. We summoned the Gestapo guard, who would say nothing at all, and I grew somewhat loud in attacking the hotel and the system that made such a situation possible. That alarmed the manager and ended the matter for the time.

"Please, Mr. Flannery," he said, "let us talk this over later somewhere else. We are in the lobby."

I told Plack of the affair and he agreed that the Foreign Office should take care of the cost of the room and of all meals as long as Betty was detained. She left the next week.

On July 5, our wedding anniversary, I tried to call Ruth, but atmospheric disturbances prevented. The next day the call went through. It was heartening to hear Ruth, although I could tell her no good news at the time. I was still off the air then, funds were still frozen, and there was no immediate likelihood of my returning home.

Chapter XIX

WAR WITH RUSSIA —AND I'M DENIED A VISA

ONE of the reasons I was anxious to get back to Berlin from the Balkans was that the Russo-German war appeared likely to begin at any time. I began to hear rumours of it in Athens. They persisted all the way back to Berlin. The large movement of German troops from the south out of Greece and then, as we went north, east out of Germany, made it seem more likely. In Berlin I heard reports that there had been border clashes, and it was notable that, although there was no actual denial of them at the press conferences, we correspondents were not permitted to mention them in broadcasts.

On Sunday, June 22, the story broke. Just as in every other campaign, it came as a surprise, even though we had expected it. With the outbreak of hostilities, Columbia temporarily scheduled a number of special broadcasts, six of them on the day the fighting began and four the next day. We resumed more than a full schedule and would have continued on that basis if the Nazis had not decided to put me off the air at the end of the week.

The first intimation that big news was imminent came with a telephone call to all correspondents at four o'clock Sunday morning. At five thirty the correspondents heard Goebbels read Hitler's bombastic statement beginning:

"People of Germany! National Socialists! The hour has now

come. Oppressed by grave cares, doomed to months of silence, I can at last speak frankly."

It was an amazing proclamation, admitting publicly that the treaty with Russia was one of sheer expediency, planned to prevent a war on two fronts at once, to give Germany peace with Russia until she had conquered Poland, France, and, she hoped, England. Further, Hitler confessed that victory over England was not in sight, since "the German High Command can no longer vouch for a radical conclusion of the war in the West, particularly as regards aircraft." Hitler divulged, too, that although the Nazis had smiled and pretended that the Russian actions were according to plan, and had constantly denied there was any disagreement, Russia had, contrary to Nazi wishes, seized part of Poland, the Baltic States, Bessarabia, and northern Bukovina, and that she had plotted against Bulgaria and Turkey, and was chiefly responsible for the Yugoslav defiance of the Axis. With that admission, the Nazi Führer called all his spokesmen liars and even negated his own oft-repeated statement that he had no further interests toward the east. Just as had been charged in the press of the world, he said that Russia's declaration that she was seizing the Baltic States to protect them from an outside menace "could only be meant to apply to Germany, for no other power could even gain entrance to the Baltic area, let alone go to war there."

In this proclamation, Hitler indirectly said that the war against England was not meeting with success, especially because of increased American aid, and that he had to begin another campaign to maintain his prestige. He and the High Command thought then that Russia could be overcome in four to six weeks, and that with the Russian resources in oil, wheat, and minerals he would be able to carry on the war against England with overwhelming resources. Some Nazi officials told me that he even thought it possible that, with the Red riches, he would be able to say to the world:

"You see now the power of the Reich. You see that we have

all the food we need, all the oil and all else necessary to carry on a war to certain victory. Once again I offer peace, or do you wish to invite certain disaster?"

From what I heard in Germany, the need of oil was one of the main reasons for the attack on Russia. Although the Nazi supplies of synthetic oil were amazingly large, all evidence appeared to point to the fact that the Nazis were becoming worried and wanted the fields of the Caucasus even more than they did the bread of the Ukraine. They had not been able to obtain needed Russian supplies through the existing trade treaty, since the wily Soviet Union had not bowed before the blustering Nazis like the other countries of Europe. The slave states were obliged to make whatever shipments the Nazis demanded and receive in exchange anything the Nazis chose to send them. Russia, however, had sent her shipments to the border and would not release them until suitable German goods arrived on her side of the line. Furthermore, the U.S.S.R. was anxious to sabotage the Nazi economic program and therefore refused goods for various reasons. They would declare that machinery painted when ready to deliver had not been ordered painted, that heavy metal had been used for a machine when light was wanted, and that the cloth used in some items was of the wrong colour. Even when shipments were made and accepted, arguments on the submitted bills would continue for months. Hitler made no mention of any of these facts in his speech. He did not want to admit every detail of how he had been made foolish by the Soviets.

The Nazis also were afraid to continue the fight against England any longer without having first eliminated the Russian threat. As long as Russia remained hostile at the back door, it was not safe to move all the Nazi forces to the western front for an all-out attack on the British Isles.

From every Nazi standpoint, Russia had to be attacked, and the time for action had come in the summer of 1941.

Hitler also saw a fight against Communism as a possible

means of weakening those forces in the United States which looked upon the Nazis as a threat to the whole world. He thought that he could strengthen the case of the isolationists in the United States by announcing that he was crusading for Christianity and civilization against dreaded pagan Communism. He believed that he would thus have the means to unite all Europe militarily on his side.

"The task of this front, therefore, no longer is the protection of single countries, but the safeguarding of Europe and therefore the salvation of all," he cried. Although he continued to war on religion within the Reich, he dared to end with an appeal to God: "May God help us especially in this fight!"

Hitler was right in expecting that Senator Wheeler, Lindbergh, former President Hoover, and others in the United States would find a new rallying-cry for isolationism as a result of the Russian war, but he was mistaken in the extent to which he would succeed in turning the United States away from its wise course. I remember the night that we heard President Roosevelt's statement on the policy of the United States following the new Nazi move. It came in over the feed-back as part of the Columbia report on the press conference in Washington that day. Both Plack and Celli, who were with me, did not expect that. They echoed the sentiment of other Germans who had been sold on the Nazi propaganda.

In Europe, Hitler's new war appealed to some of the leaders in Italy and Spain, in Hungary and Rumania, who hoped to gain thereby, but there were more recruiting officers in some of the other countries than there were recruits, with the result that Nazi Germany again was enraged in the days to come, particularly against the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Sweden.

Later in the day Hitler issued an order to the German soldiers on the Russian front in which he charged again that the U.S.S.R. was plotting against the Reich. It ended with the hypocritical appeal to God that was in his proclamation to the people:

"German soldiers! You enter a fight that will be both hard and pregnant with responsibility because the fate of Europe, the future of the German Reich, and the existence of our people rest solely in your hands. May God assist us all in this fight!"

Most of the correspondents gathered in the Foreign Office at six o'clock that morning to hear the statement read by Ribbentrop. Except for its phraseology, it was the same as that made by Hitler. Both were broadcast directly all over Europe and repeated all day long in recordings.

Within a few hours the first extra editions of the papers were on the streets. As usual, all were single sheets. The *Völkischer Beobachter* headlines were typical: "War Front from North Cape to Black Sea in Bringing to Reckoning of the Moscow Traitors. Two-faced Jewish Bolshevist Rulers in the Kremlin Lengthen the War for the Benefit of England."

The people bought the extras almost as fast as they appeared. For the first time since the war had begun, there was momentary enthusiasm among the German populace. The war against Russia was the first popular campaign that had been launched. None of the Germans had ever been able to understand why a treaty should have been made with the Soviets, after they had been the main object of denunciation since 1933. Now they had a sense of relief, a feeling of final understanding. I listened to their conversations around the newsstands and on the subways. I talked with a number of them. For the first time they were excited about the war.

"Now," they said, "we are fighting our real enemy."

But because of the course of events, the exuberance of the German people was soon to die.

My first broadcast was at eight thirty in the morning, Greenwich time, arranged over the telephone with New York. Paul White was anxious for a German communiqué on the progress of the fighting, but I knew from past experience that the High Command would say nothing of importance for days or weeks.

As I talked with him on the phone, I told Paul of the prediction, made by leading officials among themselves, that the war would be over in four to six weeks. That was what the Nazis, including the High Command, expected. Everyone was confident. I tried to say so in one of my broadcasts, but the censors struck it out. Always meticulously careful about military predictions, they did not permit their enthusiasm to make an exception to a Nazi rule. Columbia, however, had used the story from the telephone conversation. Some weeks later, as the campaign began to lag, Froelich summoned me to his office. He demanded to know why I had given the information to New York. The fact that it was an accurate reflection of opinion made no difference.

The first communiqué merely said that Russian planes had attempted daylight raids over East Prussia. It was claimed that German fighters had forced them to turn back and that heavy losses had been inflicted on the Russians. Border clashes were reported, but no places were mentioned. One of the papers said that Russia had 160 divisions, or about 3,200,000 men, on the front.

Most of the early reports were by PK reporters over the radio and in the press. The Nazi propaganda machine made the most of these. Most of those heard on the air were recorded at airfields near the fronts, with announcers talking against a background of plane motors, the crackle of machine-gun fire, and the boom of big guns and bombs. The first said that the Germans had been preparing the airfields on the Russian front for some time, that a patrol had been ordered to Lithuania that first morning to attack the Russian airfields there, and that there had been almost no anti-aircraft fire returned. A German-Turkish friendship pact was announced, with Turkey thus maintaining her neutrality. Russian newsmen, interpreters, and others were arrested and quartered mostly in the Kaiserhof. The Russian Embassy was closed and, for propaganda, fumigated.

A radio broadcast warned the German people to be on guard against Russian parachute troops. It was declared: "They may land in civilian clothes or come in the guise of farmers and try to carry out sabotage within the Reich. Don't fire on the troops but report the landings to the nearest police station or military post. Be careful not to hurt German pilots by mistake, since they may have to take to parachutes when their planes are damaged. Be cool and don't spread false rumours."

I heard of one German who had been out the night before and slept late Sunday morning. He awoke without knowing that the war had begun, turned on the radio, and was startled sober when he happened to tune in to hear the warning about the possible landing of Russian parachute troops in Germany.

The next day the reports continued general; only the PK stories included any information. The German interest in the Caucasus oil fields was indicated by the fact that the only place mentioned was Sebastopol in the Crimea, reported attacked from the air. Ships were said to have been sunk in the Black Sea and the Baltic.

Since no detailed news was announced, the German interest in the campaign began to slacken even on the second day of the war. It was as if most of the first-day enthusiasm was due to the fact that the people felt relieved in finally being able to reconcile the old propaganda and the acts of their government. After that demonstrative surge, they appeared to be accepting the Russian war as just another campaign. At any rate, in restaurants, when PK reporters were talking on the radio, I found it impossible to hear because of the clatter of dishes and the incessant chatter of the people. No one paid any attention to anything but the High Command communiqués, but these were confined to generalities: "The campaign is proceeding favourably according to plan." The first rush for newspapers had passed.

The papers compared the Russian campaign to that in Poland because "of the terrain and the speed of advance." One

story said that the Russians had burned cities and towns and destroyed the crops as they retreated. Few people believed the extravagant claims that the Russians had lost 33 out of 35 planes in the first raid in Poland, and 7 of 9 in East Prussia, that several hundred Soviet soldiers had been killed and several thousand captured in a single day after relatively short encounters, and that a Soviet division had been wiped out on June 23.

The people returned to their normal life. They thronged Ruhleben racetrack for a horse-race, the Olympic stadium for a German championship football game, the waters at Grünau for an international regatta, the parks and cafés. I went to the race at Ruhleben, where I found that the Germans were still apathetic. I placed a bet on a horse and took a place along the rail, heard the loudspeaker announce the beginning of the race with the numbers: "*Eins, zwei, drei*"—"one, two, three"—and began to cheer. But once again I noted that the Germans were not demonstrating. They commented among themselves on the progress of the race, but did not raise their voices.

Guido Enderis, head of the *New York Times* Berlin bureau, short, heavy-set, with thinning grey hair, a large head, and big features, eyeglasses, and a protruding lower lip, was accustomed to the reactions of Germans at horse-races.

"They don't yell about anything any more," he said. "Things are too serious for them these days."

On June 26 the Nazis said that Leningrad had been bombed, but they said nothing about the damage. Bombings were continued on Soviet ports on the Black Sea. The German weekly news review to be released the following week showed German soldiers tearing down the old border sign at Kaunas in Lithuania, small tanks pulling bombs to German planes, and bombers dropping their charges on unnamed Russian cities. On June 28 the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* said that two big battles had been fought at Lwow and Bialystok, cities near the Russian border at points where the boundary protruded into

German territory in former Poland. The first indications of German difficulty came with a PK admission that the Russian bunkers were so carefully hidden that the Maginot Line seemed inferior.

All week long the reports had been scattered and without definite information. The High Command itself had said practically nothing, and all that could be learned was in the less reliable PK reports. On Sunday, June 29, the Nazis unleashed their propaganda. They had erected loudspeakers at intervals along all the main thoroughfares, such as Unter den Linden and the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin. From these and over radios in all parts of the Reich they began early in the morning to release communiqués. An announcer would interrupt whatever program was on the air to tell the people that a communiqué would be heard in *zehn Minuten*. Military band music and marching songs followed. Five minutes later the announcer said the communiqué would be heard in *fünf Minuten*. Finally, after the stirring music, came a fanfare, a blare of trumpets and a roll of drums, and the dramatic announcement beginning:

"Aus dem Führerhauptquartier gibt das Oberkommando der Wehrmacht bekannt:" ("From the headquarters of the Führer, the High Command announces:")

After that, of course, the communiqué, and *Deutschland über Alles*.

Everyone was ordered to stand in silence during the reading. Along the Kurfürstendamm the milling crowds halted and those at café tables rose. During the first several of these communiqués the enthusiasm of the people returned. I listened and heard them remark:

"Fantastic! Unbelievable! Wonderful!"

One communiqué said that 322 Red planes had been shot down by Nazi fighters and anti-aircraft on the first day of fighting, and that since that time the Soviet had lost 1,811 machines, while the Nazis had lost but 35.

Another raised the ante and said that since June 23, 2,582 Red planes had been lost.

A third said that Brest-Litovsk was in Nazi hands. Another that Vilna and Kovno (Kaunas) had been taken. Each was brief.

After the first several announcements had been made, single-sheet extras of the newspapers appeared on the streets. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, in huge letters, underlined with red, shouted: "Victory March." Above were the words: "Overwhelming Beginning of German Operations." Underneath, in part: "Advance of the Soviet Army Broken. 1,300 Armoured Cars Destroyed. The Dvina Crossed, Dünaburg (Dvinsk) Taken." Sound-trucks began to go up and down the streets playing recordings of the announcements and new PK reports. The show went on all day long, with more and more communiqués, additional extras, and continued blasts from the sound-cars.

The Russian war was being presented as a spectacle, but, as might have been expected, the people began to react against it before the day was over. It was not long before the men and women of Germany knew that the whole thing had been planned, and they resented it.

"Why," I heard one German say, "it is obvious that they have saved these communiqués for today. Why didn't they tell us during the week how the war was progressing? They are making a show of this war."

Even Nazis admitted to me that the skeleton of the scheme was too plain. Goebbels, supposed to be a propaganda expert, had again revealed himself as a blundering amateur.

During the week, as few more communiqués were announced, the rebounding effect of the stunt was more evident. The war was not progressing according to a propaganda pattern. The people began to wonder whether the war was as successful as it had first been presented, as they had expected. They began to sense that the astronomical figures of Russian

losses were probably even more ridiculous than in the communiqués and stories about other campaigns. This opinion was made more certain by such statements as this one from the *Völkischer Beobachter* on July 12:

“Obstinate Stand Cannot Change Result. The German army is marching twenty times as fast as Napoleon, and an area equal to that of the Versailles Reich has been captured. The German air force prepares the way to Moscow in as many hours as Napoleon needed months.”

When President Roosevelt failed to succumb to the Nazi bait to slacken defence efforts because the Nazis were marching against the Communists, the papers began to shout against Russia, Great Britain, and the United States with one breath. “Europe’s Front against the Three Traitors to World Culture,” said the *V.B.* Because of the occupation of Iceland, the *B.Z. am Mittag* called the President the “Number-1 Aggressor.” The press forecast the occupation of the Azores, the Canary Islands and Gibraltar by the United States and, in a further effort to frighten Portugal and Spain, declared that the United States planned to attack those countries. On July 6, after having built up the fantasy themselves, a spokesman for the Propaganda Ministry denied a report from Stockholm that there would be an immediate Nazi break in relations with the United States. The frantic Nazis had permitted their propaganda to move to ends they did not intend—yet.

That same day DNB said that the German air force “now rules unconditionally over Russia.” The Germans, unable to win in the air on the battlefield, were trying to gain victories by propaganda. The Russians were charged with atrocities, wanton destruction of crops and property (which the Germans wanted for themselves), and a merciless disregard for life (since they chose to fight rather than surrender). There was wonderment four days later as three of five papers omitted the High Command communiqué for the first time in my memory. There were reports of fanatical resistance by the Reds, con-

jectures on the possibility that the main body of the Russian army had retreated, with large but not destructive losses, and might be able to avoid important encirclements even if they had to move back to the Urals. The Nazis said that the Russians were resisting like madmen, even jumping from destroyed tanks to carry on the fight and remaining in burning buildings, shooting to the last. The Nazis claimed occupation of Smolensk, which they said was "a devastated city, where there was nothing but smouldering ruins and dead and dismembered bodies were on all sides." The news weekly showed pictures of burning fields of grain, and the German people were asked to drink less *ersatz* coffee since it required 100,000 tons of grain a year. The reports said that the fighting was taking place in the most intense heat and along roads that were chokingly dusty. All was far from well with the Nazis, and the campaign was but two weeks old.

One of the Nazi weeklies at this time showed burned Russian towns and piles of dead bodies. The announcer cried that the destruction was the work of the Jews, after which the Nazi soldiers were shown beating Jews with clubs and gun butts, pommelling many to death. The Nazis did not seem to realize that this was incriminating evidence against themselves, introduced by themselves, that it showed to every one of the correspondents, and to all the people of Europe wherever the films were shown, that they were guilty of completely unjustified and absolutely merciless attacks on the Jewish people, particularly those defenceless ones who had merely happened to be among the residents of the sacked towns and villages.

As I went to the radio station a young German soldier who had been helping there stopped to say good-bye. He said he was off to the Russian front. He was one of the Nazi youths that I remember because when he first met me, his greeting, with a handshake and a click of the heels, was according to routine: "*Heil Hitler!*" Automatically he repeated that the next several times, but when he noted that I always ignored the

salute, he changed to "Grüss Gott!" I did not talk much with him, but I did find that other German youths, during that summer of 1941, had begun to wonder about Nazism, and many were openly outspoken against it. Even in a country where they were exposed to constant propaganda and where there was little chance to hear arguments on both sides, youth, as always, was beginning to question.

On July 18, after Columbia had taken Barbe off the air in Italy because the Italians had to submit all their news to Nazi censorship and were usually a day late with it, New York asked me to tell Barbe to go to Berne as soon as possible. At the same time New York asked me to get a visa to Switzerland so that we could talk over the telephone without the Gestapo listening. I made the application, going through all the red tape that requires filling out long forms at the branch police station and that follows long hours in line at the understaffed main station. A week later I was called in.

Again I stood in line for hours before I arrived at the desk of the clerk who gives each person a number and sends him off to another clerk—one of the details in the efficient Nazi system. The clerk, as on my other visits there, was not at his desk. People of all nationalities were in the crowd with me, some of them business men who wanted to go to Sweden, Switzerland, Hungary, and elsewhere, and most of them the slave labour of the Reich. We waited for almost an hour before the clerk came back. As we waited, the crowd began to grumble. At first I tried to make use of the time by reading, but as the protests around me grew in volume, I decided to join in and mumbled in German:

"So this is the Nazi system. Outrageous. Insulting. Nazi efficiency, *Quatsch*" (the expressive Berlin word for "nonsense").

By the time the clerk came back, the crowd was about ready to tear him apart. Almost everyone spoke sharply as he stated his wants. The man said nothing.

When I arrived at the desk of the second clerk to wait again,

I talked with a young man who told me he had come to Germany from the Netherlands to work as an interpreter.

"It's nothing like what they said it would be," he declared.

He wanted to know if it would be possible to get to the United States and said he was willing to take any chances to get there.

An elderly woman, who had conducted a rooming house in Berlin for thirty years, said she was an American citizen and was going back to the United States because of the situation. I found that she had believed most of the Nazi propaganda and I feared she would have a startling awakening when she learned the truth back in the United States. She had been in Germany so long she was more German than American. There were others like that. I recalled the time I had made a talk in Berlin to what was called the American Women's Club, composed mostly of American women who had married Germans. The son of the club's president was one of the officials of the Propaganda Ministry. They said they had all been away from the United States so long they knew little about it, and so in my talk I tried to awaken them to some of the propaganda against the United States on unemployment and war agitation. I did not have the courage to speak as frankly as I should have liked.

Finally my number was called. The clerk handed me my passport. I thanked him and looked inside for the exit visa. It was not there. I inquired if there had been an oversight.

"No," said the clerk.

"Well, when do I get my exit visa?"

"You don't get any."

"Why? Who is responsible? What's wrong?"

"You just don't get a visa. Next."

He tried to shove me aside. I persisted a moment longer.

"Listen, all I want to know is one thing. On whose orders am I denied the visa?"

His answer was brief: "The Ministry of the Interior."

That is one of the official names for the Gestapo.

I gulped.

Inquiry at the Foreign Office and elsewhere gave me no more information on this surprising action. It appeared at first that the Nazis, because of the strained relations with the United States, had decided not to issue any more exit visas to Switzerland, since some Americans who asked for them did not come back to Germany, but went on to the United States. Later I learned that some Americans had obtained visas to Switzerland, so that refusing one to me was made to appear more personal.

I informed New York over the telephone and was told to ask for an exit visa to come back to the United States. If the Nazis denied me that, the State Department could investigate, since it was international courtesy to grant such visas as long as we were not officially at war. They could delay the grant, but even that, if the delay was suspiciously long, could be investigated.

"Try to get to Russia before you come back," Paul suggested.

Some of the press-association correspondents had been on trips to the Russian front, but no radio men had gone. I told the liaison man at both the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office that I was anxious to make one of the trips. I suggested broadcasts from the battle line, wishing that Diettrich were still in Berlin, since the men who took his place would probably not be able to arrange that sort of thing. Both of the liaison men promised trips soon. As I waited, other agency men left, but not I. I asked if there was discrimination, but the Nazis, who can lie without betraying themselves by their expression, assured me there was none.

"We'll go up to the Finnish front in a few days," said Plack.

The few days lengthened into a week.

"We'll go to Odessa as soon as it falls," he said later.

Odessa refused to fall.

I proposed going to any front at all, and Plack always seemed to busy himself about it. but nothing ever happened. The Propaganda Ministry also promised, but did nothing. I talked to Ruth on the telephone and told her that I was hoping to be home soon, but that I was trying to get to Russia first. We agreed to wait a little longer. Finally I decided that, as the campaign was not progressing in the way the Germans wished, there was little chance. They had no desire to let me learn about the difficulties at the front. I called on Dr. Schirmer at the Foreign Office to ask for my exit visa.

"I don't know whether we can give you one," he said.

I asked why not.

"Well, we don't like people going back and forth."

"I've been here a year. That's hardly going back and forth."

"Nevertheless, we prefer that men who are sent here stay here."

"Howard Smith will be here. There's no need of two men here any more."

Schirmer puffed on his pipe. He was a young, bespectacled chap, who looked like a university professor who had not graduated from his collegiate habits.

"How do we know," he said, "that you won't write a book like Shirer's?" (Shirer's book had begun to circulate among the Nazi officials.)

At that time I had no plans to write a book. I told him so Schirmer puffed on his pipe again.

"I don't know," he said.

I went to a man in the Propaganda Ministry, Guiese. He referred me to Rascha in the Foreign Office, the man in charge of United States press relations there. Rascha told me to come back the next day after he had talked with someone on the Rauchstrasse. I was on the Nazi merry-go-round of delay. One day Rascha would say he was too busy to get to the Rauchstrasse, that unexpected business had come up. Another day he would tell me that the visa duties had been transferred

to another man, later that the man had left town. In time he referred the matter to Schirmer. I was back where I had started. I called Schirmer day after day until his secretary began to tell me he was out of town.

In the meantime the frozen funds gradually thawed. Nine hundred francs that had been deposited to my account some time before in Switzerland helped; some funds came through the United States Embassy and were welcome even though I could get no more than the official rate on the draft. By August 14, after two hard months, the financial situation returned to normal again.

But that was all that was normal. It was beginning to look as if I should not be able to return home even though New York had now granted permission.

Mail from Chicago included a letter from Pat, wavy, criss-crossed lines that I knew were her message to me to come home ending with x's and zeros for kisses and hugs. Ruth wrote that she and Pat had especially remembered me on Father's Day and it was evident that she had been nervously worried about me because I had been banned from the air, was without money, and was being delayed in obtaining my exit visa. She had been in almost daily telephone communication with New York in the hope that she could somehow help me. Doubtless, so far away and unable to aid, Ruth suffered more during those difficult days than I did.

Chapter XX

THE GERMANS LEARN THE COSTS OF WAR

THE Russian campaign brought the war home to the German people. The casualties—dead, wounded, and missing—had amounted to no more than 200,000 in all the other campaigns. That was a small percentage of an army that included from 4,000,000 to 6,500,000 men; and since all the other campaigns had been won quickly, they had carried out the promises of the Nazi leaders that the burdens of the war would be borne not by the German people, but by the enemy. The Russian campaign was different.

When I first went to Germany, I saw a wounded soldier on the street only now and then. Joe Harsch told me he estimated that he saw few more than a dozen in Berlin before he left there. But after the Russian campaign began, I saw them in every block along the principal streets—young men with their arms in slings, with an arm gone, walking with crutches and canes, or without one of their legs. Previously, too, there had been few women in mourning, but I began to see them everywhere.

One day I was standing by a news-stand on the Kurfürstendamm when a woman approached the newsdealer to ask for change to use in the near-by telephone booth. We noticed that she had a letter in her hand. She looked sad and worried.

"Is everything all right, Frau Müller?" asked the newsdealer.

The woman's expression was set. Her voice sounded hollow as she said:

"No, I have just had bad news, and must phone my husband at work. You know we lost a son in Poland and another in France. Now I have word that Johann is gone, too, our last son. He has been killed in Russia."

The woman did not cry. She was too anguished for that. Her eyes were staring. We mumbled an attempt at commiseration.

The Russian campaign affected almost every other German family. This woman was one who had realized the cost of two other campaigns as well.

The Germans began to see that the war was not progressing as planned, as they read the reports in the papers. On July 25 there was a PK story of an attack on a Russian bunker. The fire was so severe, it was said, that three officers were shot down and left wounded in the burning sun crying for water. The report did not say how many men had fallen in the first charge, but the people could determine that there were many from the fact that there were three officers among them. The story continued by saying that another attack on the bunker was not attempted until a forest near by was set afire to throw light on the bunker and thus enable the artillery to see the target and shell it. The fortification was so well concealed, it was declared, that Stukas could not be used to bomb it.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* said: "The enemy has proved himself harder than the one we faced in the west. In contrast with our opponents on the other front, the Russians have for years equipped themselves for offensive battle. They show a fanatical hate. When the German troops broke through an enemy position, they did not, as in the past, find the way open, but had to fight more and more waves of the enemy. Then, too, the beaten army appeared behind the German lines and, even when encircled, continued to fight to the last."

On August 1, *Nachtausgabe* devoted three of its four col-

umns on page two to a story on the care of the dead. "The soldiers who are marching and advancing victoriously are not forgotten and those who have given their lives for their Fatherland also will not be forgotten," said the paper. "The people of any country deserve to live only when they do not forget their dead. All great and mighty accomplishments are born of pain and sacrifice. It is the great task of the German army to take the resting-places of fallen German soldiers under their protection and care."

Two days later the *Völkischer Beobachter* remarked: "Every German citizen now knows the fight has been bloody and bitter. We have recognized that we are dealing with the most difficult enemy we have met so far."

As the enthusiasm of the people passed away and a depression set in, *Das Reich* tried to be philosophical about it. "In the last war when there was a victory, flags were hung out and bells were rung without an order to do so," it said. "On the other hand, when there was a retreat, the people were just as depressed as they had been exultant after a triumph. In this war practically no feeling is shown, either for victory or when there is no news. [That was an admission that the Nazi press did not announce losses.] In the last war there was something which could be called German feeling. In this there is only iron discipline."

Posters began to appear on the round pillar boards that dot the Reich. They displayed maps which compared the advance made into Russian territory in this campaign with the progress made during the same period in 1917. Since troop movements were slower in that war, the comparison was obviously an attempt to bolster morale. The posters also indicated that the people had begun to talk about the German troop movements having become slow in 1941, too, since they carried the headline: "Facts vs. Lies." The motion-picture theatres publicized the news weeklies with maps surrounded with scenes from the current film. In store windows maps with

thumb tacks showing the German positions from day to day attracted constant crowds. Posters in windows appealed to the Germans under the caption: "The Führer Commands; We Follow."

About August 17 I noticed new signs in the S-bahn trains reserving the end seats for crippled people and those injured in the war.

On August 26 a PK story told of German forces marching through swamps that put cakes of mud on their boots and along dusty roads under a baking sun that made their tongues dry and thick.

One night, after dinner on the Budapesterstrasse, Count von Luckner spoke of the stories told by men who had come back from the front.

"It is a fight like none that has ever gone before," he said. "The Russians do not fight like men and they are crafty. One soldier told me that the Reds lie in the roads as if they were dead, attach themselves to German motor vehicles when they go by, fasten bombs on them, and then fall off on the road again, just before the truck blows up. Another soldier told me the Russians have planted mines in the roads—mines that explode when the tanks go over them. And the Russians have built underground chambers from which they are able to come up and surprise the Germans from the rear."

In the midst of these stories of difficulty, the Nazis told of bombings of Moscow and Odessa. On July 27 they said two Russian divisions had been wiped out, 23,000 men made prisoners, and large quantities of guns and motor vehicles captured near Mogilev, east of Minsk and southwest of Smolensk. They said 340 Russian planes had been destroyed in the last few days. A commanding General of the Red army corps said, according to DNB reports, that Russia had only 250 to 300 men in a division, instead of 20,000, that many corps were without panzer units, and that the latest recruits were insufficiently trained and some were without uniforms. On August 3 it was

claimed that 9,082 Russian planes had been destroyed on the ground and that anti-aircraft fire had shot down 2,500 more. The same fantastic claims continued as the Germans advanced, but with staggering losses. As autumn approached, the Nazis needed a victory; they reported that Leningrad first and then Moscow were about to fall. A military spokesman at the Propaganda Ministry conference declared that Germany had never officially talked about a blitzkrieg in Russia. That was mentioned only in the PK reports and in the papers, he said.

The seriousness of the situation was shown in other ways. Old rags and clothing were to be collected, it was announced. Old people were called to work in the factories. *Das Reich* said that fourteen people over sixty were at work in a Berlin chocolate factory, that one brewery had called back two pensioners, and in one brewery basement a man of eighty-one was busy with a hammer and saw repairing beer cases damaged in loading and unloading. The Nazi censors forbade me to use the story even though it had been in a paper backed by the Propaganda Ministry. The labour period for women was extended six months, and signs went up all over the Reich showing a woman working in a factory, underneath which were the words: "Women Aid for Victory." I saw boys of sixteen in army uniforms. One German veteran of the World War who was not able to fight in this one told me he had been ordered to join the police force since the police were being sent to the front.

As the people began to worry about the situation, some tuned in foreign radio stations to learn what was happening. On August 10 five of these people were sentenced to the penitentiary for three to nine years. The Berlin papers warned the populace against listening to stations outside the Reich and said those sentenced had been "listening to foreign agitators, instead of listening to the true German news, which always proves the other reports false."

The people were encouraged to raise more vegetables of their own. One article described the garden plots that you see

in the fields on the outskirts of every German city. I was told the idea had been begun before the war, probably as a means of raising more food for the people when the fighting began. Since most of the residents of the cities lived in apartment buildings and flats and had no ground to till, many rented plots outside the towns. Each plot included a small building for garden tools.

The extent of these gardens was indicated by the article, which said that 700,000 persons were working on such plots near Berlin alone, raising fruits, vegetables, chickens, and other produce. The Berlin gardens included a half-million pear and apple trees, a quarter-million plum and apricot trees, 21,500,000 berry bushes, 200,000 chickens, 100,000 rabbits, 2,000 apiaries, 800 goats, pigs, and so on. I was constantly seeing people on the trains bringing back the products of their gardens. They were of great importance in helping the German people to live.

With August, the air raids began again. The first were by Russian planes, although the High Command refused to admit that for several days. They referred only to "enemy planes." The people, however, knew that the raids were being made by the Russians. When I bought my papers from a woman at a news-stand, I asked her if there was anything in the papers about the raid the night before.

"No," she said, and then looked around before she whispered: "It was the Russians. They dropped pamphlets out in the Grunewald."

I asked her what was in the pamphlets.

"I don't know," she said, "but I do hear the Russians are killing thousands of our young men."

The Russians came over Berlin night after night for a time and then began to alternate with the British. The Germans said that the Red planes came from bases on islands in the Baltic, that they remained too high for detection until over Berlin, when they swooped down, dropped their bombs, and

left. They had a shorter total distance to traverse and also a shorter distance over land than the British. The result was that the Russian planes always finished their bombings before the Germans were able to sound the alarm. On the night of August 7 it was twenty-three minutes after the bombs had dropped before the Germans sounded the sirens. The alarm period always continued for several hours, during which nothing ever happened. The Reds were making the Nazis look silly by those raids on Berlin. The raids were having their added effect on German morale.

One day, after I had been to a dentist in Berlin, the woman who ran the elevator talked about the hardships and losses of the war.

"*Mein Gott, mein Gott,*" she said, "*warum?* Why? It's all caused by a mere handful of men."

The British raids were the most severe I had ever experienced. The planes came over in larger numbers and did more effective bombing. I recall several instances in which the bombs fell within a block or so of where I stood. One night I was at the radio station watching the play of the searchlights on the planes, the flash of the anti-aircraft, and the glow of dropped bombs. I was at one of the open windows when the lights began to converge overhead. Suddenly, as I stood there, a tremendous boom sounded and it seemed as if the other wall of the building must have been blown out.

For the first time I went to the shelter in the radio station after the program that night. I found it was a huge place, consisting of at least a dozen large rooms, in some of which were double-decker cots, in others chairs and tables. I lay down in a lawn chair, tried to read, and fell asleep. When I awoke, everyone else had gone and the all-clear had sounded.

On another night I was at the pension. The whistle of the bombs was frequent, and after one blast I looked out to see the sky lit by near-by flames. The next day I found that the British

had been trying to hit two of the huge anti-aircraft towers in the Tiergarten, but had missed them by half a mile. The towers were at least as tall as a ten-storey building, and had walls that must have been six feet thick. I walked around them several times and tried to gauge the thickness at those places where the heavy steel doors were open, but the cavernous openings were so deep that accurate determination of the thickness was impossible. They were of steel-reinforced concrete, built to withstand the largest bombs. The Germans put their most powerful and manœuvrable anti-aircraft guns, able to shoot straight into the air or at diving planes, on one of the towers, and huge sound detectors and searchlights on the other. The two were synchronized. Since they were in the Tiergarten, they were in a position to defend central Berlin better than the other smaller anti-aircraft located on the roofs of buildings all over town.

The British bombs fell in the zoo, which was in the Tiergarten, killing some of the animals, on the roof of the Eden Hotel across the street from the zoo, and in the court of one of the opera houses, off to one side of the Eden. The communiqué said the RAF had caused "small damage to a hotel and two cultural centres." The zoo was one of the cultural centres. As I walked around the Eden the next day, people were peering through the gates of the closed zoo, noting that windows were broken for blocks in all directions and gazing at one corner of the Eden where a bomb had penetrated two of the upper floors.

The Budapesterstrasse house occupied by the military and naval men at the United States Embassy was just half a block away. Major Lovett was on the roof that night watching the raid.

"When those bombs began to fall, I thought I was gone," he said. "I just threw myself flat on that dirty roof."

I met Froelich. He said, feeling very much amused at the idea, that maybe some of the American correspondents lived

in those upper floors at the Eden. His smile vanished when I told him that I knew of no American correspondents there, but I added:

"I understand a number of Storm Troopers were on the roof of the Eden that night, just a few yards from the place where the bomb struck, and most of them were killed, the rest injured."

That did not strike him as being so funny as the possible death of some American correspondents.

Lescrinier came to the press conference on August 8 to tell us that the roof and upper storey of his house had been blown away by bombs.

"I was lucky to be in the basement," he said. "The lights all went out and my wife almost went crazy when the bomb hit."

One of the Propaganda Ministry officials said that four English fliers had been forced to abandon their plane and came down by parachute near Potsdam.

"I'm an air warden," he said, "and I was with some of my men when they came down. One of our group who could speak English told the men to surrender. After that we all sat down together to wait for the police or soldiers to arrive, smoked cigarettes, and had a most interesting time trying to talk in the two languages. They were fine fellows."

The reports were that the British had sent 100 planes over Berlin and lost 19. The British, interestingly, said they had lost 20. The Germans explained that by saying they had probably counted one downed over the Channel. It was the first time I recalled the claims to be near agreement. The Germans said the casualties numbered thirty, but we all knew they were many more than that.

The attention given to the raid by the Berlin press told its story. *Nachtausgabe* carried a three-column story on the front page that was continued on an inside page, another story on the raid on page two, and three columns on page three. The fact that it had shaken the German people was further indi-

cated by the fact that *Nachtausgabe* took the trouble to declare: "The English fliers cannot shake the courage, the discipline, and the faith of the German people. The people in Berlin know that every help will be given them, that the German State and city and the German people generally are standing by their side."

Before I left Berlin, I wanted to see some of the damage and found, to my surprise, that a High Command official offered to take me to see some of it. Naturally, he did not show me any industrial damage, but what I did see was interesting. We passed beyond one section that had been boarded from the public to see the effects of the landing of several compression bombs, which shattered windows and removed tiles through the whole section, tore off the fronts of buildings, but left the roof and interiors gapingly intact. These bombs had landed in the street. Some of the bombs not only blew out windows, but even window-frames. There were stories among the Germans that such bombs pulled out people's lungs. On the Charlottenstrasse bombs had hit several German publishing houses, and others dropped by one plane on May 10 destroyed several buildings that had been occupied by prostitutes. The High Command said six bombs were dropped in this neighbourhood; two did not explode; one of a half ton had penetrated two storeys into the basement, but did not explode; and, as we saw, the others had wrecked several of the structures. Near by I was told that a man had been sleeping on the second floor of a bombed house, but that, despite the falling bricks and timbers and the concussion, he had suffered no more than a broken leg. The back wall of this building remained standing and several pictures still hung upon it.

In the United States, President Roosevelt revealed that the Nazis had planned a putsch in Bolivia, with the Bolivian military attaché in Berlin, Major Belmonte, to be made the Führer.

A few days later, all correspondents received telephone calls

telling them to be sure to attend the Foreign Office press conference. "A big story will break," we were told.

When we arrived, we found that microphones had been installed near Schmidt and that the meeting was to be broadcast to the Reich and probably, as propaganda, over the short wave. Soon Schmidt, dressed in his blue Foreign Office uniform, came in with Belmonte. When they had seated themselves, Schmidt told of the charges made by President Roosevelt and said that Belmonte would enter a denial. The dark little man, obviously nervous, then proceeded to read a statement in Spanish.

Again the Nazi propaganda pattern was plain. I knew that Belmonte had always been closely associated with the Nazi leaders and that he had been suspected for some time, that circumstantial evidence at least was against him, and that it was probable his denial had been written by the Nazis. Their hand in the plot was proved by the fact that the denial was made at a Nazi press conference instead, according to regular procedure, of summoning the press men to his own Embassy.

Almost all of us, including the correspondents from the occupied countries, were disgusted with the performance. I heard murmurs on all sides of me. Despite this fact the *Zwölf Uhr Blatt* dared to say in its story that all the correspondents applauded when Belmonte finished. The headline on its story that day was: "Mr. Roosevelt, You Are a Liar." The Nazis were becoming more and more despicable.

As a barber in the Adlon gave me a haircut, he remarked: "I suppose this will be the last haircut I give you. I imagine we'll be at war with the United States soon. I should think you'd get in the war now while we're fighting Russia."

I agreed with him that that was a good idea.

At a Foreign Office conference early in August, Schmidt became excited about the establishment of United States bases off the coast, arrangement for bases in Mexico and South America, and possibly occupation of the Azores. He mentioned each development in turn, after which he asked rhetorically:

"*Warum? Why?*" We all felt it was time the United States prepared against the Nazi threat.

The papers tried to use the incidents as propaganda to affect South America. "Nets of United States bases threaten all of South America," said *Nachtausgabe*. The press spoke of "Roosevelt's criminal attacking tactics." One headline was: "Under the Washington Terror." The Nazis were becoming ludicrous.

Later in the month the news came to Germany that Churchill and Roosevelt had conferred on a ship off the coast of the United States. That stampeded the Nazis and for several days they refused to believe it could be true. That Churchill had evaded their submarines and planes stupefied them. The papers mentioned Roosevelt's speech early in September, but tried to minimize it by brief stories buried on inside pages. Only one paper in Berlin, the *Börsen Zeitung*, put its editorialized report on the front page, but the conservative make-up of that paper meant that it was hardly noticed there. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* carried its story on page two under the headline: "Impulsive Roosevelt." *Nachtausgabe* said on page five: "Roosevelt as Soviet Speaker—With Moscow's Help the United States President Would Destroy Europe."

On September 3 Germany claimed that the United States destroyer *Greer* had fired on a German submarine, before the U-boat had loosed its torpedo. Schmidt came in with a rush that day before more than half a dozen correspondents had arrived.

"Close the door," he said.

It was closed.

"Are there any questions?"

Two correspondents asked what he had to say about the *Greer*.

"No comment," he said.

Then he rose.

"If there are no further questions, the conference is over."

He left. Most of us had not even arrived.

On September 6 several people were sentenced to prison for failing to report to work regularly.

At luncheon in the Bristol, I asked the waiter what he thought of the sinking of the *Greer*.

"The *Greer*? Oh, yes, the *Greer*. I did read about that. Oh, I suppose we'll be at war with the United States soon."

Nazi propaganda was accomplishing its purpose with the German people. When war finally came, they would not be shocked.

During the early fall, Nazi Germany made final preparations for the attack upon us at Pearl Harbor. It is now clear that they aided the Japs in planning for that surprise blow even while the Japs, according to the Nazi pattern, asked for more time to discuss peace. It was also planned then that the Nazis and their stooge state, Italy, would follow that attack with a declaration of war upon the United States. That was arranged to carry out their promise to the Japs and also for its effect upon the German people. It was intended to make them think that the situation was in no way like that in 1918 when we declared war upon Germany and were the means of defeating her. This time, the German propagandists reasoned, they would persuade their people that Nazi Germany was the strong nation. It was she, not the United States, that declared war.

During this period Fritz Wiedemann, one of the most crafty Nazi diplomats, came to Berlin. He had been Consul at San Francisco, where he was in the most favourable position to aid the Japs in plans for arranging fifth-column activities along the coast and otherwise determining the best means of attempting an invasion from the Pacific. I talked with him at luncheon in the Adlon and found he was the kind of man who is clever enough to make friends easily. He first of all tried to be disarming.

"I like the United States and I like the people there," he told

me. "I should have liked to remain there. It was hard to leave my many friends."

That was intended to make me feel that it was too bad that the State Department, which was aware of his scheming, had ousted him and all the other plotting Nazi consular officers from their posts in the United States.

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

Wiedemann was frank.

"Hitler is sending me to Japan," he said.

Wiedemann had always reported directly to Hitler instead of to his immediate superior, Foreign Minister Ribbentrop. That was partly because of the fact that he had been Hitler's captain in the first World War and had continued to maintain close relations with him. In 1933, when Hitler first came to power, Wiedemann was first sent to the United States to study publicity methods in this country, and while here on that occasion he conferred with the organizers of what was then called the Friends of New Germany, but which later became the German-American Bund. He carried on secret negotiations with the Japs before they signed the Anti-Comintern Pact, and in 1939, before the outbreak of war, was sent to San Francisco as Consul General. The evidence is clear that he was the number-one Nazi in the Western Hemisphere, since almost all the important agents in this country reported to him instead of to the German Embassy in Washington; and some, suggesting another link, even took Jap boats back to Germany.

Later I heard that Wohlthat, who had planned the economic pattern for Nazi-dominated Europe, had also gone to Japan, and that Wiedemann, on his way to Nippon, had taken the route by way of South America, where he was delayed, he said, in Chile and the Argentine.

Early in August, Paul White cabled me for stories to be included on a Columbia program called "News for Women." He wanted tales about heroic German women. I knew the news-

papers never spoke of any Germans as being heroic, that ordinary men and women in Germany were mentioned by name in the Nazi press only when they were sentenced for listening to foreign radio programs, for blackout offences, profiteering, and murder. I knew, nevertheless, that, by the law of averages, some German man or woman must occasionally do something brave, even though I could not find the details in the newspapers. Calls on the women's organization, the *Frauenschaft*, were met at first with the statement that it was the duty of German people to be heroic and that they deserved no publicity for being so.

"Don't you feel that articles about what such people have done would inspire others?" I asked.

"No," I was told; "German people do their duty."

That attitude made me feel, at first, that since the Nazis did not want to praise their people, there was no reason why I should. However, I was supposed to follow orders, to be a good reporter.

I wondered meanwhile whether it was because duty, discipline, and obedience were fundamental characteristics of the German people that Goebbels never thought of taking advantage of the human angle in his propaganda. He constantly missed opportunities. I recall the time that Wing Commander Douglas Bader, British war ace, was shot down. Bader had been one of the best fliers in the RAF and continued to fly after he had lost both legs in a crash and was using a pair made of duralumin. One night the Germans shot his plane down over Belgium; one of his artificial legs was broken and he was taken prisoner. Major von Barnekow told me the story.

"The German aviators who brought Bader down," he said, "knew his record and respected him for it. And so, instead of sending him off to a prison camp, they arranged for him to remain with them at the front. When Bader mentioned that he had some spare duralumin legs at his home in London, we worked out a plan to get one of them to him. One of our planes

went over Bader's old field and dropped a note suggesting that one of the spare legs be taken up in a British plane, which would meet two of ours as escorts over the Channel. That was to be at a certain hour. The three planes would then fly over our field, the leg be dropped on a parachute, and the British planes be escorted back again."

I told Barnekow I had heard that part of the story, except for the fact that it was a German idea and that the Nazis had supplied escort planes.

"Why the devil," I asked, "didn't your German propaganda office give that story out? It would have been the best kind of propaganda. As it was, the British released it and included the details they wished. You're supposed to have the smartest propagandists in the world, but they don't look that way to me."

Barnekow said they had probably not thought about it as a story. Most Germans did not comprehend the human appeal.

"Well, to go on," said Barnekow, "when the leg came down, we all had a big celebration with a banquet, wines, champagne; and Bader, with his new leg, was put on the table and showed us how well he could use it. He danced, kicked in the air, and turned somersaults.

"Some time later, when the party was about over, we found that Bader was gone. We looked everywhere for him, without success. He had escaped. We sent out searching parties and in time found him in a hay-mow, miles away. After that we took no chances. Every night we took away one of his legs."

I used the last part of the story in a broadcast, but only after an argument with the military censor. He wanted to omit mention of the escape and punishment, so that there would have been nothing left. Obermeyer could not see that.

Trying to find such human little stories, in a heroic vein, about women, was almost impossible. Finally the Red Cross supplied one about a nurse named Herta Thietz. Sister Herta had been a nurse ten years before the war began; she had been

stationed at an air-base hospital in Norway during the campaign there and was on her way back from a vacation in the Fatherland when the tale began. The boat was struck by a torpedo and began to sink. According to the story, Sister Herta helped with the rescue work and was about to step into the last boat when she saw that a wounded soldier had been left on board. He had no life-belt, so the nurse gave him hers and insisted that he take her place. The German Red Cross, in line with tradition, declared that Sister Herta told the man:

"No one is dependent on me. I have no family. You are a husband and a father. Your life is more important."

She went down with the boat and the captain.

That would have been a featured story in the press of the United States, but in Germany there were only a few lines tucked away in the paper published in the nurse's home town, merely saying she had lost her life in the explosion. No other paper mentioned it.

Leafing through one of the German magazines, I came across what looked like a perfect story for the series. It was about a German girl who talked over the radio to the soldiers at the front, gave them messages from their parents, wives, sweet-hearts, and friends, and generally tried to cheer them. According to the article, the soldiers wrote her so many letters that she had a corps of secretaries to handle the correspondence. The story had the added advantage of mystery since her name was never announced, and although she was pictured in the magazine, her face was shown in none of the photographs.

I checked the story and found the girl was a German stenographer with an idea. Her name was Greta Schmidt. I wired Paul about her. She could be presented as a mysterious, romantic German Kate Smith. Paul asked me to broadcast her story on the next program. For last-minute details I called the Nazi program director.

"You can't broadcast that story," he told me.

I demanded the reason, and told him that this was strange

since he had previously appeared anxious to co-operate.

"The program has been taken off the air," he said.

"But it's still a good story," I said.

"You can't use it; that's all."

My efforts to obtain clearance from higher authority failed. From the remarks of these officials I learned that Greta Schmidt had been suspected of sabotage. What had appeared to be innocent stories were coded information. A new mystery had been added to the tale, but I was not permitted to mention that. All my efforts to learn the complete story failed. The Nazi newspapers, as usual, said nothing. I have wondered since about the fate of poor Greta Schmidt.

One of the other stories was obtained without German aid. It came through one of the girls in Schotte's office at the radio station, who had an American passport, and who, for some reason I could not fathom, was remaining in Germany, although her parents were in the United States. This one was about a dancer who had entertained at the front. Her name was Charlotte Mitsu, a little, dark girl, about four feet six, who weighed less than a hundred pounds and who had gone with a troupe of musicians and nine other entertainers into France and Belgium during the campaign there. She told her story at the Kranzler Café on the Kurfürstendamm.

"We went along the French coast to Calais and Dunkirk, to Boulogne and Lille," she said. "We travelled in a bus through wrecked villages and near camouflaged harbours, along roads lined by the shell-holes made by Stukas. We lived in castles, bombed hotels, barns, and barracks, never knowing where we would play next. Every morning we had to get up at seven to travel on, although we were never in bed before two. One month I was sick, but I danced anyway.

"Were you near any bombings?" I asked.

"Yes, many times," she said. "In Boulogne after a performance we were sitting in a half-ruined hotel when enemy planes came over without warning and dropped six bombs on a four-

thousand-ton oil tank no more than a quarter of a block away. The windows in the hotel were shattered, our tables were upset, and we were thrown to the floor, but no one was hurt. After supper the performance went on as scheduled.

"One other time near the Maginot Line we performed in a building from which we could see the French frontier guards and where shots whizzed about us during the show. There were often bombings as we travelled from one spot to another, sometimes so close we had to leave the bus and seek shelter in ditches by the side of the road."

"How was the food?"

"Sometimes it was very good, sometimes it wasn't. When we were in camps with the fliers, we had the best—not only champagne and fine meats, but even whipped cream. But other times, especially when we were performing for the other soldiers, it was bad. Once, when we were with the infantry, we had nothing but bread and watered soup. One other time, after travelling eleven hours, with two shows on the way, we arrived too late to eat at all. We had just fifteen minutes to dress and appear.

"The soldiers received us well. We were always getting flowers, and once, when the performance ended, a cavalry officer rode into the tent, up the aisles, on to the stage, and carried me off on his horse as the men cheered. Once when I was appearing before the famous Lion Squadron, Göring was there to present awards. We had a supper afterwards."

New York asked me to cable each story in full before the broadcast in case of transmission difficulties. So the complete story went to Columbia, although the censors eliminated the fact that British planes flew over Boulogne "without warning" and hit "a four-thousand-ton oil tank." Kunsti was outraged at my planning to say that the fliers were fed the best of food and the infantry the worst, so that also was cut. I did not attempt to mention one other part of the story: that Miss Mitsu and another girl with her were obliged to pile furniture before

their doors every night to prevent drunken soldiers from breaking in.

Another girl who made chemical analyses in a travelling laboratory at the front told the same kind of story about the soldiers. Her story, generally, was not as interesting. Then there were a few others about women who had extinguished incendiary bombs and aided in bombings. My secretary spent weeks trying to find leads for such stories, but without much success. The Germans would not co-operate and were declaring more and more that they saw no reason why they should do anything for Americans.

Meanwhile Schirmer came back to town again.

"We can do nothing about giving you an exit visa until you prove that you have booked passage," he said.

I cabled Paul White to ask him if he would arrange passage for me on a Clipper or a boat.

Chapter XXI

SURVIVORS OF THE *ZAMZAM*— EDUCATION OF NAZI YOUTH

CURLEY WOLFINBARGER phoned me from the Budapesterstrasse on Sunday afternoon, September 14.

"Can you come over right away?" he asked. "Some of the survivors of the *Zamzam* sinking are here."

When I arrived, Curley took me to the second-floor living-room. There were sixteen women not much different in appearance from the first sixteen you might meet if you wandered out on the street anywhere in Canada or the United States. Some were in their early twenties, some were elderly. Several were smartly dressed. One, with her eleven-year-old daughter beside her, was a Negro. An attractive woman in a tailored suit, Mrs. Isabel Guernsey, of Vancouver, was the spokesman.

"We've just arrived from the women's prison at Liebenau," she told me. "I understand that we have been set free. We haven't heard just what the situation is yet. All we know is that the inspector from Stuttgart, one of the Gestapo, a man named Tomma, came in and told us we were to leave on a train for Berlin. And here we are."

Mrs. Guernsey told me how most of the women—all English prisoners of war—were from Canada and South Africa, many

of them with their husbands on the boat, some going to join their husbands in Africa, and one, Dorine Turner, of Toronto, on her way to Cape Town to be married.

"We were five days off Cape Town on April 17 when we were torpedoed," the spokesman said. "The Germans put us on their raider, the *Tamesis*, and then sank our ship. After that we travelled for some days, went aboard the *Dresden*, a merchantman, put in five days later at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the closest port to Spain in occupied France, and then, under the escort of two destroyers, came into Bordeaux. The Americans were released there, but we travelled on. It was thereafter one succession of prisons after another until we reached Liebenau. At Bordeaux we were in the poorhouse, in most of the other places in common prisons. En route, at Bremerwurde, the men left us and were taken somewhere else. We never learned where."

I asked about the food.

"It was frightful on the trip, the kind you ate only because you were so hungry anything was bearable. There was never enough, even though it was watery soup, hard bread, fat, gristly, tasteless meat, potatoes, and now and then some kind of vegetable. I must say that it wasn't so bad at Liebenau, after the Red Cross packages began to arrive. It wasn't good, mind you, but one could live on the fare."

"How were you treated?"

"All right. We weren't mistreated. The worst feature of the whole thing was that it was so boring and we grew tired of each other's company, a fact that was made worse since there were ten of us in a room at first. We were glad when there were finally only seven in one room. All together there were 265 women at Liebenau."

Mrs. Guernsey said that the women were living in Berlin at the Hotel Wartburg, which was in the neighbourhood, and at St. Michael's Hospice, formerly a Y.W.C.A.

Afterwards I talked with Stewart Herman of the Embassy,

who was in charge of English prisoners.

"I'm afraid they're mistaken about being released," he said. "I haven't told them yet, but they have been freed from Liebenau only to be prisoners still confined within the limits of Berlin."

The Nazis had merely decided to relieve themselves of the cost of keeping the women as prisoners in an internment camp; under the new arrangement the British government would pay a small portion of their expenses and the women would be obliged to find some means of earning additional funds. None spoke German and the prospect was not bright. Only two won actual freedom. They were Mrs. Anoye Dosumu and her daughter. She was the Negro woman, who was American-born, but had not been able to produce the papers that proved her nationality.

I cabled the story to Columbia since it was possible that Paul might want one of the women on the air for an interview. When I found he did not, I wrote the story for broadcasting in the usual way. Later, when I went to the office of the censors, I found Krauss searching through the Berlin papers.

"You won't find the story in them," I said.

"But then you can't use it," he declared.

"But I've talked to the women. I know it's true," I told him.

"That doesn't make any difference. It doesn't come from a German source."

"I should think you'd be glad to have me tell about the Germans releasing English prisoners."

"I'll call my office," said Krauss.

I told him that would do no good. His office probably knew nothing of the affair.

"Well, then," he said, "you can't broadcast it."

I called Stewart Herman and asked for the name of the Foreign Office man with whom he had talked. The man was not in his office nor in his hotel. It was then half past twelve. There were but fifteen minutes before broadcast time—not

enough to write a new program. But if the Nazis refused to permit me to broadcast, New York had the story anyway. I mentioned that fact to Krauss.

"We have nothing to do with that," he said. "We can't let you use it on the radio."

Five minutes before time to go on the air, Plack came in. He knew the Foreign Office representative in the case, located him, and the story was broadcast. The Nazis merely had demonstrated once more their petty subservience to rules.

Early in September the Nazi press announced the publication of the sixth volume of the *German People's Rule Book*. The series told of laws for the family, business, the property of the community, heredity, and organizations. One of the books, that on punishment, although experts had been working on it since 1933, was not yet finished. In a country like Nazi Germany that was understandable. One of the articles in the press quoted passages from the volume just published. Among these were the following:

"Children are the most valuable property of the German community. In youth, the State and the party see their future.

"Parents must educate their children in the spirit of National Socialism. The party and the State guard and supervise and take precedence over the parents in authority."

After reading that article, I checked on some aspects of Nazi education. The fact that all German children were required to join the Hitler Youth, and the general character of the training given them in that organization, were well known, but I felt there might be some new characteristics of the system by which the Nazis were making youth the foundation of their future State. My investigations disclosed several interesting books.

One was a booklet intended to guide Nazi youth leaders in lecturing to meetings of boys and girls. The most interesting portion was a section in which the Nazis had the audacity to claim that Germans had discovered America—this was achieved

through declaring that the Norsemen were north Germans—that the Germans were responsible for the development of the United States, its wealth and power, and that it was the duty of Germans to see that it was now saved from Jews and war-mongers.

The other books showed that education in Nazi Germany was no more than a tool, one of the most important tools in propaganda, intended to affect impressionable youth. Dr. Bernard Rust, the Reich Minister of Science, Education, and Popular Enlightenment, and the manual for the guidance of teachers stated that without qualification. Dr. Rust said that Nazism based its system of education on *Mein Kampf*, and following the principle that the individual is of no importance as such, that all men live only to serve the State, and that they must be made strong warriors, he criticized the old system, declaring that:

“Too much importance was attached to the individual when, as a matter of fact, the individual is simply a member of a racial community and it is only in this capacity that he can develop his powers to the fullest extent. The fundamental law of the new German education therefore is to produce people who are strong, healthy, and racially pure.”

The manual for teachers said that, with the formation of a Nazi department of education in May 1934, instructors should be drilled primarily in the philosophy of Nazism and that curricula for children should be planned to make them youthful members of the Nazi community. It was frankly stated that history, geography, and biology offer the best opportunities to mould children in the Nazi pattern.

Classes in history began when the child was ten, with the Nazi philosophy brought to him in the more dramatic form of personalities. He was told colourful stories about Hitler, Hindenburg, Bismarck, Andreas Hofer, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, Prince Eugene, and German heroes of the World War and the Nazi movement. The manual provided

that German children should devote the next year to a study of their ancestors.

"The lessons in prehistory," said the manual, "must be planned to create a foundation of race consciousness. They must tell the child that our people were of hardy northern origin. This will help create national pride and also effect a correct attitude toward these north German peoples. The student must be impressed with the fact that the Vikings were north Germans who founded the Russian State and America."

After those first two years, the manual provided that history should be presented to make German children hate Jews, Catholics, Freemasons, Communists, pacifism, and the Versailles Treaty, and that on the other hand they must be taught that Nazism corrects all evils. Here are some quotations from the manual on these points:

"Nazi youth must be told about Jewish usurers and the refusal of the Middle Ages to accept Judaism. . . . They must learn about German industry and foreign trade, about the great contractors, Harkort, Krupp, Borsig, and Siemens, and impressed with the national quality of their activities in contrast with the exploitation of workers by industrialists who were backed by foreign and Jewish-loaned capital. . . . Contrast must be presented between the fate of the German worker under the Jews and that under Nazism. . . . German foreign policy from 1890 to 1914 must be taught to disprove the lie that Germany was responsible for the World War. . . . German youth must be told that all culture is dependent on race. . . . The German-Italian union must be presented as the stronghold of power in central Europe. . . . Attention must be given to the Catholic claims to rights over marriage and schooling, and Catholicism must be shown to be a confederate of Marxism and international capitalism. . . . Jewish world rule must be outlined as attempted in Germany and Bolshevik Russia. . . . Hitler must be presented as the saviour of Germany."

I obtained one of the history books used in the German schools to see how these injunctions were followed. A swastika and dagger, carried by all boys in the Hitler Youth, was impressed on the cover. "To carry weapons has been since time immemorial the highest honour for a German man," said the book, which was principally devoted to preparing youth for the Nazi sacrificial altar. That theme was stated in the preface, where over a picture of the tomb of Horst Wessel, the famous Nazi martyr, were these words:

"Dear German Youth, your eyes should gleam with pride and your heart should flame with enthusiasm when you read how the paths of history always have led through sacrifice to victory. The fact that the German people in the past have shown such a willingness to sacrifice themselves should make our generation, to which you belong, determined not to be any less heroic than our ancestors. Your life motto should be: State before self. This history book of the Third Reich aims to make youth enthusiastic about Germany and her treasures. It is planned to teach loyalty, duty, and the readiness to sacrifice. The Fatherland must be able to rely on its sons and daughters."

The first chapter of the book says: "The life of our forefathers was one continual battle. These people became hardened, showed endurance, possessed courage, knew neither timidity nor cowardly retreat. You are heirs of these valiant men; all of their attributes are in your blood. Show yourselves worthy; always be fearless and strong of will."

In seeking to justify the fact that Nazi Germany forbade the people the means of sharing in their own rule through opposing political parties, the Nazi history book stressed unity. It talked about old German heroes, such as Hermann Arminius, who united the Germans, and then added comment such as: "Think how unified the German people is today. Instead of many parties, there is only one will, the will of the Führer and Chancellor of the nation, Adolf Hitler, who led the Germans from dishonour and bondage to honour and freedom."

This Nazi history justifies the murder of those who were not Nazis. For instance, it says in one section: "At the time of the Armistice, a certain Walter Rathenau made this disgraceful statement: 'World history would have lost its meaning if the German Kaiser on a white steed at the head of his army had been able to march victoriously through the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin.' Could a German ever write anything like that? He could not. It was the Jew Rathenau who said that, the Jew who some years later was struck down by an avenging bullet. And so should it be with anyone who betrays the people and the Fatherland."

The passage on the Armistice is similar. It is as follows:

"Through the dawn of November 11 two trains rolled into the woods of Compiègne, one from the east, the other from the west. From one stepped Germans, from the other Frenchmen. Among the Germans was Matthias Erzberger. He was the main delegate, the man who would have peace at any price. The Germans tried to negotiate. The French General Foch refused gruffly.

" 'There is nothing to negotiate, gentlemen. You have either to accept or to reject,' he said.

"There was a quarter of an hour to consider, to determine whether to accept or reject. The Germans were without advice. They cabled their government. The answer was: 'Accept.'

"At 11.55, Erzberger signed his name to the Armistice, a contract for the destruction of Germany. Germany was betrayed. Erzberger, the traitor, later fell under the bullet of an avenger."

The story continues:

"With the signing in the forest of Compiègne, the first act of the tragedy, 'Germany's Fall,' was completed. . . . A cry of pain went up throughout Germany. . . . But in those days an unknown little lance corporal named Adolf Hitler lay in a hospital for wounded soldiers. He learned of Germany's collapse, of the disgrace of the Armistice. His brave heart shrank.

In this hour Adolf Hitler, the courageous soldier of the front, buried his face in his pillow and wept for Germany. That night he made a holy vow: 'I will give my life to wash Germany clean of shame and disgrace.'

"In the deepest depths of want and necessity the work of our Führer began. While others doubted, he had firm faith in Germany, a faith that carried him through fourteen hard and difficult years and finally crowned him with victory. Faith moves mountains. Dear German Youth, what does the example of our Führer, Adolf Hitler, teach you? Manly courage masters fate."

As good propaganda, the Nazi history book did not miss its opportunity to follow dramatic passages of this kind with fitting injunctions. In bold type, it declared:

"German Youth, there is no greater task than to prove yourself worthy of heroic sacrifice, to fight for your Germany. Never forget how unjustly Germany was treated. . . . What did the national Chancellor say? Never forget that the holiest right in the world is the right to land, and the holiest sacrifice the blood which one sheds for this land. . . .

"Did you not see your countrymen, even when they were without weapons, prove themselves true Germans? They offered passive resistance. And what did men like Schlageter do? Who was Schlageter? He was a true German who died for his country because he loved it above everything else. He had courage, bravery, resoluteness, willingness to sacrifice, and love for his Fatherland. German Youth, impress his picture upon your heart and mould yourself after him so that he will not have died in vain."

Hitler is given much space, as might be expected, and there are pictures of him, including his taking the oath at Potsdam, as he stood beside Hindenburg in the Chancellery window on the Wilhelmstrasse, and as he paraded through Brandenburg Gate. The title of the main chapter on him is: "The Saviour Comes; the German Nation Believes in Him." The book ends

with: "The creator of the Third Reich is Adolf Hitler, the nation's Chancellor. *Sieg Heil!* Hail Victory!"

That, in Nazi Germany, was one of the history books.

The manual outlining the curricula said that "Geography must be used principally to educate youth about Germany and Nazism." Biology classes must be planned, it said, to aid youth to realize "its obligation to keep the inheritance of their fathers pure and to remain true to the eternal laws of blood and race."

In addition to this educational program for the mass of German children, the Nazis provided special courses and select schools for those whom they hoped to train for government posts. There were two classes of these schools: one the National Political Educational Institutions, to which children of high-school age were admitted on the basis of their scholastic records and health. They followed the same general course of study as the ordinary schools, but there was more stress on politics. The children were obliged to spend some time working as coal miners, farm labourers, and factory hands; they were sent on tours abroad and received training in driving automobiles, yachting, gliding, skiing, riding, fencing, boxing, small-calibre shooting, and military tactics.

There were only three schools for the more select training, two of which, founded five years ago, were in the Reich; the third, opened in 1941, was in the Netherlands. These institutions, known as the Adolf Hitler Schools, selected boys of twelve from the Hitler Youth and were planned to develop young men to take the places of Hitler and his chief officers. When they were first established, Hitler made a statement which indicated that all the courses were planned according to his peculiar ideas. He said:

"It was not our economists or professors, not our soldiers and artists, not our philosophers, poets, or thinkers, but the political army of our party that brought Germany out of its days of need."

The Nazi educational system might have its effect upon

youth who were denied the opportunity to learn anything else, but it was different with some of those who fought for Germany in World War II. During the early fall months of 1941 I began to hear rumours about one of the heroes of the conflict, Colonel Werner Moelders. He was twenty-eight, had a record of having downed 115 enemy planes, 12 in the Spanish war and the rest in Germany's conflicts, and had been the recipient of the highest decorations ever awarded by the Reich. The High Command frequently mentioned his latest score of downed planes in its communiqués, and although the German papers never carry feature stories it sometimes headlined Moelders. Everyone knew and talked about him.

Shortly after the Russian campaign began, the High Command and the papers ceased talking about Moelders and gave the score of other men. We wondered about the fact and Germans said he was being punished by not being assigned to fronts where he could maintain his record. Later there were whispers that the situation was due to the fact that Moelders, who was a Catholic and had been prominent in the Catholic Youth Organization before it was banned, had protested against the closing of a convent at Breslau, where his sister had been a nun. In November, after I left Germany, I heard reports from within the Reich that Moelders had conferred with his Bishop and was advised to appeal directly to Hitler. Germans said that he wired the Führer: "I cannot continue to fight for the Fatherland if the Gestapo continues to attack and weaken the home front." That same month he was killed when a transport plane on which he was a passenger mysteriously crashed. The Nazis apparently had sacrificed one of their aces for having dared to assume there was religious freedom within the Reich.

It was noteworthy that both Moelders and the Bishop of Münster had laid the blame for the war on religion not on the Nazi Party, but on the Gestapo. That is an important psychological fact that explains much. It means that the Germans did

not consider the Gestapo as an essential part of Nazism. Many were fanatically behind Hitler, attributed only good to him, and blamed others, such as the Gestapo, for evil. The point is one that might well be recognized by those who send short-wave radio programs to Germany.

Dissension also began to arise in Germany from the military as a class. They came back from the fronts declaring they had been bearing the burden of fighting the wars and should have a larger part in the government. They were particularly outspoken about the number of young men of military age who were seated at desks in the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office and about the Storm Troopers, who were being used as party militia and never took part in the battles.

A secret radio station broadcast criticism of Goebbels, Ribbentrop, Himmler, Ley, and Storm Troopers. Its programs were on the air at five minutes before the hour beginning in the early evening. They came on the air with a gruff voice that said: "*Hier Gustav Siegfried eins. Jetzt spricht der Chef.*" ("Here is Gustav Siegfried I. Now the Chief speaks.") After that listeners heard pornographic tales about the party leaders, and it was notable that there was never anything critical of Hitler or Göring. The Germans heard rumours that the station was even broadcasting from one of the many Göring plants.

"It would have to be from some such place," they said, "because it could never otherwise continue in Germany. It would be discovered and silenced. And it must be broadcasting from within the Reich, since the Chief has announced the number of points on the new clothing cards, the new appointment for Ley, and many other things before they were made known in the press."

Some observed that the name Gustav Siegfried was undoubtedly intended to stand for the letters G and S, since they were the names used when the Germans, talking on the telephone, spelled a word for clarity: "A for Anna," etc. GS could then stand for *Geheim-Sender*, "secret station," and the number one

might mean that other secret stations were planned. Some connected it with the Communists since it was on the air shortly after the Russian campaign began, but most Germans thought it was speaking for the Germany army.

Because of the criticism of the party, it was noted that the Hitler élite troops took part in the fighting in the Peloponnesus in Greece, that they were mentioned in the High Command communiqués in the Russian war, credited with the taking of Rostov and other cities, and were coupled in Hitler's speeches with the army. With the party troops also taking part in the fighting, the Nazis sought to weaken the army outcries. Germans said the use of the SS in battles on the Russian front was fraught with more danger for them than for the regular army, since the Russians, recognizing their insignia, never took any of them prisoners, but killed every one.

Chapter XXII

I SURVEY THE GERMAN SCENE WHILE I AWAIT MY VISA

DURING my last two months in Germany I tried to learn two main things: the extent of bomb damage in the Reich and the reaction of the people toward the war.

Everywhere I presented the idea that the war could last only two more winters. I suggested that as I talked with officials of the ministries after the press conferences, as I chatted with the censors at the radio station, as I had cocktails at the homes of the wealthy, in the apartment that Lindbergh had occupied on the banks of the Spree and at another on the Kurfürstendamm, as I sat in the homes of the middle class, in restaurants, in trains, on boats, and in stores.

The reaction was everywhere the same.

"Two more years?" everyone asked. "Impossible. This war will last five years or more."

As we talked, some people told me why they had such an opinion.

"It did look as if it would end soon, before the Russian campaign began," they said, "but we can see now that the days of blitzkriegs are over."

Others said that it had begun to appear that there never would be an invasion of England.

"American aid has saved Britain," they said.

Some showed that they had begun to wonder whether they could win.

"Maybe it will never end decisively," they said, "and will be settled by a compromise."

All were assured that Germany was prepared for a long war, that vast quantities of grains and canned foods had been stored, and that the resources of the Continent were sufficient to supply all needs in armaments and munitions. Germany, in the fall of 1941, was steeled for a war that might last five years or more.

These were the opinions of Germans in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, Frankfurt am Main, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Mannheim, and other cities where I talked with the people during my final months. My visits to cities outside the capital had to be made without official permission. I had asked Froelich, as the liaison man between the American correspondents and the Propaganda Ministry, about making such trips.

"No," he said, "you can't go. But we are arranging for an escorted trip to the Vienna Fair soon. You can go there."

After that refusal I talked with other correspondents. They told me they had contemplated trips also, but had feared to make them without official permission.

"You might make short trips during the day," they said, "but, as you know, if you stay anywhere overnight, you have to register with the police."

There was nothing to prevent my buying tickets. Despite the warnings against travel, the German people were still crowding the trains and had merely to go to a ticket window and pay the fare. I decided to do that, too, and to make no secret of my plans, since the Nazis would know of all my moves anyway. With Columbia scheduling few programs, I had the time, and since the Nazis did not appear likely to permit me to go to the Russian front, I might as well use my time to advantage. I made one trip after another, between programs, and

told Plack where I could be reached each time, just in case the trip to Russia might materialize.

Meanwhile Ruth and I had talked more often on the phone. Since I was marking time and hoping to get home any day, I was growing more and more lonesome, and Ruth was becoming more and more concerned about the possibilities of war. She said nothing directly, but her worry was evident. We both hoped that my return would not be long delayed.

One of the first trips was to near-by Leipzig during the fair there. The RAF had bombed that city every night of the fair the year before, but there had been few attacks since. There would be little opportunity, therefore, to observe bomb damage, but the fair, the largest in Germany, would bring people from all over the Reich.

Leipzig was crowded despite the war. The people overflowed the sidewalks into the streets, with trucks, automobiles, and bicycles obliged to honk their slow way through the masses. That night I had to go to ten restaurants before I could find a place to eat. The city was a mad bedlam.

The fair was a sham. A large exposition building and a number of others were filled with exhibits from Germany and the slave countries, but they were no more than a vain display of products that had not been manufactured since the war began. Two South American countries were listed in the catalogue, Chile and Brazil. Most of the people crowded around the coffee jars in the Brazil room, where I found that the attendants were taking orders for "after the war." In Augustus Platz, tented booths offered razor blades, elastics, hair-curlers, vitamin tablets, and shoestrings, generally unavailable in the stores. Near by were Red Cross airplanes, first-aid tents, and hospital trains, exhibits that were obviously arranged because of the casualties in the Russian campaign. Most interesting were the hospital trains, one a converted freight car crowded with stretchers, presented as French, and the other a converted Pullman-type car elegantly fitted with comfortable cots, run-

ning water, and every other possible convenience, declared to be the German kind.

The people of Leipzig, more provincial than those of Berlin, which is filled with foreign workers, stood on street corners and stared.

For the first time since I had been in the Reich, I was able to find a seat in the train going to Hamburg. The German people were not travelling toward bomb targets. As I made this journey, I tried to discover the fabled fake Berlin. Two Americans and a number of Germans had asserted that they had seen it north of Berlin on the route to Hamburg, but it eluded me. The idea was fantastic, but possible. After all, the Germans, who spent long months and vast sums for camouflage, could have built what would look like Berlin in a blackout. If the night were dark enough, planes flying at great heights could see little of the real Berlin except occasional glints of light and the outlines of the lakes and rivers. There was reason to believe there was a false city since the British reported twice in the fall of 1941 that they had flown over Berlin when I know they had not. Perhaps they were over the phantom capital.

Fake Berlin or not, the Nazis worked hard in the summer and fall of 1941 to make it more difficult to hit objectives in the real city. The most pretentious undertaking was along the East-West Axis. That five-mile-long street, so wide that five cars could pass abreast on either side of the centre island, was a guiding arrow to the heart of the capital for the men in the clouds. As it passed through the Brandenburg Gate, the Reichstag, the Kroll Opera House, and a railroad station, the Lehrter Bahnhof, were off to the left; the Wilhelmstrasse with the Chancellery, the Foreign Office and Propaganda Ministry, and two railway stations, the Potsdamer and Anhalter Bahnhof, were to the right, and the old palaces and the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof almost straight ahead.

West of the Brandenburg Gate, for more than two miles the

Tiergarten lay on each side of the Axis. In this section workmen erected steel poles fifteen feet high, stretched over them wire netting covered with green shreds of cloth, and here and there placed rows of the tops of pine and other trees. Traffic could continue under the netting, but the Axis, as far as bombardiers was concerned, had been blended into the Tiergarten. The other three miles of the Axis had not been covered when I left, but it was likely that the Nazis would blot it from bombing eyes by erecting covered scaffolding to represent buildings.

That had been done elsewhere. A lake, the Lützenssee, which shone as a guide to aviators, had been covered in that fashion. It was interesting to note that the wild ducks which had swum on the Lützenssee in other days were still there under the fake buildings. Deutschland Halle and other prominent landmarks in that region were covered with netting so that they appeared as parks with paths running through them. To further the illusion, open spaces, as in the Adolf Hitler Platz, and a park near the Axis, were filled with the pseudo structures.

Hamburg also was camouflaged. The railroad station into which I came had become a park to planes overhead, and other buildings in the vicinity also were either blotted from view or given new outlines. As I came into the centre of the city, I saw even more ambitious changes. It happens that there are two lakes in the centre, the Binnen Alster and the Aussen Alster. The former smaller body of water was covered with scaffold buildings, with but a narrow water lane retained for necessary traffic. To make the air picture more deceptive, the outlines of the Binnen Alster were reproduced in a part of the larger Aussen Alster, and the bridge that runs between the two was represented in the new position. Later, as I took the boat down the Elbe into the harbour, I looked casually on what appeared to be a hilly island, with rocks and trees, and paid little attention until, when almost past, I saw the end of a factory jutting from the uncompleted part of what, at a few hundred yards,

was a convincing deserted bit of land.

Before I went to Hamburg, I had heard that the damage from bombing was great, and credible witnesses who had been there a few months before said many hits had been made near the railroad station, but I saw almost no effects of RAF raids. The damage near the station had been repaired; there were no more than half a dozen places damaged around the Binnen Alster and Aussen Alster and but little evidence of British bombs in that part of the harbour that I could see in a day's ride down the Elbe. I saw much activity there, ships being built, a Swedish ship at anchor, and numerous other vessels, but that was all. Germans did whisper that the real damage was in that part of the harbour which extends from the centre of the city at right angles to the Elbe, but I did not see that. I tried to cross the bridges which lead to it, but guards turned me back. There were successful hits on the docks at near-by Kiel.

Since raids were more frequent in Hamburg than in Berlin, some of the people there were able to obtain tea and chocolate. But that was not general. It was apparently confined to the wealthy patrons of the Hotel Vierjahreszeiten, since I was unable to obtain either anywhere else. One waiter, in a waterfront café, answered my query about chocolate with disgust at my ignorance.

"That," he said, "is only for children."

The Vierjahreszeiten also served wines obtainable almost nowhere else, including rare Château d'Yquem. A small orchestra in the café played such American numbers as "Chloe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Music, Maestro, Please," "Hold That Tiger," "Dinah," and "Chinatown."

The music in more internationally-minded Hamburg was in strange contrast with that in such other cities as Dresden, where orchestras in such hotels as the Bellevue still played the old German *Lieder* and Viennese waltzes. I was reminded that an orchestra leader in Berlin's Carlton Club told me that the

Nazis had appropriated some American numbers, such as "A Tisket a Tasket," as their own.

"They pretend they are German," he said, "and have their own German words for them. I always sing them, however, so you can't tell what I'm saying. Then if you know the original, you can't tell we've taken them over."

Cologne's railroad station and much of the region about it was badly damaged by bombs. At the time I left, the Dom, the famous old Cathedral, although it is near the station, had not been damaged. The British were careful about that. The railroad station at Koblenz also had been hit, but the bombing did not interfere with traffic there. I came into the station before I realized that it had been hit at all. The fact that one section was boarded from view excited my curiosity, and I wandered into the waiting-room, where I found all the windows broken, two of the walls collapsed, and some of the ticket-sellers obliged to operate at new windows. I saw no visible damage in Frankfurt am Main, but was surprised to find the "*Heil Hitler!*" greeting even more general there than in Berlin. It met me as I entered the hotel lobby, went into the main dining-room, visited restaurants and stores.

It was while I was in Frankfurt that the Nazis first enforced their requirement that all Jews wear the word *Jude* and the yellow star of David on their coats. There, for the first time, I realized how many Jewish people remained in the Reich. There had been more Jews in Frankfurt and Berlin than in any of the other cities of Germany before the Nazis came into power, but it was hard to believe that thousands could remain despite the fact that they were denied almost every means of life. I recalled that the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* had said not long before that there were still 200,000 Jewish people in Germany, 170,000 in Bohemia and Moravia, 60,000 in Vienna, and 160,000 in the ghetto created at Litzmannstadt in Warthegau, but those were elusive figures until the new order came.

I had visited the old Rothschild mansion in Frankfurt. It was a large, beautiful home located on a vast estate in which were long garden paths, fountains, and a lake. The Nazis had converted it into a park and put a sign upon the gates: "*Juden Verboten*," forbidding Jews even to enter. Jews could go into other parks, such as the Tiergarten, although none could loiter there or rest on the benches. Jews also were denied entrance to the leading hotels, theatres, and restaurants and were not permitted to walk on some streets.

As I waited for a street car near the Rothschild mansion, almost every tenth person was Jewish, some surprisingly well dressed. Riding on the car, I saw children with the star upon their coats, and an old Jewish couple pushing a cart. It was interesting to note that most of the German people, even on this first day, paid no attention to the Jews. At no time, in Frankfurt, Berlin, or elsewhere, did I see a German Aryan stare at a Jew. None paid any attention to the sign that proclaimed the religion of the wearer, and Jews wore it with visible pride.

Everyone knew that the Nazi edict presaged more harsh measures against the Jews. Some party members, such as Krauss and Lessing, were bitter against the Jewish people, but most of the other Germans were sympathetic. Many Germans secretly patronized Jewish doctors because they knew there were no better and others did what they could to aid old friends. Since Jewish doctors and lawyers were permitted to deal only with their own people, and most Jews were able to make a living only in menial tasks, it was hard to understand how many could live. "Works that are especially fit for Jews," said the *Börsen Zeitung*, "are digging, street-cleaning, sorting rags, labour work in factories, and similar employment." Otherwise, Jews had no opportunity to earn anything.

Even when they did make a few marks, the Jews found it difficult to buy. No store could sell to Jews except within a few certain hours a day, and some stores refused to sell to Jews altogether. The Jews had only the fundamental ration cards, each

marked with the word *Jude*, and were denied fruits, most vegetables, cigarettes, chocolates, and all other special allotments, even for children. They were not eligible for payments for illness or pensions for old age and could not collect air-raid insurance.

As Berlin became more crowded with foreign workers and officials of the party and the military and lodgings were difficult to find, Jews were forced to move into apartments already occupied by one or more Jewish families, into wooden shacks on the outskirts of the city, or were shipped to Poland. When they were required to move, no Jew could take more than a hundred pounds of baggage, and if he was sent to Poland, no more than a hundred marks, or forty dollars, ninety marks of which had to be surrendered to the authorities to pay for his passage. He thus left with four dollars and meagre personal belongings. Some were taken to Litzmannstadt, where they made uniforms for German soldiers at wages of fifty cents a day. Others were transferred to a place in East Poland, a large enclosure occupied only by Jews, who were behind a barbed wire guarded by soldiers and left to starve or in whatever way possible find a means to bare existence. Such Jews were actually in what was a huge concentration camp, which differed from any other only in size and in the fact that they were furnished no food.

"Jews are to blame for the war," said Dr. Goebbels. "They are suffering no injustice in the treatment we give them. They more than earned it."

Somehow, perhaps because they have the spirit to carry on under persecution, the ability to stand firm despite their sufferings, the Jews in Germany, as I saw them, still held their heads high. They proved themselves worthy of their ancestors.

From Frankfurt I travelled in several directions. One night, returning from Wiesbaden to Frankfurt, I had my first experience of an air raid on a train. With the cars rattling and clicking on the rails, it was like a silent motion picture. The scene

was no different—searchlights combing the skies for planes, swinging wide in their hunt for the purveyors of death, the starlike burst of anti-aircraft, and off on the horizon, glowing flashes like lightning indicating the successful fall of an explosive or incendiary bomb. There were no sound effects, however. The raid continued for miles, with the searchlights occasionally sweeping overhead as if the train were one of the objectives, but I continued on my way to Frankfurt without incident. There, with the raid still in progress, I had to spend several hours in the shelter at the station, my way out barred by sentries at locked gates.

Since Mannheim was not far away, I went there, and found more damage than I had witnessed in any other German city. Everywhere in the central city there were boarded blocks where workmen were clearing away the debris from bombs, but the most damage was concentrated about the bridges over the Neckar and the Rhine. Walking toward the Neckar bridge, I saw more and more buildings damaged, some with windows broken, others with roofs destroyed, and many completely demolished. So that I would not be too conspicuous, as I peered down side streets and at the destruction all about me, I purchased some of the huge pretzels that were sold by women along the way. Munching them, I found it more natural to walk leisurely.

Street cars went by with the sign *Ludwigshafen* on them. That was the famous airport. I boarded one. As I went over the Neckar bridge, I noticed that despite the damage in its vicinity, it had not been hit. When I came to the end of the line, I strolled around. Near by was a railroad station, houses, and stores, but no sign of an airport. I walked several blocks in each direction without success, returned to the street-car corner, and studied the chart on a wall. I had taken the car in the wrong direction.

Back in town, I made my way toward the Rhine bridge. Again there was concentrated destruction. A sign on an arch-

way under the railroad tracks said: "Safe from bomb splinters." One on a bombed structure across the street warned: "Careful. Building may collapse." At the bridge another sign forbade foot traffic. I took a street car instead and found that this bridge had been hit, but had suffered only minor damage. Workmen's tools and materials on the bridge and red paint on the girders showed where the repairs had been made. On the other side the ruin continued. Mannheim made me nervous. My German was the kind that would betray me as from the land of the flying fortresses.

I went through the palace at Heidelberg with a guide who recognized my German as American and who displayed the effect of the Nazi propaganda on the people in the provinces of the Reich.

"An American," he commented. "Why, then, aren't you in prison?"

I told him that since the United States was not at war with Germany, there was no reason that I should be.

He considered a moment.

"But certainly," he said, "you have to report to the police."

When I assured him I did not and that he was not associating with a fugitive from the Nazis, he was speechless at first, but then began to tell me he had once visited my country and would like to go there again. As we walked through those beautiful grounds, high on a mountain above the city, two young Germans behind us heard the English and began to cry out:

"Gangster from Chicago. Gangster from Chicago."

The guide may not have heard it. I paid no attention.

In the court of the castle, he obtained a copy of an old booklet on Heidelberg for me. A paper strip on the outside carried the flags of Great Britain and the United States and these words: "Heidelberg welcomes you!" On the train, travelling back to Frankfurt, I compared the text with the one issued by the Nazis and found that the one read by the Germans omitted all reference to the fact that the "new" Heidelberg University

had been constructed with funds raised by a former United States Ambassador to Germany.

(These two guide-books, along with my radio script mentioning the differences, but censored, and most of the copies of my programs on the Nazi difficulties in the Russian campaign were removed from my bags when I left Germany.)

As a respite from the war, I took a steamer down the Rhine from Mainz to Koblenz, although the German who handled the tickets at first refused to sell me one. With the United States taking a more active part in the war and the Russian campaign not progressing according to plan, the people of Germany were becoming suspicious of Americans. It was pleasant to sit on the Rhine steamer, drinking a bottle of Niersteiner in its own setting, gazing on the sunlit hills covered with grapevines, the ancient castles on their summits, the Mouse Tower, and the rocky cliffs of the Lorelei.

To get a picture of a Rhine town, I alighted at Rüdesheim and wandered through its streets, finding that, like Bad Schandau on the Elbe, its resort hotels were filled with wounded soldiers hidden there from the sight of most of the Germans. They looked from the windows, sat in their wheel-chairs on the porches, and with crutches and canes hobbled along the sidewalks. I went past stores on which were signs saying: "Closed. Manager gone to war." Much of the Rhine region may have escaped the bombs, but not the war.

A little later, in *Das Reich*, Goebbels recognized publicly that Germany was beginning to expect a long hard war. He wrote:

"You are all involved in this struggle, whether you want to be or not. Having begun to march, we must march on. There is no longer any chance of withdrawing for any one of us. . . . More important than the question of when this war will end is the question of how it will end. If we win, all is won: raw materials, freedom, nourishment, *Lebensraum*, the basis for social reform of our State and the opportunity for full devel-

opment for the Axis powers. If we lose, all this, and still more, will be lost—namely, our whole national existence. . . . [Our enemies] are at one in a steadfast will and resolution that if they succeed in overcoming us, Germany will be destroyed, exterminated, and extinguished. We cannot expect even a Versailles. . . . The Axis powers actually are fighting for the most elemental existence, and the cares and burdens that must be laid on all our shoulders in this war would pale before the inferno that awaits us should we lose the war. . . . Let us not ask: when will victory come, but instead see that it does come.”

Back in Berlin was a wire from Paul:

CLIPPER RESERVATION OCTOBER 2.

That was exciting news. I cabled Ruth and then rushed over to see Schirmer. He puffed on his pipe, shrugged his shoulders, and then said:

“Well, maybe you can make it.”

Chapter XXIII

HOME AGAIN

THE United States never seemed more desirable; I was never more anxious to be home again than I was during those last few months in Germany. I had no idea what I would do when I returned—whether I should be able to continue in radio, return to newspaper work, or have to seek some new way to make a living. That part of the picture was a discouraging blank. But, in any case, I would be home again with Ruth and Pat.

"We'll make it somehow, dear," Ruth said, as I talked with her on the phone. "Just get home."

But it began to look more and more as if I should not be able to leave Germany. After I had the cable from Paul White, saying that my Clipper left on October 2, I made all other necessary arrangements, applied for transit visas, submitted my books, films, and notes to the censors, and gave away everything that would make excess weight on the Clipper—books, clothing, and even, regretfully, a doll that I had bought in Paris for Pat. Day after day I called Schirmer, but without result. The time passed when I could take a train for Lisbon. I tried to get a seat on a plane, but found that permission was required from the Nazi Foreign Office. I applied to Schirmer for that also.

The last plane that could get me to Lisbon on time left Monday morning, September 29. It was not until late the previous

Saturday afternoon, just before the offices closed for the week-end, that my exit visa was granted and my plane passage arranged. The Nazis had waited until the last possible moment. Since Germany and Japan were even then plotting war against the United States, they were reluctant to grant an exit visa to any American. They wanted us as hostages. But since there was yet no official war, they could not deny the visa. They could only delay.

Before noon on Monday, September 29, my plane sailed out of Munich toward Lyon in France. I had finally, happily, left the Reich.

Within a few more weeks, the Nazis banned all broadcasts from the Reich by the United States radio companies and Howard Smith was able to make his escape to Switzerland. Not long afterwards, when war was declared, almost all the other American correspondents and members of the Embassy staff were interned at Bad Nauheim, a resort in the southern part of Germany. Since the United States held the members of the German Embassy staff at Hot Springs, it was to be assumed that the Americans held in Germany were fairly comfortable, but they were nevertheless in prison. They might have had the opportunity to devise means of entertaining themselves, but their enjoyment was necessarily sham, assumed to keep up their spirits in the face of the grim realization that they were being kept from their families, their friends, and their country.

Thank God I escaped that fate.

After my homeward-bound plane landed at Marseille, three people boarded it and moved into my section. One of the three, a Frenchman, was excited.

"I was planning to take some bread to my friends in Spain," he said. "They have no bread there at all, so I used all my ration cards for the month and put the bread in my satchel. When the customs officials found it, they called the police. I left all my baggage there. I got on this plane just in time."

Across from me was a poorly dressed, thin, pallid little man

who paid no attention to the Frenchman's story. He sat with the air hose in his mouth, inhaling deeply, his eyes wide. I saluted him in English and in French, but he did not understand. He just shrugged his shoulders and continued to inhale. When I tried German, he smiled, took the hose from his mouth, and began to talk.

"I am Flemish," he said, "from Belgium. My name is Henri."

Henri told me, between gulps on the air hose, that he was hoping to go to the United States, but that he had no idea how he would get there.

"I have a visa only to Spain," he said.

Unable to talk Spanish, with no friends in Spain, the fellow aroused our sympathies. For myself and the others, I wished him well. He took the air hose from his mouth and insisted on serving a drink. None of us wanted one, but we did not want to offend. Henri pulled an old battered suitcase from the rack and opened it. As he reached in for his bottle, he disclosed, to the surprise of all of us, that the suitcase was filled with bread. The Frenchman gasped.

"Why, how did you get that through the customs?" I asked.

Henri's palms were spread before him in a gesture of wonderment.

"How? Why, they just didn't open that bag."

That afternoon, in Barcelona, I helped Henri with his blanks at the customs. As some of the passengers applied at a desk to change their money into Spanish currency, he asked for aid. I took him to the officer in charge and explained what was wanted. Henri pulled a roll of bills from a pocket, handed me a hundred-dollar note in United States currency, and said he wanted it changed. He must have had thousands of dollars with him. It was evident that there was no need to worry about Henri any more. I myself had but one dollar in American money.

When I left Berlin, I lacked one transit visa, the Portuguese. When it had not arrived on the Saturday before I left Germany,

I asked the Berlin office to cable Lisbon and say that I would pick up the visa in Madrid. Tuesday morning I called at the Portuguese Consulate in the Spanish capital. I inquired about my visa.

"No," I was told, "it has not arrived."

I asked the clerk if he would wire Lisbon.

"We cannot do that," he said.

I offered to pay for the wire, but he said that even then it would be impossible.

As I left, I noted a sign on the wall in three languages. That in English said:

"You are cordially invited not to apply for a visa to Portugal."

Armed with a letter from the United States Consul, Fernald, I returned, and this time a cable was sent. Wednesday morning I went back to the Portuguese Consulate, but it was closed. Spain was celebrating the Day of the Caudillo. Thursday, the day my Clipper was scheduled to sail, I called again and asked about my visa.

"I don't know whether it's here," said the clerk. "I have some cables, but I haven't opened them yet. Come back at eleven."

At eleven o'clock the clerk said he had the cable of authorization. I paid him eighty-one pesetas. He told me to come back at five that evening.

"But I have to leave on a plane for Lisbon at one o'clock this afternoon," I protested. "I must have the visa now. I was supposed to leave there on a Clipper today. My only hope is that the Clipper is late."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Too bad," he said. "Come back tonight at five."

I continued to argue.

"Well," he said finally, "if it is urgent, maybe we can arrange it. That will be 175 more pesetas."

From the Consulate I rushed to my hotel, packed my bags, and hurried to the Lufthansa office, only to find that the limou-

sine for the airport had gone. I gave pesetas to boys to find a taxi. Finally one came and we started out. After we had travelled several blocks, the driver stopped, turned in his seat, and addressed me.

"I cannot go to the airport without police permission," he said.

Time was passing. I was becoming impatient and worried. I told him to make all haste to the police offices for the permission. Finally arrived there, I dashed up the stairs, rapped, and burst into the room of the official who issued the permits. No one was there. I ran up the hall and into the offices of the police chief.

"Sorry," he said, "but I can do nothing about it. The passes have to be issued by the other officer. You'll have to wait until he returns. No, I don't know when he will be back. I'm sorry, but you know how it is."

I was facing the old Spanish spirit of *mañana*. I went out and told the taxi-driver to move on again to the airport. He refused. I showed him a handful of pesetas and told him it was his if he would only take me to the airport. We started out. There were only minutes remaining. No one challenged us at the gate as we raced through. Outside the airport station we stopped and I gave the driver double his fare and ten pesetas in addition. He argued. I gave him all the rest of my pesetas. He still remonstrated. I gave him my lone dollar bill, all the money I had. He was not yet silenced and called upon near-by soldiers. As they came up, I jumped from the cab, took my baggage, and dashed into the station. I hurried through the customs and into another office where I had to go through the formula of declaring money, without a cent in my pockets, and, as the plane motors were turning, jumped on the plane to Lisbon.

At the plane station in Lisbon, I had to ask a fellow passenger for change to call Pan-American about a hotel reservation. I was assigned again to the Palacio in Estoril. There were more Germans there in the fall of 1941 than there had been a year

before. The first evening, as I sat in the lobby of the hotel, eight Germans sat a few seats away and before I left were joined by an elderly man who even clicked his heels together and saluted with "*Heil Hitler!*" Two German men sat near me at breakfast the next morning. I heard German everywhere, it seemed.

More United States officers also were in Lisbon and scores of business men, diplomats, and others waiting for passage on the Clipper. Many, with passage booked for planes that should have left months ago, were still in Lisbon waiting. Two ships were held in the Azores, because of storms, and Pan-American was far behind schedule. With bad weather and Pan-American, as usual, taking no chances, I found that my plane had not left that day, and that, in fact, I was not likely to be able to obtain passage for days, weeks, or possibly months. Since people with priorities were likely to land every day, it was impossible to tell when I might be able to leave on a Clipper. It had made no difference that I arrived in Lisbon late.

Leigh White and his wife were in one of the hotels in downtown Lisbon. Although he was on crutches, his appearance shocked me. He looked thinner and years older than when I had seen him last in Athens. Leigh had been waiting two months for Clipper passage and was discouraged.

Saturday morning, October 4, I began to comply with all the multitudinous regulations of the Portuguese government before sailing, obtaining an exit visa and a certificate of health and of vaccination. I came back to the hotel at two in the afternoon and found a call from Pan-American.

"We feel it only fair to tell you," I was told, "that you are not likely to leave for two weeks at least. A boat, the *Exeter*, is leaving this afternoon, and if you wish to travel that way, we suggest you try to get passage on it."

I called the American Export Lines, but could not locate the man in charge of passage. He was somewhere between his offices and the boat. However, since the vessel was scheduled to

leave at four o'clock, in less than two hours, and I was almost an hour from town, I moved as if passage was assured. I checked out of the hotel, sent cables to Paul and Ruth, had to leave my laundry, packed, and set out in a taxi for town. The steamship company told me they had but one place left, in a dormitory, if I would take it, but that I must first arrange with Pan-American to transfer my passage. Percy Knauth of the *New York Times*, his wife and small baby were with me as the taxi raced back and forth over town and finally, with brakes screeching, pulled up on the docks. It was after four, but the boat had not yet left. I made it in time.

The trip across the Atlantic in the *Exeter* was pleasant. I enjoyed the restful calm of the voyage, and although most of the passengers were seasick the first days out, I was so glad finally to be on my way home and free of all the maddening difficulties of Europe that I gloried in the roll of the boat. I relaxed in the sun on the upper deck, played gin rummy with C. Howard Crane, who had been an architect in Detroit, but who had transferred to London for war reconstruction, and Bill Giblin, a hearty young Red Cross man from London; chatted with AP's Tom Yarbrough, INS's Al Reeves, Percy Knauth, the numerous members of the Consulate and Embassy staffs on board, and two nurses who had served in England. Several days out, I discovered that I could wire Ruth, who was waiting for me in New York, and receive wires back from her. Even though I was crowded into a small room with eleven other men, including Crane, I enjoyed that trip to the full.

Now and then we saw a warship on the horizon, but we were not attacked. Once when the waves slapped the sides with force and some of the passengers thought we had been torpedoed, I noted that the children on board laughed, clapped their hands, and ran to the rail. Off Bermuda, we halted for a day motionless in a calm sea, while we waited for a tornado to pass. In Bermuda the customs inspectors discovered two suspected Germans and a Japanese agent on board and removed them.

On Tuesday, October 14, everyone on board was at the rails from early morning, eagerly scanning the horizon for the first sight of land, then feasting his eyes hungrily on the islands as we came near, thrilling with the final sight of the Statue of Liberty, first seen dimly in the grey distance. To almost every one of us, especially those of us who had been in Nazi Germany, that had a new and deeper meaning. It was a glorious structure when I left, but freedom then was little more than an elusive word. When I came back, after a year under the hard hand of Nazism, I knew what freedom meant. I saw it in that sturdy statue, with her outstretched arm extending to all the world the torch of Liberty—that liberty which gave life a meaning, a purpose, a value. Most of us said nothing as we gazed at that statue in the harbour. Some few made remarks, but I felt they were nervous reactions; I cannot remember any of them. I can think of nothing but the awesome effect of the Statue of Liberty as it looked when I came home.

After that the scene was rushed and confusing. I remember that reporters climbed on at quarantine and that I talked with them and was photographed, that I rushed below to see that my baggage was being taken off, and that I searched wildly over the crowds of people on the pier below looking for Ruth. Finally, amid the throngs, I saw her. I asked one person after another whether we could leave. Everyone seemed as confused as I was. Finally I moved down the gangplank, walking in a dazed dream to see Ruth once again, but hardly realizing that I was actually back home. It was days before I could rid myself of the haze of unreality, before I could realize that Nazi Germany was in the past and that I was back once more in my own country with my own.

My first months in the United States were a maelstrom of confusion—broadcasting and lecturing, discussions with the War Department, with the office of the Coordinators of Information, with officials in Washington, friends, and acquaintances. It was such a hectic period that although Ruth and I

were together during most of that interval, it was seven weeks before I was able to get to Chicago and see Pat for the first time in more than a year. We were both bewildered and strange when we first met. Pat had grown and changed so much she did not seem the same. I am sure that I was as great a surprise to her. She was bashful and hesitant at first about her daddy, but as we drove from the airport, my little girl came over and sat in my lap. I was finally home with my family.

Once I was back in the United States, I found adjustment slow in many ways. I was shocked. It was surprising to talk with people and find that almost no one realized the threat of Nazism to us. Some of my friends criticized England and Russia. Others spoke against President Roosevelt. To them, Nazi Germany was something far off. They said we should prepare, but did not think we would be attacked, that we were too strong.

I remember a man who sat in an audience in Miami. He was a big, husky typical American.

"But," said he, "don't those Nazis and those Japs know they can't lick us?"

Some of the people were repeating the very thoughts I had before I went to Nazi Germany and saw that country at first hand, to realize more with every week and month that no such godless, cruel, merciless government could be suffered to continue, that it must be stamped to death as one would crush a snake. Few seemed to realize that Nazi Germany was coiled to strike its fangs into us—a nation grown fat, proud, and soft.

During my first few weeks back in the United States, I was afraid that the Nazis had been right in their appraisal of us, that we were a hopelessly divided people, further weakened as we succumbed to the propaganda trap of criticizing the British or the Russians, and within our own country fighting one another about politics, religion, and race. In my lectures I stated my reactions; but once, in Minneapolis, I made no more than a report on what I had seen abroad. I omitted my opinions, but

found that the audience wanted them, that they considered them as much news as the incidents themselves.

That gave me new confidence in the United States. It awakened me to the realization that we, as a democracy, accepted nothing without full discussion, that we welcomed the views of others even when they were not in agreement, that we were thus striving to reach the truth. I was seeing democracy in action. I was finding that the United States in my absence had not changed in its opinions as I had, that it was still seeking the right path. I was convinced. It was still doubting.

But then came Sunday, December 7, and the attack upon us in Pearl Harbor. We have been urged to: "Remember Pearl Harbor." I can never forget it, for on that day I saw the United States rouse as one man. I saw the unity that comes upon a democracy when it realizes the truth, when it is challenged by those who would destroy us. I found that Nazi Germany and doubtless war-mad Japan had failed in their estimate of this country—that their agents, not being born to freedom, had not been able to understand its working. As a land of free speech, free press, free radio, free thought, we arrived at our opinions as individual free men. We might be divided as we sought the truth, but once we had found it, we were one. We might now and then relax in our earnestness, we might return momentarily to selfishness, we might lose battles for a year or more because we had been a trusting nation that prepared for peace instead of war, we might have grown soft in our wealth, but we were fundamentally strong, we were people of courage and fortitude and spirit. We could never be conquered. In attacking us, the Axis had made its fatal mistake. It had proved the point that we who had been there failed to prove with words.

The Axis had to strike in December 1941.

The economic experts of the Reich were desperate. While the official spokesmen roared resounding phrases about the strength of the Nazi-dominated Continent, and the controlled press juggled figures to prove the point, those who were in-

formed were worried. One of the foremost authorities in the Reich disclosed this fact in an unguarded moment late in September 1941. I was at dinner with him and we were discussing the fact that I had found that the people of Germany, because of the difficulties of the Russian war and the stand of England, were expecting a war that would last five years or more.

"Europe will be prostrate economically if the war lasts another two years," he said. "I don't see how it can continue that long."

Immediately afterwards, the professor regretted his momentary lapse into an honest expression of his convictions. He was afraid of the consequences to himself and his family if I abused his confidence and used his name in an interview. In a country like Nazi Germany no man who had an important post with a leading university and who was able to afford a suburban home and the luxury of sending his wife and children to the Tyrol for vacations could afford to be frank with a foreign reporter.

When I pressed him for details, he insisted that I had misunderstood him, denied that he had made any such statement. Later in the evening, as we continued to chat and I sought to allay his suspicions by keeping my notebook in my pocket, he again became more free. Since it was the harvest season, we talked about the crops.

"You can't depend on southeast Europe," he said, puffing on his pipe. "You can't depend on the weather anywhere, but this fact is most important on this continent at this time since we cannot, because of the blockade, make up any deficiencies from the outside. The general impression is that the wheat crop is none too good. Potatoes are the main food in Germany, but the potato harvest has the people worried. The continued rain and cold weather this fall have materially affected them. With the necessity of keeping armament works operating at full capacity and with transportation facilities already taxed in moving war materials, the coal situation this winter appears likely to be another problem. It's not impossible that a serious lack of pota-

toes and coal in Germany could cause a revolution."

Crops all over Europe were below normal in the fall of 1941. There were some places where production was good, but this output was far from sufficient to compensate. Hungary and Bulgaria had a good year, and Hungary was even able to send fats, meat, vegetables, eggs, and poultry into Germany. In Rumania wheat-production also increased. But these were the exceptions. Crops were thirty to forty per cent below normal in Slovakia. Serbia had a desperate shortage of potatoes, corn, and wheat. Greece, which never had enough cereals, was starving. The lack of fodder was so serious in Belgium that cattle had to be slaughtered by the thousands. French farmers killed more than a million sheep, almost three million hogs and hundreds of thousands of cows and beeves, while at the same time selling other thousands to Germany. France, which had imported fifty-five per cent of her fats, was almost without meat and had little fish because fishing vessels were unable to operate off most of her coast because of the war. Denmark's grain yield was twenty per cent below normal, and the harvest in Sweden was the worst in fifty years, hundreds of thousands of hogs and cattle having to be killed.

Even though Nazi Germany was able to draw on the other countries of Europe to make up her needs, she felt the pinch. There had been that period in the summer of 1941 when there were no potatoes in the Reich, and in the fall Germany began to ration this fundamental food for the first time. In the following spring, she was obliged for the first time since the war began—except for a cut in the meat allotment in the summer of 1941—to announce cuts in rations of meats, bread, and fats, even though fats were already a major diet deficiency in the Reich. Germany was able to continue through the winter, but she was finding that the Nazi plans for a self-sufficient Europe, about which the propagandists had bragged before the world, staggered before the impact of reality.

In part this situation was due to the fact that those who

planned to make Europe independent of the outside world had calculated on being able to draw upon the resources of Russia. Helmuth Wohlthat, who was in charge of the planning, dwelt at length on Russia when I talked with him. He tried to give the impression of assurance, but he carefully avoided making any predictions. He was solemn and serious and, it appears now, worried.

"The countries of southeast Europe," he said, "are dependent upon a German market because of the war. If Germany succeeds in the present war in obtaining the right to protect Europe, great possibilities will result from the political and economic stability that can be imposed. These countries will have to contribute to this development through an administration that legislates direction of agriculture, mining, industry, and traffic. When these conditions have been established, when we have brought about a unified economic territory in Europe, it will be possible to arrange common regulation of economics, international indebtedness, the customs, and the currencies. Germany is determined, in her struggle, to develop to the highest degree the economic resources of central Europe."

Eric Neumann, the Nazi Secretary of State, said that the Nazis were trying to develop a Nazi-dominated Europe that would be able to take care of all its needs for war.

"All our economic needs can't be satisfied through development of the resources of Europe alone," he admitted, "but we can be free of world trade in food and indispensable industrial materials needed for war. The aim of our program is to become militarily independent and seek international markets as a unit after the war. Toward that end, we plan a union of customs and of currency. The General Government (Poland), the Protectorate (Czechoslovakia), Norway, Denmark, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands are settling their accounts at this moment, with certain exceptions, through Berlin, including their accounts with each other. Similar agreements have been

concluded with Bulgaria, Greece, Finland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Switzerland."

Wohlthat said that even Italy was clearing her accounts through Berlin and that it was planned to make the Nazi mark the standard of currency for all Europe. Each state would continue its own system, but values would be based on the mark. According to Nazi practice, Germany would undoubtedly determine the value of each currency through the Reichsbank. She would eliminate "Balkanization" by force.

The plan was ambitious. An economist whose name I cannot state outlined its aims generally. Over-simplified, it would provide that Germany become the industrial centre and that with the exception of Belgium, which has always been heavily industrialized, the rest of Europe, as agricultural countries, would be made dependent on the Reich. The Low Countries, Denmark, and Sweden would especially produce cattle, pigs, poultry, milk, and eggs, and the Balkans grains. Germany would be the clearing centre not only for currency, but for the exchange of products.

Germany had to develop industrial materials where they could be found. Frankly, I was not able to learn much about this part of the situation, since those who would talk often purposely misinformed me, and no American was trusted in those final days. It did appear as if there was sufficient of most of the necessary minerals, such as bauxite for aluminum, and magnesite, used for light metal alloys and for airplanes, since Austria had been the world's largest producer of this material. With the coal-production increased several times, transportation facilities were the only bottleneck there. Buna, although inferior to natural rubber, appeared sufficient for military needs. The shortage of leather was acute, although Germany had bought all the hides she could get from South America before the war and had outfitted her entire army with leather boots. There was little cotton and no wool, and synthetic materials were inadequate. Although the Reich supplies of oil and

the amount synthetically produced from coal were closely guarded secrets, there was every reason to believe that the Russian war, instead of enabling Germany to replenish her stocks, had dangerously drained them.

In fact, the stand of Russia, and the fact that England, backed by the United States, had not fallen, completely disorganized the Nazi world schemers. Nazi Germany had been hoping to make Europe a vast bread-box and arsenal for war purposes through the conquest of Russia within a period of weeks and the overthrow thereafter of England. With the resources of Russia, Nazi Germany was hopeful of having the means for defeating England. If England could be overcome quickly, Germany might then hope for an interval of peace during which she would be able to make economic inroads into South America and at the same time, as a peaceful nation, strengthen the isolationist group in the United States. Both these efforts were expected to give Nazi Germany a foothold by which the United States would be more vulnerable, when she felt the time had come to attempt to eliminate the only power that remained between her and the enslavement of the world. The scheme was based on the Nazi policy of "Divide and Conquer."

But the Nazis found that for the first time they had miscalculated the strength of an opponent. Giant Russia did not fall. England, sustained by a United States which had a President and a State Department able to see through the German propaganda screen, also remained stolid, her head bloody but unbowed.

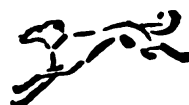
Nazi Germany, looking forward into a dark future, tossed aside her calendar of conquest and called upon Japan to strike without delay. In accordance with the agreement, the Nazis and Italy declared war the following day. The all-out war of all the world was on.

Since my return to the United States, I have travelled from New York to California, from the New England states to Florida, and seen and talked with the people who make up

this country. I have seen and talked with them before and since we were attacked. Before December 7 I was occasionally challenged from the audience and I received threatening letters as a result of radio broadcasts, but since then, as I spoke of a just peace after the war and our acceptance this time of the responsibilities of world leadership, I found that we were the kind of people who not only would be the means of ending the scourge of Nazism once and for all, but who were anxious for the opportunity to make this the kind of world where all men are free and where peace takes the place of war and progress the place of destruction.

I came back from Nazi Germany fearful at first, but now I am assured that the future of freedom here and in the whole world is safe in the hands of a United States.

A NOTE ON THE TYPE



The text of this book was set on the Linotype in Baskerville. Linotype Baskerville is a facsimile cutting from type cast from the original matrices of a face designed by John Baskerville. The original face was the forerunner of the "modern" group of type faces.

John Baskerville (1706-75), of Birmingham, England, a writing-master, with a special renown for cutting inscriptions in stone, began experimenting about 1750 with punch-cutting and making typographical material. It was not until 1757 that he published his first work, a Virgil in royal quarto, with great-primer letters. This was followed by his famous editions of Milton, the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, and several Latin classic authors. His types, at first criticized as unnecessarily slender, delicate, and feminine, in time were recognized as both distinct and elegant, and his types as well as his printing were greatly admired. Four years after his death Baskerville's widow sold all his punches and matrices to the Société Littéraire-typographique, which used some of the types for the sumptuous Kehl edition of Voltaire's works in seventy volumes.

COMPOSED, PRINTED, AND BOUND BY H. WOLFF, NEW YORK

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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